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THE BEST GOSPEL SONGS AND THEIR COMPOSERS.

BY

A. J. SHOWALTER,

AUTHOR OF

"Work and Worship," "Class, Choir and Congregation," "Perennial Songs," "Complete Rudiments," "Normal Chorus Book," "New Harmony and Composition," "Highway to Heaven," "Singing for Joy," "Hymns of Glory," and fifty other popular musical works.

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PREFACE.

The Best Gospel Songs and Their Composers has been contemplated by the editor and publisher for a dozen years and more, but until recently the time had not seemed ripe for its publication. It is now offered to the public in the hope that it will be found the best possible solution of the question as to how we may best unite all, old and young, in all the song service of the church, Sunday-school, young people's meetings and all other gatherings where genuine devotional music is in place. The cuts and brief sketches of many of the foremost sacred music composers of America, whose compositions make up the larger part of the book, will add very greatly to its value in the home and school, and will no doubt add much to the interest and helpfulness of many of the songs in the church and Sunday-school song service. By way of completing this department, we here append the names of many more of the foremost composers represented in the book, for which there was not room in the main cut and sketch department.

Arne, Dr. Thos. A., English composer; born 1710; died 1778.
Black, James Milton, gospel song composer and publisher; born 1855.
Bradbury, Wm. B., author, composer, publisher; born 1816; died 1868.
Dykes, Rev. J. B., English composer; born 1823; died 1876.
Entwisle, J. Howard, author, composer, teacher; born 1863; died 1901.
Giardini, Felice, Italian composer; born 1716; died 1796.
Greatorex, H. W., composer, organist; born 1811; died 1858.
Handel, G. F., German composer; born 1685; died 1759.
Haydn, Joseph, Austrian composer; born 1732; died 1809.
Holden, Oliver, composer, statesman; born 1765; died 1844.
Hastings, Dr. Thomas, author, composer, poet, teacher; born 1784; died 1872.
Marsh, S. B., author, composer; born 1798; died 1875.
Mason, Dr. Lowell, author, composer, publisher, teacher; born 1792; died 1872.
Monk, Dr. Wm. H., English composer, organist; born 1823; died 1889.
Nageli, H. G., Swiss composer, publisher; born 1768; died 1836.
Ogden, W. A., author, composer, teacher; born 1841; died 1897.
Pollock, Chas. Edw., composer; born 1853.
Rimbault, Dr. E. F.. editor, lecturer; born 1816; died 1876.
Root, Dr. Geo. F., author, composer, publisher, teacher; born 1820; died 1895.
Rossini, G. A., Italian composer; born 1792; died 1868.
Stebbins, Geo. C., author, composer, evangelistic singer; born 1846.
Sullivan, Sir Arthur S., English composer; born 1842; died 1900.
Sweney, Jno. R., author, composer, teacher; born 1837; died 1899.
Sweetser, Joseph E., composer; born 1825; died 1873.
Tansur, Wm , English composer, organist; born 1706; died 1773.
Woodbury, Isaac B , composer, teacher; born 1819; died 1858.

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THE BEST GOSPEL SONGS AND THEIR COMPOSERS.

No. 1. WE WORSHIP THEE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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2. O Bring-er of sal - va - tion, Who wondrously hast wrought, Thyself the rev - e -
3. In Thee all ful-ness dwell-eth, All grace and pow'r di-vine ; The glo-ry that ex -

REFRAIN.

fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove. We wor - ship Thee ! we bless Thee ! To
la - tion Of love be - yond our thought.
cel - eth, O Son of God, is Thine.

Thee a - lone we sing ! We praise Thee and confess Thee, Our Saviour and our King.

From "Singing for Joy," by per.

No. 2. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. O what fel - low-ship, O what joy di - vine, Lean - ing on the Ev - er -
2. O how sweet to walk in this pil - grim way, Lean - ing on the Ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean - ing on the Ev - er -

last - ing Arms! O what bless - ed - ness, O what peace is mine,
last - ing Arms! O how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing Arms! I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

Refrain.

Leaning on the Ever-last-ing Arms! Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from
Leaning on Je-sus, Leaning on Je - sus,

all a-larms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the Ev-er- lasting Arms.
Lean-ing on Je-sus, Leaning on Je-sus,

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No. 3. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. Palmer. H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, . Each vic-t'ry will help you
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev-'rence,
3. To him that o'er-cometh, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall conquer,

Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark pas-sions sub-due,
Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est, Kind-hearted and true,
Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new,

Chorus.

Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you,

Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

Re-entered, 1897, by H. R. Palmer. Used by per.

No. 4. ON THE WINGS OF THE MORN.

NELLIE MONTGOMERY. W. H. DOANE.

1. On the wings of the morn, speed, O speed ye a-way; There are millions who
2. On the wings of the morn, speed a-way, then, O speed; Lo! the hun-gry are
3. On the wings of the morn, speed ye on-ward His love; Tho' the tempter de-

per-ish be-cause of de-lay; Sound the trump of Sal-va-tion, ye her-alds of
cry-ing; go help ye their need; When ye know that a Saviour each want can sup-
fi-eth, Christ reigneth a-bove; Tell the wea-ry He giv-eth a rest from their

REFRAIN.

light; Let the beams of His beau-ty dis-pel all the night. Speed thee on, speed thee
ply, Will ye still lin-ger on, will ye leave them to die!
cares, And proclaim to the fet-tered that free-dom is theirs.

onward,

rit.

on, Speed thee on to-day; Speed thee on, speed thee on, Speed thee on to-day.
onward, onward, onward,

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No. 5. THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

Rev. F. Bottome, D.D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O spread the ti - dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound - less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And

:8:

ev - er hu-man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Chris-tian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en
ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant
wond'ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di - vine — That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less

D.S. *Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa - ther's promise giv'n; O spread the ti - dings*

FINE.

tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound; The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - van - ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri - umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

'round, Wher - ev - er man is found — The Com - fort - er has come!

REFRAIN.

D.S.

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

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No. 6.

WHEN I BEHOLD HIM.

AN EFFECTIVE SOLO.

ELLA M. PARKS. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. After the earthly shadows have lifted, And o'er the hilltops morn-ing I see,
2. Helpless He found me, lifted me to Him; Whisper'd of par-don a - bundant and free;
3. Now in His presence, daily I'm liv-ing, Walking by faith where mine eyes cannot see;

ritard.

Sweetest of pros-pects, I shall behold Him, Jesus, the Saviour of sin-ners like me.
Breath'd He His peace o'er my sin-stricken spir-it; Pointed my vi-sion to Cal-va-ry's tree.
For He is guid-ing home to that cit - y, Built for His lov'd ones—sav'd sinners like me.

REFRAIN.

When I be-hold Him, Christ in His beauty, When with the ran-som'd His face I shall see,

ritard.

O how my heart in rap-ture will praise Him, Praise Him for saving a sin-ner like me.

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No. 7. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

E. Johnson. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. O, some-times the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal, And
2. O, some-times how long seems the day, And sometimes how wea - ry my feet; But
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If bless - ings or sor-rows pre-vail; Or

Refrain.

sor-rows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down o-ver the soul. O, then, to the
toil - ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shad-ow, how sweet!
climbing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shad-ow - y vale.

fly, than I;

Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er, is high - er than I; O,

fly,

then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

Used by per. of Wm. G. Fischer.

No. 8. MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
lus-tre of His kind-ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer-cy, love, and grace, That pre-pares for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.

REFRAIN.

I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him, And re-deem'd by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him,

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I shall know . . .

I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.

No. 9. WHAT A FRIEND.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trou-ble an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and hea - vy la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?

:S: FINE.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev - er be dis-cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre - cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

D.S. *All be - cause we do not car - ry, Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!*
D.S. *Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.*
D.S. *In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.*

D.S.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do, thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,

Used by per. of C. C. Converse.

No. 10. THE SURE FOUNDATION.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to heav'n its head sub - lime;
2. That Rock's a cross, its arms out-spread, Ce - les - tial glo - ry bathes its head;
3. That Rock's a tow'r, whose lofty height, Il- lumed with heav'n's unclouded light,

That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who find with - in the cleft a rest.
To its firm base my all I bring, And to the cross of a - ges cling.
Swings wide its gates be-neath the dome, Where saints find rest with Christ at home.

Refrain.

Some build their hopes on the ev - er drifting sand, Some on their fame, or their treasure,

or their land; Mine's on a Rock that forev - er will stand, Je-sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

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No. 11. LOOKING THIS WAY.

J. W. V.

J. W. Van De Venter.

Duet.

1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn-ing, look-ing for me;
2 Fa-ther and mother safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sis - ter gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers com-ing some-time;
4. Sweet lit - tle darl - ing, light of the home, Looking for some-one, beck-on - ing come;
5. Je - sus the Sav-iour, bright Morning Star, Look-ing for lost ones straying a - far;

Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Wait-ing and watching pa-tient-ly there.
Bear-ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
Safe with the an - gels, whit-er than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting be - low.
Bright as a sun-beam, pure as the dew, Anxious - ly look-ing, moth-er, for you.
Hear the glad message, why will you roam? Je - sus is call-ing, "Sin-ner, come home."

Chorus.

Look-ing this way, yes, look-ing this way, Loved ones are wait-ing, look-ing this way;

Fair as the morn-ing, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look-ing this way.

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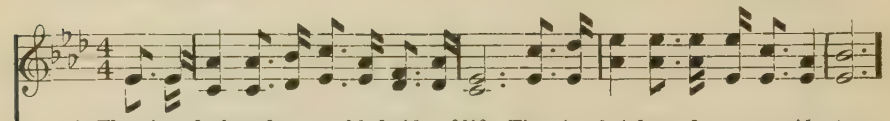
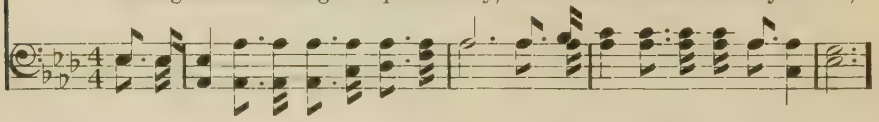
No. 12. KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

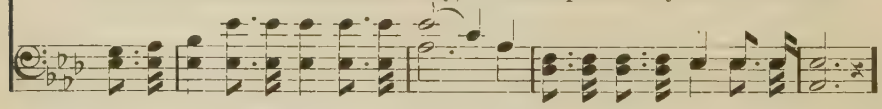
ADA BLENKHORN. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life; There's a bright and a sunny side, too;
2. Tho' the storm in its fu-ry break to-day, Crushing hopes that we cherished so dear;
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the moments be cloud-y or fair;



Tho' we meet with the darkness and strife, The sun-ny side we al - so may view.
Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The sun again will shine bright and clear.
Let us trust in our Saviour al - way, Who keep-eth ev-'ry one in His care.



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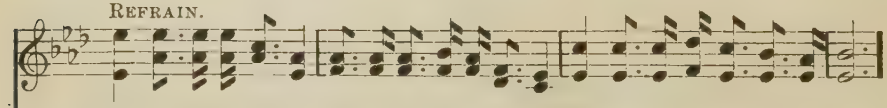
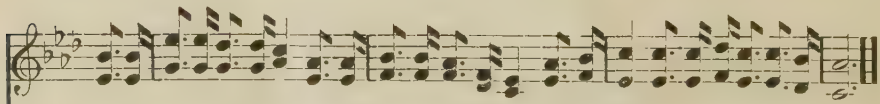
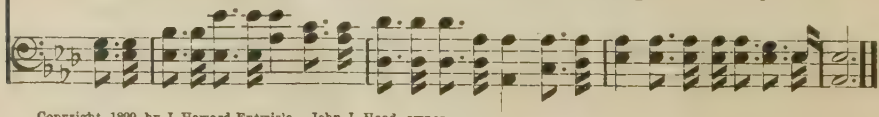


Keep on the sunny side, Always on the sunny side, Keep on the sun-ny side of life;



It will help us ev'ry day, It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sunny side of life.



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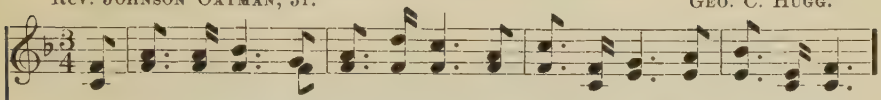
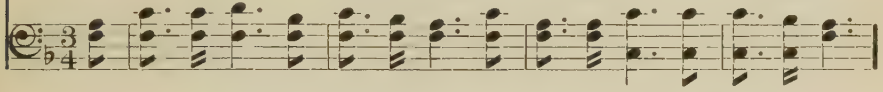
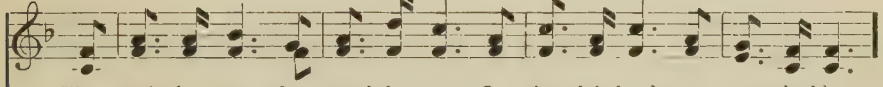
No. 13. ACROSS THE BLUE.*

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

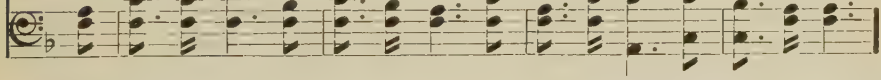


1. Be - yond the stars our loved ones wait, And watch for us be - side the gate;
2. We long to join our loved ones there, And with them breathe on heav-en's air
3. When we shall reach the streets of gold, We will our Sav - iour's face be- hold;
4. Then let us work and do our best, Soon God will take us home to rest;
5. Till then, my soul, be still and wait, Soon thou wilt pass the pearl - y gate;

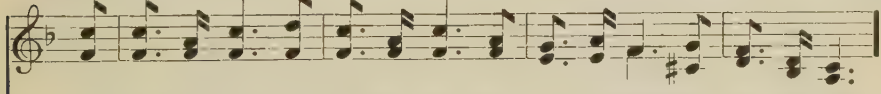




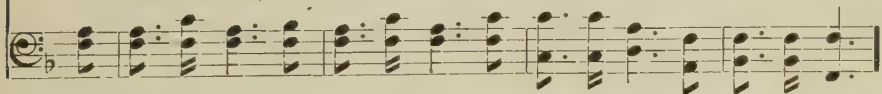
They wait for me, they watch for you, In that fair land a - cross the blue.
The song that is for - ev - er new, In glo - ry land, a - cross the blue.
We'll kiss the hand that led us thro' To man-sions fair a - cross the blue.
For if He finds us tried and true, We'll live with Him a - cross the blue.
Then what a meet - ing will en - sue With those we love a - cross the blue.



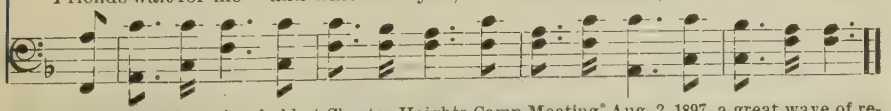
Refrain.



A - cross the blue, a - cross the blue, From Pis-gah's height be- hold the view;



Friends wait for me and watch for you, In sin - less land, a - cross the blue.



* At a memorial service, held at Chester Heights Camp Meeting, Aug. 2, 1897, a great wave of religious enthusiasm passed over the audience when Rev. C. M. Boswell said, concerning Rev. Wm. Swindells, D.D., "He is away from us to-day, but he is just across the blue awaiting the time for us to come and greet him there. Let us send him word that we will be sure to come."

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No. 14. LEAD ME GENTLY HOME, FATHER.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

SOLO OR DUET, *ad lib.*

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are end-ed, And
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gently home, In life's darkest hours, Father,

parting days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt only
When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from Thee I roam, Lest I fall up-

REFRAIN.

lead me, Fa-ther, Lead me gently home. Lead me gently home, Fa-ther,
on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly

lead me gen-tly, Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.
gently home.

home, Fa-ther.

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago, Ill

No. 15.

COMING HOME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Like a wayward child I wan-dered From my Fa-ther's house a-way,
2. I have wandered in the dark-ness, And my path was lone and drear,
3. O the rap-ture that a-waits me, When I reach my Fa-ther's door!
4. I will ask Him to for-give me, For the wrong that I have done,

But I hear His voice en-treat-ing, And I'm com-ing home to-day.
But my Fa-ther did not leave me, He was watching ev-er near.
Once with-in its blest en-clos-ure, I am safe for ev-er-more.
To re-ceive, ac-cept, and bless me, Thro' His well be-lov-ed Son.

REFRAIN.

Com-ing. home, Com-ing, . home,

Coming, coming home, Coming, coming home, For I can no lon-ger roam,

no lon-ger roam,

home.

I am sad and broken-hearted, And I'm coming, coming home, I'm coming home.

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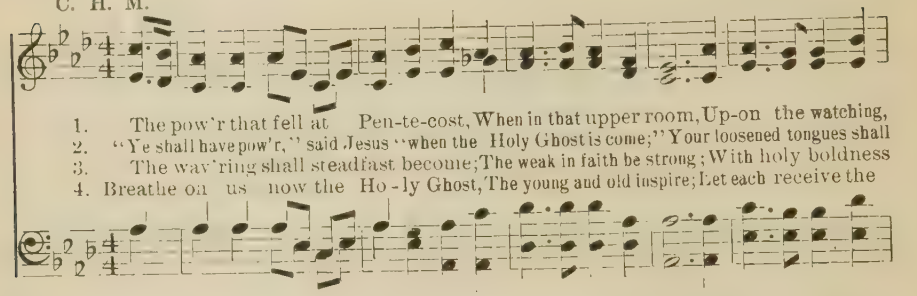
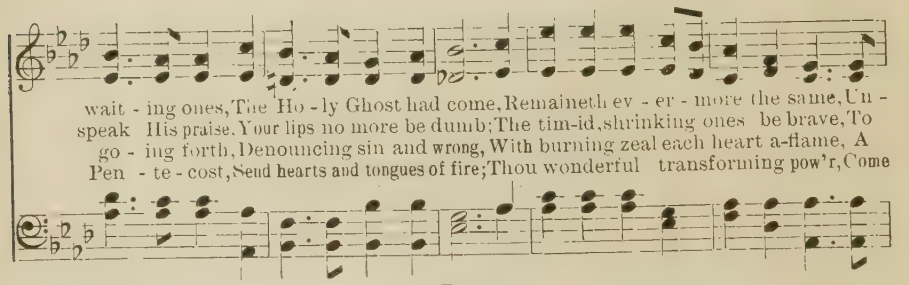
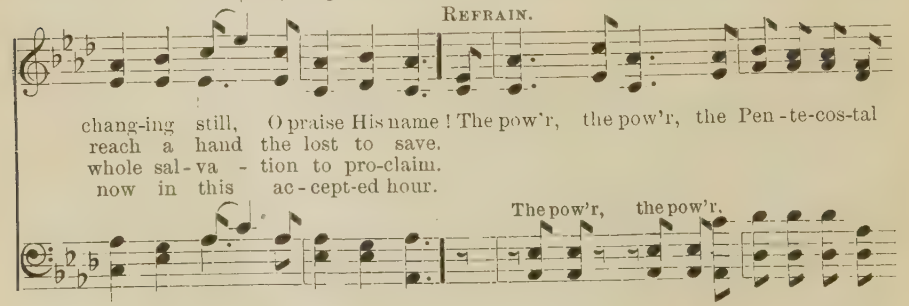
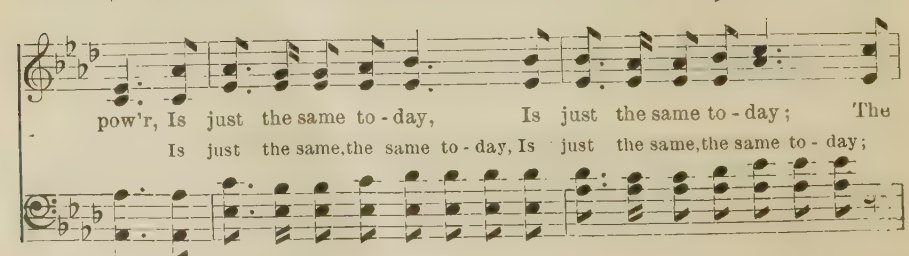
No. 16. THE PENTECOSTAL POWER.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.









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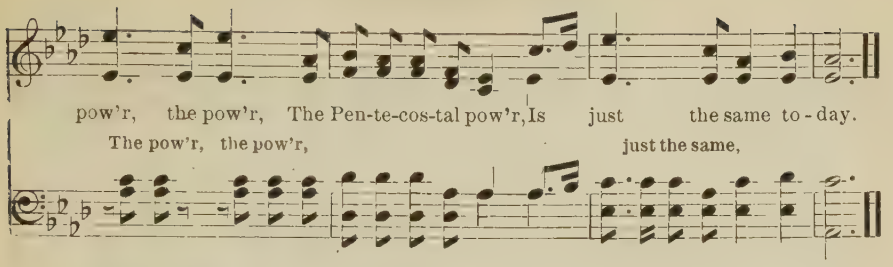
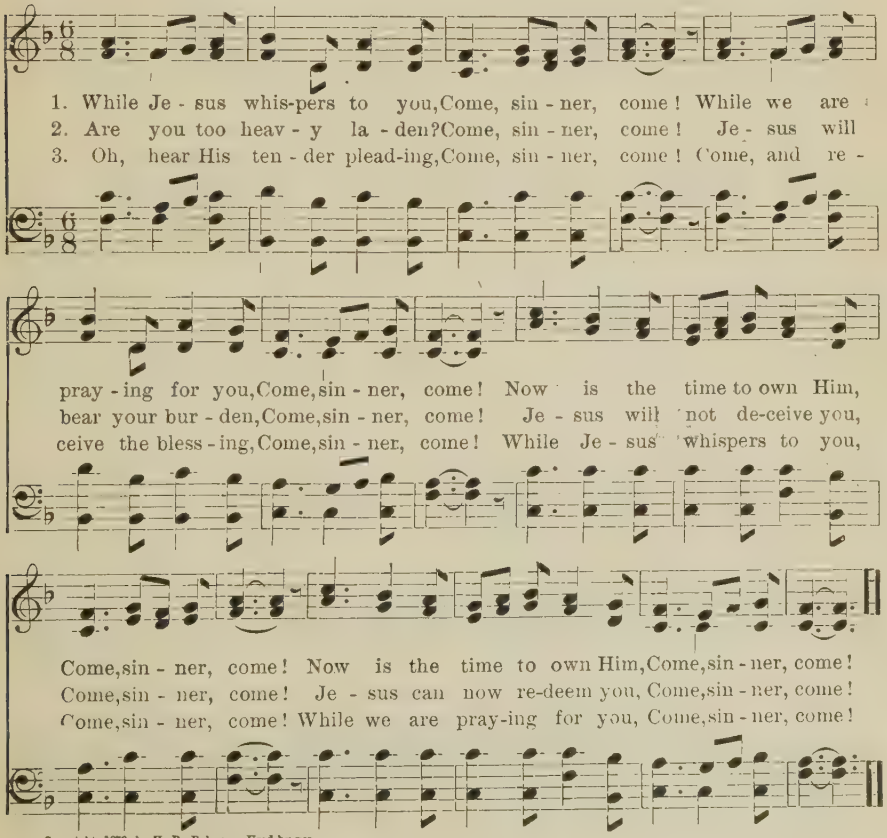
THE PENTECOSTAL POWER.



No. 17. WHILE JESUS WHISPERS TO YOU.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.



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No. 18. I'M GOING HOME AT LAST.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. When I see life's gold - en sun - set light - ing up the ros - y West,
2. Tho' the road at times was wea - ry, o - ver which my feet have trod,
3. When I pass down thro' the val - ley and the shad - ow of the dead,

When the shad-ows back-ward o'er my way are cast; I shall look up-on that
Tho' thro' ma - ny trib - u - la - tions I have passed; Yet I soon will reach my
To my bless - ed Sav-iour's hand I will hold fast; He has prom - ised to go

D. S. *work on earth is*

FINE.

mo - ment as the one su-preme - ly blest, I'm go - ing home at last.
man - sion in the cit - y of our God, I'm go - ing home at last.
with me, so my soul will have no dread, I'm go - ing home at last.

end - ed and my race be - low is run, I'm go - ing home at last.

REFRAIN. D. S.

I'm go - ing home at last, I'm go - ing home at last; When my
at last; at last;

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No. 19. MORE LIKE THEE.

FRANK M. DAVIS. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. More like Thee, O Sav - iour, let me be, More like Thee from day to day;
2. More like Thee, O Sav - iour, let me be, Pure with-out and pure with-in;
3. More like Thee, O Sav - iour, let me be, All my pil - grim jour-ney thro';

Nev - er let me from Thy foot-steps stray, Keep me in the nar - row way.
Keep me ev - er from the ways of sin, I the crown of life would win.
Meek and low - ly, ev - er kind and true, Like Thy-self in all I do.

REFRAIN.

More like Thee, more like Thee, More and more, O Christ, like Thee;
yes, more like Thee, yes, more like Thee,

By Thy grace, O let me day by day Grow more and more like Thee.

Used by per. of J. Henry Showalter.

No. 22. JESUS WILL SAVE YOU TO-DAY.

J. M. B. J. M. Bowman.

Slow and with feeling.

1. O sin-ner, why lin-ger in doubt and dismay, When Jesus is read-y to save?
2. Come sinners, "why stand ye here i-dle all day?" The Master is wait-ing for you;
3. Come brothers, why wait ye here nothing to do, While oth-ers a stead-y watch keep?
4. O sin-ner, why tar-ry the call to o-bey? Persuad-ed, ac-cept-ing, al-most;

Ac-cept His sal-vation,—His call-ing o-bey, For you His own life-blood He gave.
Come en-ter the vineyard, why lin-ger a-way? Here you will find service to do.
The fields are all whiten'd—the lab'rers are few,—The harvest is read-y to reap.
How sad if the death-angel brook no de-lay,—So near to the kingdom,—but lost.

Chorus.

Yes, Je-sus will pardon,—His mercy is sure,—Come sinner, no lon-ger de-lay;

rit.

Ac-cept His sal-va-tion, His love so pure, And Je-sus will save you to-day.

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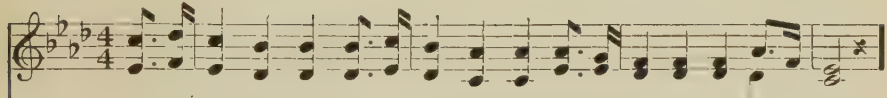
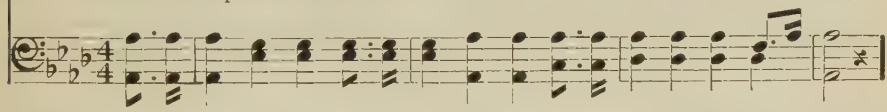
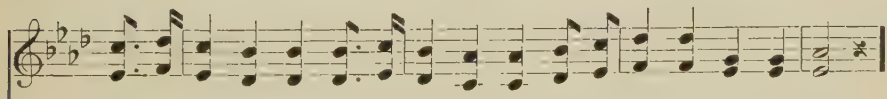
No. 23. DRAW ME NEARER.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

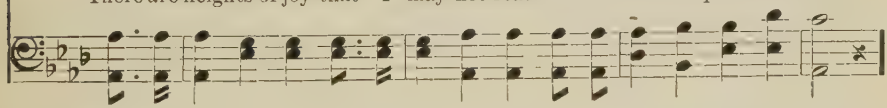


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar-row sea,





But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



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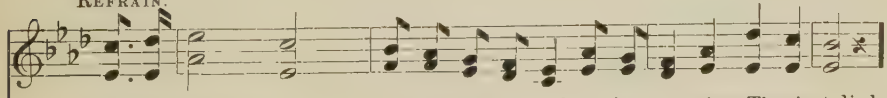
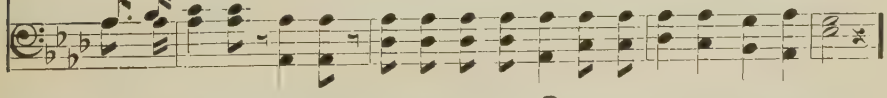
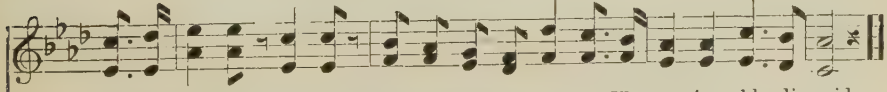
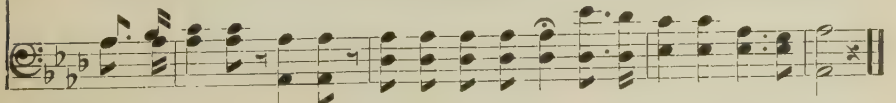


Draw me near - er, near-er, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near - er, near - er,





Draw me near-er, near- er, near- er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



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No. 24. THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

Rev. J. K. Alwood. J. F. Kinsey.

1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they tell me of a home far a-way; O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day; O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they

2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that land far a-way, Where the tree of life in e-ter-nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed day; O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they

3. O they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold Where He sits on the throne that is whit-er than snow, In the cit-y that is made of gold; O that land mine eyes shall see, O that land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they

4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dren there, And His smile drives their sorrows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears ev-er come a-gain, In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day; O that land of love-ly smiles, O the smiles of His love-beam-ing eye; O the

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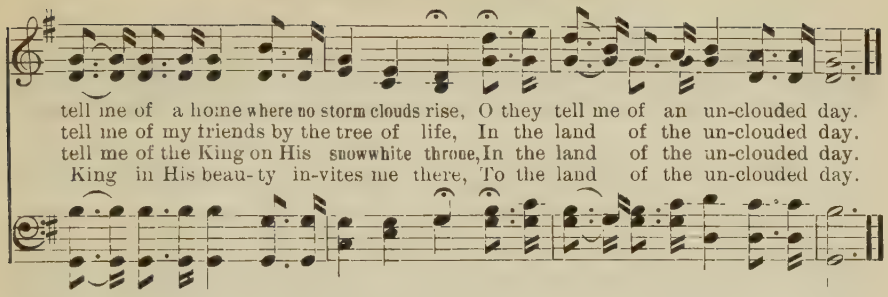
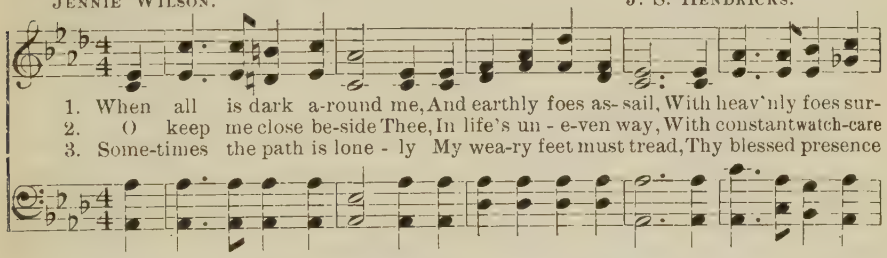
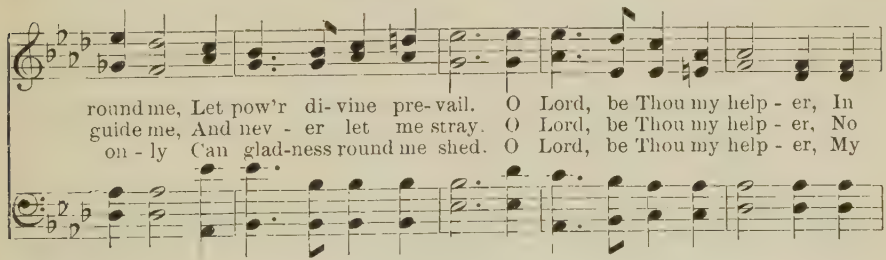
THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

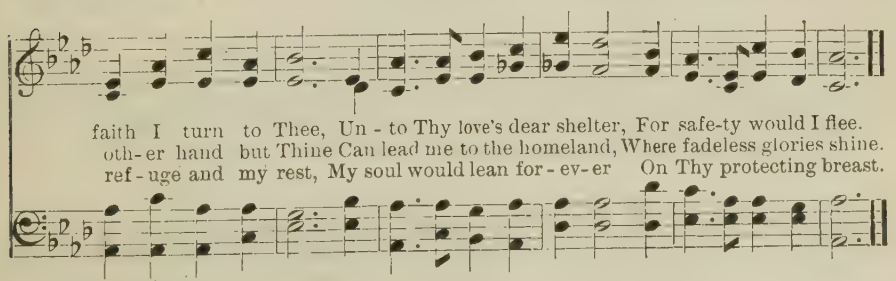


No. 25. LORD, BE THOU MY HELPER.

JENNIE WILSON. J. S. HENDRICKS.







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No. 26. THE PROMISE-WAY.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I'll tar - ry at a prom - ise till Je - sus meets me there, He
2. From sin I sought sal - va - tion, and called up - on His name, He
3. With ev - 'ry word He gives me I hast - en to His feet, He
4. When earth - ly blos - soms per - ish, and win - try storms ap - pear, He

comes a - long the promise-way; His words, so free and gracious, I'll take to Him in
comes a - long the promise-way; O come, ye hea - vy - la - den, His grace is still the
comes a - long the promise-way; He fills me with His Spir - it, He makes my joy com-
comes a - long the promise-way; He soothes my heart in trou - ble, He dries the fall - ing

Refrain.

prayer, He comes a - long the promise - way.
same, He comes a - long the promise - way.
plete, He comes a - long the promise - way.
tear, He comes a - long the promise - way.

{ Glo - ry! glo - ry! My Sav - iour comes to
{ Glo - ry! glo - ry! He meets my soul to -

1 2

me, His bright and blessed light I see;
day, (*Omit.* . . . . . .) He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.

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No. 27. JESUS DIED FOR ME.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. R. D. BURLESON.

1. What-e'er the road which I must tread, What-e'er my lot may be,
2. When sins like mountains on me pressed, For heal-ing I did flee
3. And lo, the pre-cious cleansing flood, Which o-ver me did flow,
4. And now I walk the nar-row road, Al-though I can-not see,

One thought I nev-er can for-get— For Je-sus died for me.
Un-to the fount of Je-sus' blood, The blood He shed for me.
Washed ev-'ry stain from off my soul, And made me white as snow.
I know by faith that I am safe, For Je-sus died for me.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus died, He died for me, He died for me, But He liv-eth, He liv-eth a-gain, a-gain, a-gain,

No. 28. BEAUTIFUL.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Beau-ti - ful robes so white, Beauti - ful land of light, Beau-ti-ful home so bright,
2. Beau-ti - ful tho't to me, We shall for - ev - er be Thine in e - ter - ni - ty,
3. Beau-ti - ful things on high, O - ver in yon-der sky, Thus I shall leave this shore,

Where there shall come no night; Beau-ti-ful crown I'll wear, Shining with stars o'er there, Yonder in
When from this world we're free; Free from its toil and care, Heaven-ly joys to share, Let me cross
Counting my treasures o'er, Where we shall never die, Car-ry me by and by, Nev-er to

REFRAIN.

mansions fair, Gath-er us there. Beau-ti-ful robes, ... Beauti - ful
o - ver there, This is my pray'r.
sor-row more, Heaven - ly store. Beau-ti-ful robes of white,

land, ... Beau-ti-ful home, . . . Beauti-ful band, ...
Beau-ti-ful land of light, Beau-ti - ful home so bright, Beau - ti-ful band of might,

By per. B. E. Warren, Springfield, Ohio.

Beau-ti - ful crown, ... Shin-ing so fair, ...
Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful crown, Shin-ing, yes, shin-ing so fair,

Beau-ti - ful man - sion bright, gath-er us there. . . . . .
Beau-ti - ful man-sion bright, gath-er us there, yes, gath-er us there.

No. 29. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS. DR. L. MASON.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me,
2. Tho' like a wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way appear Steps unto heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mercy giv'n;
4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs Beth el I'll raise;
5. Or, if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot, Up - ward I fly,

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
An-gels to beck-on me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

No. 30. JESUS IS CALLING TO-DAY.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS.

DUET. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Je-sus is ten-der - ly call-ing for thee, Call-ing for thee, yes, call-ing for thee,
2. Je-sus is ten-der - ly call-ing thee now, Cell-ing thee now, yes, calling thee now,
3. Je-sus is ten-der - ly call-ing, O come! Call-ing to - day, yes, call-ing to-day,

DUET. SEMI-CHORUS.

Lis-ten and hear Him say, "Follow thou Me, Fol-low, yes, fol- low thou Me."
Wait-ing for thee in sub-mis-sion to bow, Call-ing, yes, call-ing just now.
All who are wea-ry and longing for home, Je-sus is call-ing to - day.

FULL CHORUS.

Je - - sus is call- ing to-day, Je - - sus is call-ing to - day;
Je-sus is call-ing, call - ing to - day, Je-sus is call-ing, call - ing to - day;

Je - - sus is call- ing to-day, Call - ing, yes, call - ing to - day.
Je - sus is call-ing, call - ing to - day,

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No. 31. BELIEVE AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Acts 16: 31.

ADALYN. S. L. HOWARD.

1. There's a message of hope to the dy - ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved;
2. Turn a - way from your sin, and re-pent-ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved;
3. While the voice of your conscience is pleading, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved;
4. Sin - ner, why do you lin-ger, de - bat - ing? O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved;

Life is short, and the moments are fly - ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved.
Come to Christ while the heart is re-lent - ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved.
While the Sav-iour is now in - ter-ced - ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved.
Gra-cious par-don for you is a - wait-ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved.

REFRAIN.

O be-lieve and be saved, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved;
O believe and be saved, and be saved.

Christ re-ceives all who come, O be-lieve Him and thou shalt be saved.
Christ receives all who come, O believe.

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No. 32. CONSECRATION.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o-ver the storm-y sea; It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me; But if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know, I'll an-swer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine. I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or want me to say.
2. Perhaps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak; There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan-d'rer whom I should seek. Oh, Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way, My voice shall ech-o Thy mes-sage sweet. I'll say what you want me to be.
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide, Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je-sus the cru-ci-fied. So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And know-ing Thou lov-est me, I'll do . . Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to go.

REFRAIN.

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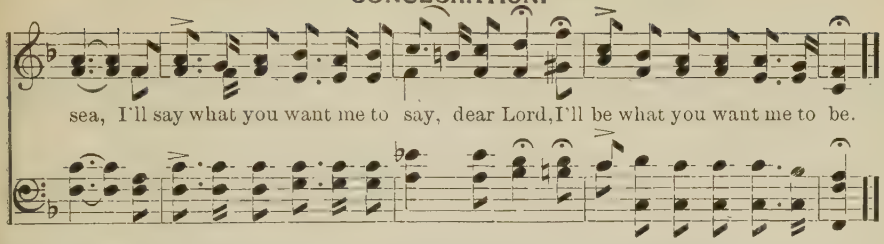
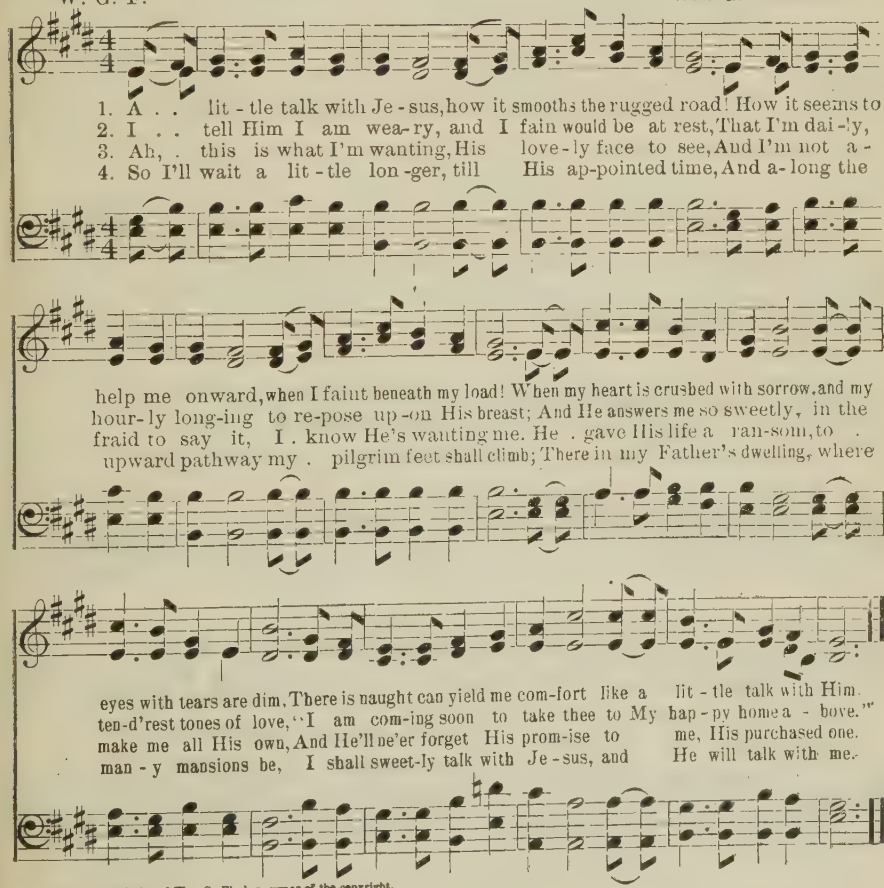


No. 33. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

W. G. F. Wm. G. Fischer.



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No. 34. JESUS STOOD ON THE SHORE.

JOHN 21: 4.

H. L. G. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Je- sus stood on the shore, when the morning came, Appearing to His friends once more;
2. Je- sus stood by the way, when the beg-gar blind, For mercy cried thro' nature's night;
3. Je- sus stood by the grave of the friend He lov'd, And showed His resurrection pow'r;
4. Je- sus stand-eth to-day at the mer - cy-seat, Our Ad-vo-cate with God a-bove;

The be - lov - ed dis - ci - ple knew the Lord, Who lov'd him as in days of yore.
As he cast down his garments at His feet, By faith he there received his sight.
Quick-ly gave the command "come forth, come forth," Unloose, and let him go this hour.
Shows His nail-pierced hands, and pleading stands, Unchanging in His wondrous love.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus stands on the shore today, Helping struggling souls by the way;
to-day, by the way;

On the land, or wave, Je- sus waits to save, He nev-er turns a soul a - way.

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No. 35. BEAUTIFUL, GOLDEN SOMETIME.

HARRIET E. JONES. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. O glo - ri - ous home land just o - ver the line, Prepared for the wea - ry by
2. When friends loved so dear-ly drift o - ver the tide, And days seem so drear - y when
3. When wea - ry with toil-ing, in sor-row a -lone, With bearing the bur-dens to
4. When deep are the shad-ows en-cir-cling me here, When beams of glad sun - light so

Christ the di - vine, Who says if I'm faith-ful that home shall be mine, In the
missed from our side, I think of re - un - ion where an-gels a - bide In the
oth - ers un-known, There comes to my mind the sweet rest near the throne, In the
sel - dom ap-pear, Hope whis-pers of home-land and glo - ri - fied cheer, In the

REFRAIN.

beau - ti-ful, gold-en some-time. Beau-ti-ful, gold-en some-time, Some-time, some-time, Thro'

Je - sus, my Saviour, that home shall be mine, In the beau-ti-ful, gold - en sometime.

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No. 36. SING PRAISES TO GOD.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sing prais-es to God for the gift of His love, That guards us with tender- est care,
2. Sing prais-es to God for the blessing of pray'r, That brings us so near to His throne;
3. Sing prais-es to God for His dear, blessed Son, Who came as a ransom from sin;
4. Sing prais-es to God for His mer- cy so free, That reach- es and saves e - ven me;

As on-ward we march to that cit - y a- bove, Its heav-en - ly mansions to share.
For Christ in His beau-ty ap-pears to us there, And graciously welcomes His own.
Thro' Him we shall live when our journey is done, Thro' Him we may all "en-ter in."
That precious Redeem-er once nailed to the tree, The theme of our prais-es shall be.

REFRAIN.

O praise ye the Lord in song, His blessed name adore, And tell His mercies
O praise ye the Lord, praise the Lord in song,

o'er, As on - - ward we march along. Singing prais-es to God ev - er-more.
onward and heav'nward we march along,

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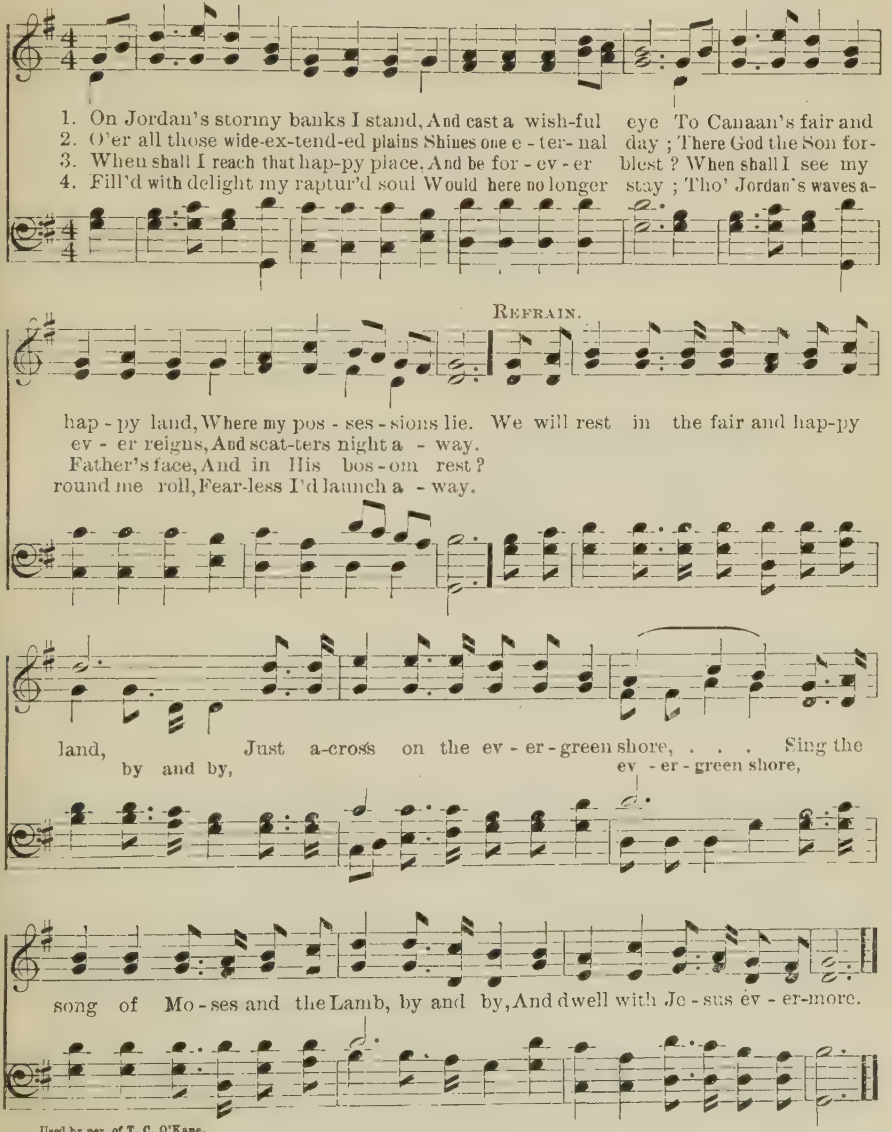
No. 37. ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. T. C. O'Kane.



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No. 38. LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

"For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. xxxi: 3.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Sav-iour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way,

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.
I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee re-ly.
To the land of end-less day, Where all tears are wiped away.

I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love abide.

REFRAIN.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray;.....
lest I stray;

rit. e dim.

Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

From "Carols of Joy." Owned by John J. Hood. Used by per.

No. 39. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your burden of sin? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
4. Would you do service for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;

Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.
Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va-ry's tide, There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.
Sin-stains are lost in its life - giv-ing flow, There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.
Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing? There's wonder-ful pow'r in the blood.

REFRAIN.

There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb;
There is pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb;

There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-work - ing pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

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No. 40. THE PRIZE IS SET BEFORE US.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. H. R. Palmer.

1. The prize is set before us—To win, our Lord implores us! The eye of God is o'er us,
2. We fol-low where He leadeth—We pasture where He feedeth—We yield to Him who pleadeth
3. Our home is bright above us; No tri-als there to move us, But Christ our Lord to love us,

From on high, from on high! His loving tones are fall-ing, While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing, 'Tis
From on high, from on high! For naught from Him can sever; Our hope shall brighten ev-er; And
Dwells on high, dwells on high! We give Him best endeav-or; We praise His name for-ev-er; His

Refrain.

Je-sus gent-ly call-ing, He is nigh, He is nigh. By and by we shall meet Him, By and
faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh, He is nigh.
pre-cious words can nev-er, Nev-er die, nev-er die.

by we shall greet Him, And with Je-sus reign in glo-ry. By and by, by and by; By and

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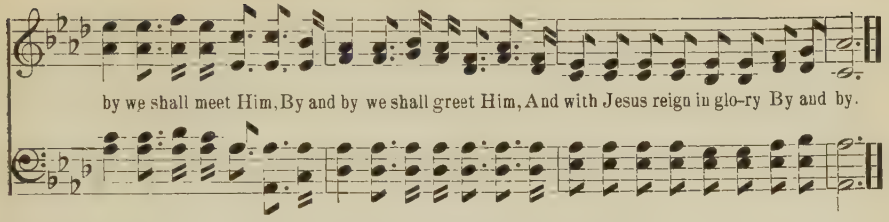
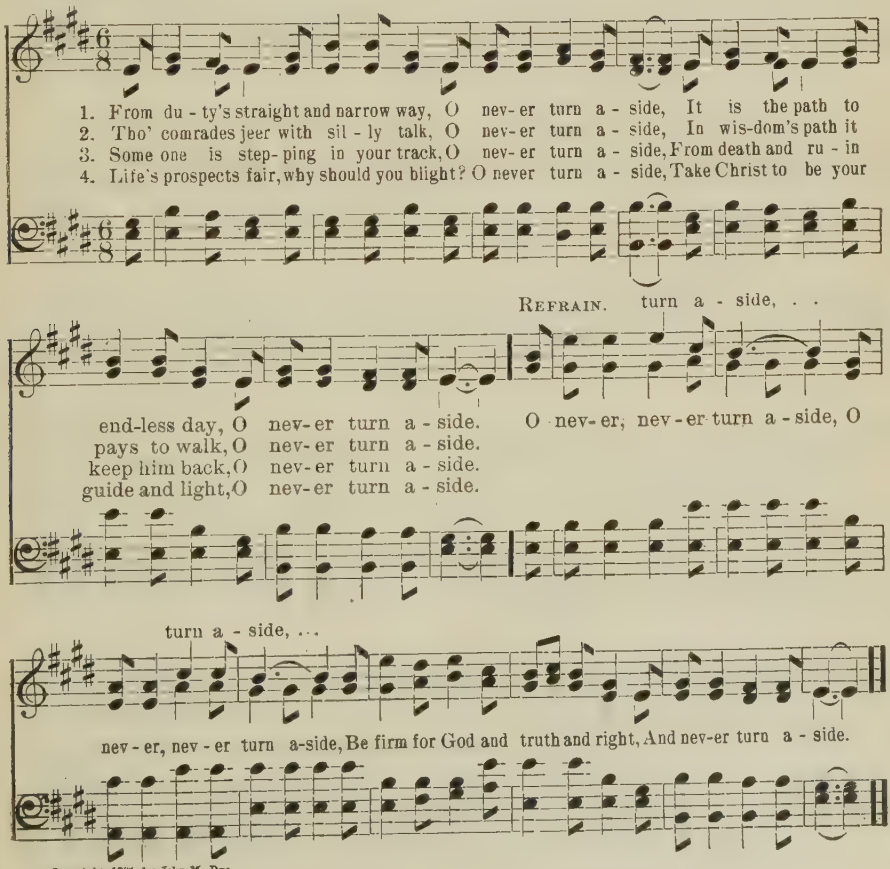
THE PRIZE IS SET BEFORE US.



No. 41. NEVER TURN ASIDE.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. John M. Dye.



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No. 42. WHEN THE VEIL IS LIFTED.

"The Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."—ii Kings 6: 17.

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sing with expression.

1. 'Tis but a veil that hangs between The un-seen world and this, And hides from view the saint-ed forms. The world of per - fect bliss. When the veil is lift- ed,
2. To calm the ser-vant's needless fears, God drew this veil a - side; When all a - bout E - li - sha, lo! A might - y host he spied.
3. De - part-ing saints such scenes behold, As in death's arms they sink; May heav-en not be near us now? E'en near - er than we think?

REFRAIN.

In the by and by, Scenes of wondrous beauty Will greet the raptured eye, Forms of cherished loved ones, Hosts of an-gels bright. When the veil is lift-ed, Will dawn upon our sight.

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No. 43. BEAUTIFUL BECKONING HANDS.

C. C. L. C. C. LUTHER.

1. Beau - ti - ful hands at the gateway tonight, Fa - ces all shin - ing with ra - di - ant light;
2. Beck - oning hands of a moth - er whose love Sacrificed life her de - vo - tion to prove;
3. Beau - ti - ful hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice calling, oh, mother, for thee;
4. Beck - oning hands of a husband, a wife, Watching and waiting the loved one of life;
5. Brightest and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen - tre of all and the theme of their song;

Eyes looking down from yon heaven - ly home, Beau - ti - ful hands, they are beck - on - ing "come."
Hands of a fa - ther to men - o - ry dear, Beck - on up high - er the waiting ones here.
Ro - sy - cheek'd darling, the light of the home, Tak - en so ear - ly is beck - oning "come."
Hands of a broth - er, a sis - ter, a friend, Out from the gate - way tonight they ex - tend.
Je - sus, our Saviour, the pierc - ed one stands, Lov - ing - ly call - ing with beckon - ing hands.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful hands, beck - on - ing hands, Call - ing the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands;

Beau - ti - ful hands, beck - on - ing hands, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beck - on - ing hands.

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No. 44. I'M SEEKING A HOME.

"For here have we no continuing City, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 13: 14.

R. M. B. R. M. BURT.

1. I'm seeking a home, (I'm seeking a home,) in the mansions a - bove, (in the mansions a-bove,)
2. I'm seeking a home, (I'm seeking a home,) thro' tri -als se -vere; (thro' tri -als se -vere;)
3. I'm seeking a home, (I'm seeking a home,) in the mansions a - bove. (in the mansions a-bove,)
4. I'm seeking a home, (I'm seeking a home,) where lov'd ones have gone, (where lov'd ones have gone,)

Where I can a - bide (Where I can a - bide) with the Saviour I love, (with the Saviour I love,)
But grace will sus-tain (But grace will sus-tain) when tri - als ap-pear: (when tri- als ap-pear:)
Con-duct-ed a - long (Con-duct - ed a - long) by the Heav-en - ly Dove. (by the Heavenly Dove.)
Who fought the good fight (Who fought the good fight) and the victory won; (and the vic-to - ry won;)

And sing the sweet song, (And sing the sweet song,) all the glori- fied sing, (all the glo - ri-fied sing,)
I'll la - bor, and pray, (I'll la - bor, and pray,) and dai - ly press on, (and dai - ly press on,)
What rap-ture is mine (What rapture is mine) when I think of that bliss! (when I think of that bliss!)
And when I'm released (And when I'm released) from sor- row and pain, (from sor-row and pain,)

While casting their crowns (While casting their crowns (at the feet of their King. (at the feet of their King.)
E'er trusting the Lord, (E'er trusting the Lord,) He'll not leave me alone. (He'll not leave me alone.)
What comfort I find (What comfort I find) in a pi - lot like this! (in a pi - lot like this!)
All glo - ry to God! (All glo- ry to God!) I shall see them a - gain! (I shall see them a-gain!)

Copyright, 1900, by R. M. Burt. From "Sweetest and Best," by permission.

I'M SEEKING A HOME.

REFRAIN.

By faith I can see my Saviour's sweet smile,

By faith I can see . . . . . my Saviour's sweet smile, ...

And hear His sweet voice, "Come higher, my child,

And hear His sweet voice, ... "Come higher, my child, ...

So faithful and true 'mid care and distress!

So faith-ful and true, ... 'mid care and dis - tress, ...

rest!" . . . . . .

En-ter in - to My joy! partake of My rest, partake of My rest!"

En-ter in - to My joy! . . . . . par- take of My rest!" . . . . . .

No. 45. NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

J. S. Kimbrough. A. C. Neece.

1. No night in heav'n! O bless-ed tho't, With joy and ho - ly rapture fraught,
2. No tears in heav'n! nothing but joy, Sweet hap-pi - ness with-out al - loy,
3. No long-ing for the day to come, No wait - ing for the com - ing morn,
4. Ce - les - tial beau-ties ev - er - more Shall bloom on that e - ter - nal shore,

No shad-ows veil its glo - ry bright, Nor dim its ra-diant heav'nly light.
No cry - ing there, no grief or pain, No sor-rows ev - er come a - gain.
No wan - ing of the glo-rious light, No fad - ing of the landscape bright.
While pleasures die not nor de - cay, In that bright clime of end-less day.

Refrain.

To that fair land, ... O let me come, ... When sinks at
To that fair land, O let me come,

last . . . . life's set-ting sun, ... And hope in glad . . . .
When sinks at last life's set-ting sun, And hope in

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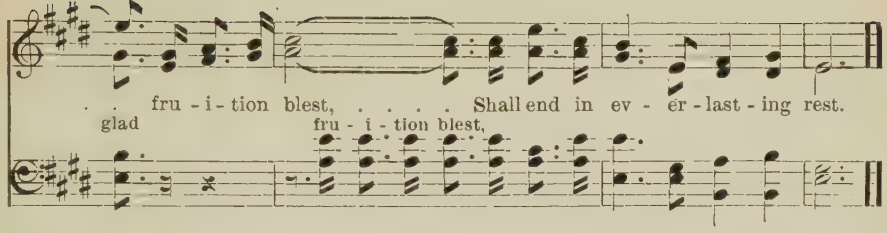
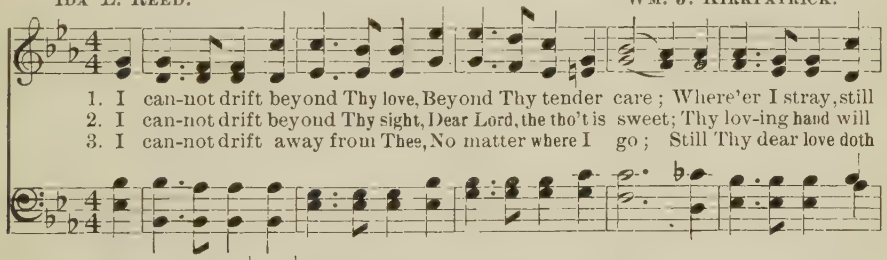
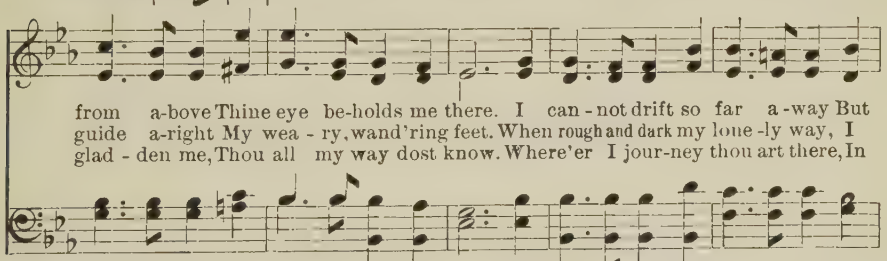


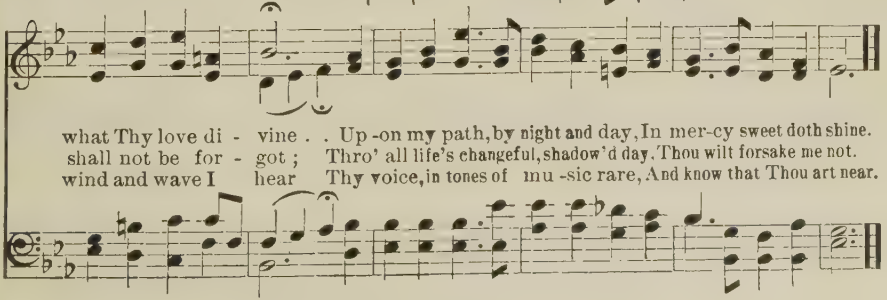
No. 46. I CANNOT DRIFT BEYOND THY LOVE.

"I know not where His islands lift their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift beyond His love and care." — WHITTIER.

IDA L. REED. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.







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No. 47. KEEP CLOSE TO THE SIDE OF JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON. G. H. RIDDLE.

1. Keep close to the side of Je - sus, While the path of life you tread;
2. Se - cure in the Sav-iour's keep-ing, Naught of harm can you be - tide,
3. Sweet peace from on high is giv - en Un - to those who day by day

Re - sist all the world's temp-ta-tions, And by Him be safe - ly led.
And joy fills the soul that ev - er In His pres - ence doth a - bide.
Keep close to the bless-ed Je - sus, And His ho - ly will o - bey.

REFRAIN.

Keep close to the side of Je - sus, He's a true and lov - ing Friend;

Keep close to the side of Je - sus Till you reach your jour-ney's end.

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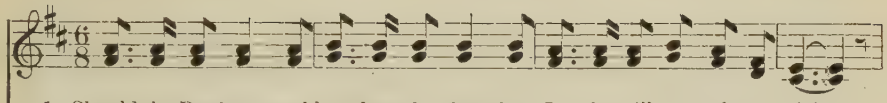
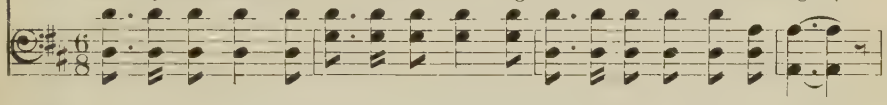
No. 48. SAY, ARE YOU READY?

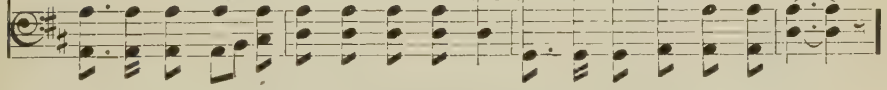
A. S. Kieffer. T. C. O'Kane.



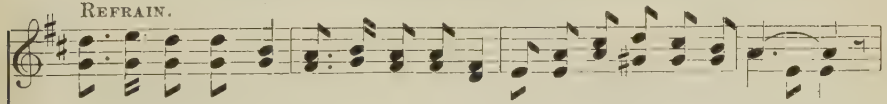
1. Should the Death an - gel knock at thy cham-ber In the still watch of to - night,
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of de - spair,
3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as-cend - ing In - to the man-sions of light;



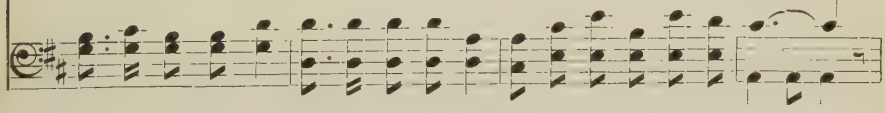
Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor-ment, Or to the land of de - light?
Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom near-er; Sin - ner, O sin-ner, be - ware!
Je - sus is pleading, pa-tient - ly plead-ing, Oh, let Him save you to - night.

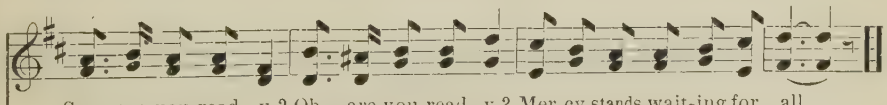


Refrain.

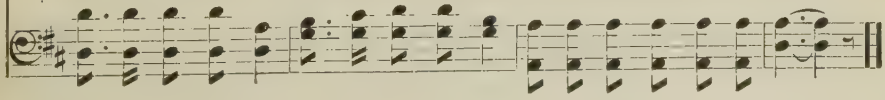


Say, are you read - y? Oh, are you read - y? If the Death angel should call, . . should call;





Say, are you read - y? Oh, are you read - y? Mer-cy stands wait-ing for all. . .



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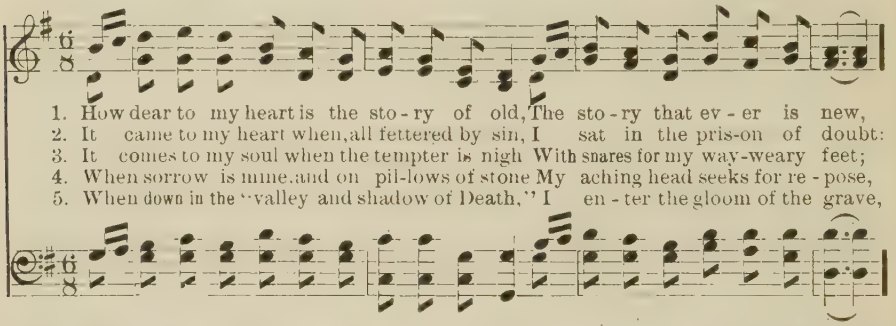
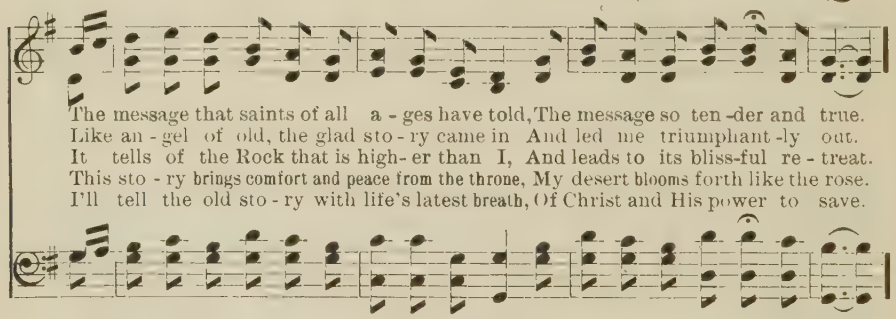
No. 49. THE STORY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

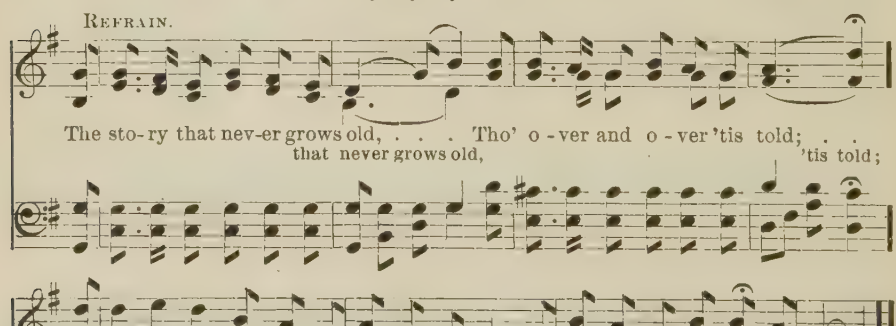
JOHN H. YATES. M. L. MCPHAIL.



1. How dear to my heart is the sto - ry of old, The sto - ry that ev - er is new,
2. It came to my heart when, all fettered by sin, I sat in the pris-on of doubt:
3. It comes to my soul when the tempter is nigh With snares for my way-weary feet;
4. When sorrow is mine, and on pil-lows of stone My aching head seeks for re - pose,
5. When down in the "valley and shadow of Death," I en - ter the gloom of the grave,

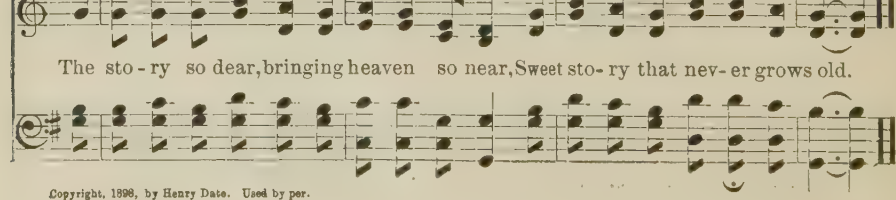


The message that saints of all a - ges have told, The message so ten -der and true.
Like an - gel of old, the glad sto - ry came in And led me triumphant -ly out.
It tells of the Rock that is high- er than I, And leads to its bliss-ful re - treat.
This sto - ry brings comfort and peace from the throne, My desert blooms forth like the rose.
I'll tell the old sto - ry with life's latest breath, Of Christ and His power to save.



REFRAIN.

The sto-ry that nev-er grows old, . . . Tho' o - ver and o - ver 'tis told; . .
that never grows old, 'tis told;



The sto - ry so dear, bringing heaven so near, Sweet sto- ry that nev- er grows old.

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No. 50. LEAD THOU ME.

J. S. Kimbrough. Frank B. Smith.

1. A-long life's pathway lead Thou me, My stay and comfort ev - er be, While
2. When waves of sor-row o'er me roll, And doubts and fears oppress my soul, O
3. When from Thee, Lord, my feet would stray, And wander from Thy fold a - way, O
4. And when life's conflict shall be o'er, Its griefs and cares oppress no more, A -

on my wea - ry pil - grim way, Dear Sav - iour, lead me day by day.
let me still Thy foot-steps see, And hear Thy voice still call - ing me.
draw me by Thy love and grace To seek a - gain my Saviour's face.
cross death's dark and storm-y sea, O bless - ed Sav - iour, lead Thou me.

Refrain.

O lead me when the way is dark, And tem-pest-tossed is my frail bark;

And when I cross cold Jordan's stream, Up - on Thine arm O let me lean.

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No. 51. THERE IS JOY IN MY SOUL TO-DAY.

GEO. W. LYON. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. There is joy with-in my soul to-day, And my life is filled with wondrous light;
2. Thro' the clouds that mi-ny times a-rise, O'er the bil-lows of life's rest-less sea,
3. So I glad-ly trust and press a-long, In my journey to the goal a-bove,

From the throne of Him who reigns a-bove, Cometh peace that makes my pathway bright.
Shines the glo-ry of my Saviour's face, As a bless-ed bea-con-light for me.
Shield-ed by His arm from day to day, Cheered by His sweet presence and His love.

so bright.
for me.
His love.

REFRAIN.

There is joy, there is joy, There is joy within my soul to-day,
There is joy, there is joy,

to day,

There is joy, There is sweetest joy, There is joy within my soul to-day.
There is joy,

to-day.

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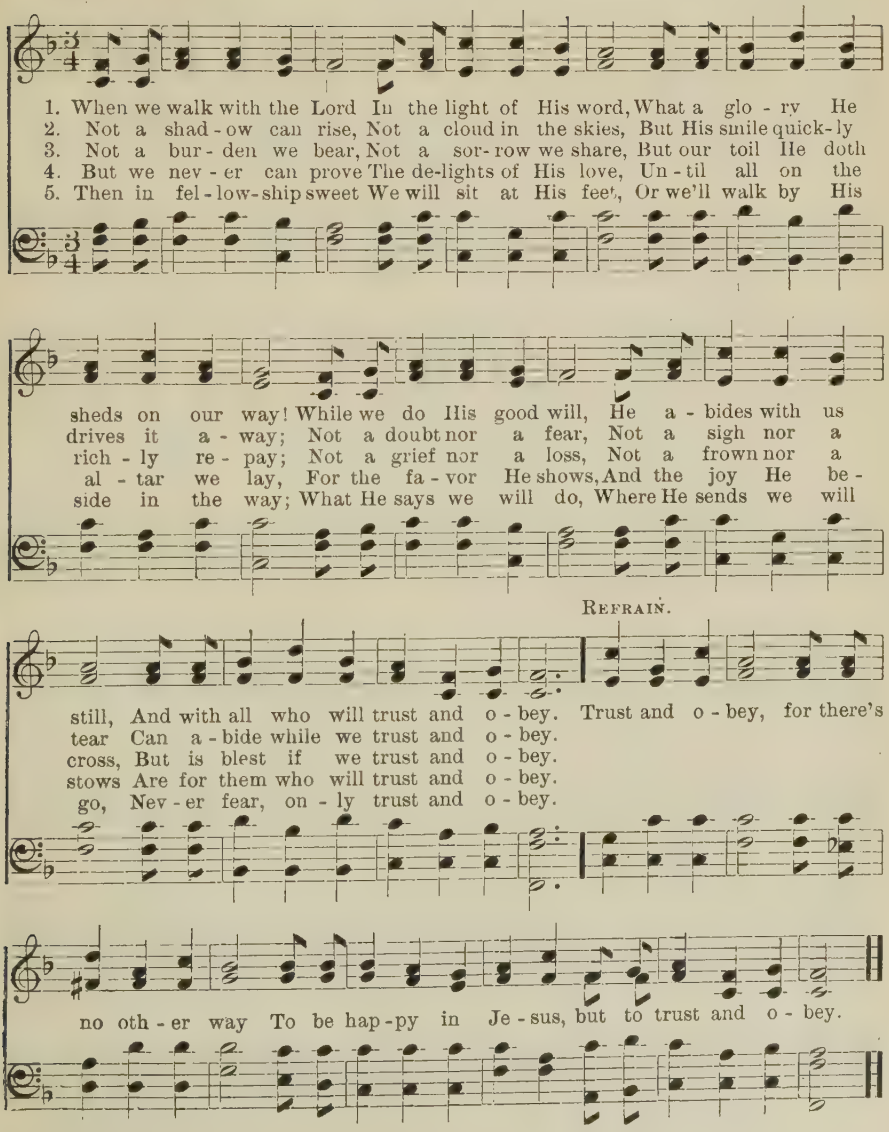
No. 52. TRUST AND OBEY.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.



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No. 53. WHERE JESUS IS, 'TIS HEAVEN.

C. M. Butler. J. M. Black.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav - en seemed a far - off place, Till Je - sus showed His smil-ing face;
3. What mat-ters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?

And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
Now it's be-gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while end-less a - ges roll.
In cot - tage, or a man-sion fair, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

Refrain.

O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for- giv'n;

On land or sea, what matters where, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav- en there.

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No. 54. WE KNOW HE'S COMING.

J. R. B. Jno. R. Bryant.

1. O long-ing soul, be not dismayed, Thou shalt see Je-sus from on high; E'en
2. The cloud that hides the Sav-iour's face, And wraps the earth in dark-est night, Shall
3. He'll bring our loved ones back when He Shall in His glo-ry come a-gain; We'll
4. Then watch and wait till He shall come, For our re-demption then shall be; Then

Refrain.

tho' His com-ing be de-layed, He's sure-ly com-ing by and by. We know
roll a-way and in its place Shall dawn a glo-rious morning light.
be with them e-ter-nal-ly, And with our Sav-iour too shall reign.
He'll re-ceive us in that home, That home that lasts e-ter-nal-ly.

We know, sure-ly know,

He's com-ing by and by, We know He's com-ing by and by, In the

We know, sure-ly know,

clouds of His love, He is com-ing from a-bove, We know He's com-ing by and by.

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No. 55. WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-iour I stand,
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day,
feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,

Refrain.

Will there be a-ny stars in my crown? Will there be a-ny stars, a-ny
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls.
Should there be a-ny stars in my crown.

stars in my crown, When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . When I wake with the
go-eth down?

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WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?

blest In the man-sions of rest, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown? . .
a - ny stars in my crown?

No. 56. PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief,
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me;

REFRAIN.

While on others Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by. Sav-iour, Sav - iour,
Kneel-ing there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un - be - lief!
Heal my wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace!
Whom have I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee!

hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

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No. 57. JESUS LIVES.

Rev. John R. Colgan. A. F. Myers.

1. Might-y ar-my of the young, Lift your voice in cheer-ful song, Send the welcome
2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth and full of glee, Sing to all on
3. Je-sus lives, O bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords! Lift the cross and

word a-long, Je-sus lives! Once He died for you and me, Bore our sins up-on the tree;
land and sea, Je-sus lives! Light for you and all mankind, Sight for all by sin made blind;
sheathe the swords, Jesus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall, Throws a-side the dread-ful pall,

Refrain.

Now He lives to make us free, Je-sus lives! Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you older grow,
Life in Je-sus all may find, Je-sus lives!
Conquers death at once for all, Je-sus lives! Wait not,

Wait not, wait not,

Ral-ly now and sing for Je-sus ev-'ry-where you go; Lift your joyful voi-ces high,
Sing, sing,

Sing for Je-sus,

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Repeat Chorus

rit. *pp*

Ring-ing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the bless-ed tid-ings fly, Je - sus lives!

No. 58. NO, NOT ONE.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow and with feeling.

1 There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend for-sake him, No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

Fine.

:S:

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S. *There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

Refrain.

D.S.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

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No. 59. SHALL I MEET YOU UP THERE?

To my dear friend and co-worker, Prof. F. M. Ferrell.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful home far up in the sky, And mansions prepared by our
2. In that beau-ti-ful land where no sorrow will come, We shall sing hal-le-lu-jah a-
3. No night shall be there, it is one end-less day, No tears will be shed, God will
4. When my work here is done then the angels will come And take me a-way to my

Sav-iour on high; He wants me to live in that country so fair, And when I'm in
round the bright throne; A beau-ti-ful robe and a crown we shall wear, And live there with
wipe them a-way; No sick-ness and dy-ing, no pain we shall bear, No part-ing with
beau-ti-ful home, For-ev-er to dwell in my Fa-ther's own care, With angels and

REFRAIN.

Shall I meet you up there? . . . . . Shall I

glo-ry, shall I meet you up there?
Jesus, shall I meet you up there?
loved ones, shall I meet you up there?
loved ones, shall I meet you up there?

Shall I meet you up there?

meet you up there? . . . . . .

Shall I meet you up there? Where loved ones are wait-ing, Shall I

From "Heavenly Light," by per. of J. B. Vaughan.

SHALL I MEET YOU UP THERE?

Shall I meet you up there? . . . . . Shall I meet you up

meet you up there? Shall I meet you up there?

there? . . . . . .

Shall I meet you up there? Where loved ones are wait-ing, Shall I meet you up there?

No. 60. MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show; More of His saving
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern; Spir-it of God, my
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Holding commun-ion with my Lord; Hearing His voice in
4. More a-bout Je-sus; on His throne, Riches in glo-ry all His own; More of His kingdom's

D.S. *More of His saving*

Fine. Refrain. *D.S.*

full-ness see, More of His love who died for me. More, more about Jesus, More, more about Jesus;
teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
ev-'ry line, Making each faithful say-ing mine.
sure increase; More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

fullness see, More of His love who died for me.

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No. 61. HE'LL COME FOR ME.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. C. W. James.

Duet. Soprano and Alto, or Soprano and Tenor.

1. Soon I will hear my Lord say "Come," To dwell with Him in yon-der home,
2. What tho' the way is all un-known, Yet I will not be all a - lone,
3. T'ward that fair man - sion in the skies, I of - ten look with long-ing eyes;
4. I want to do for God my best, Be - fore I en - ter in - to rest;

And when life's day - light fades a - way, He'll come for me at close of day.
My Sav-iour will point out the way, And come for me at close of day.
But tho' God wills me now to stay, He'll come for me at close of day.
Then when I leave this house of clay, He'll come for me at close of day.

Chorus.

He'll come for me, ... He'll come for me, ... To spend with Him . . . .

He'll come for me, He'll come for me, To spend with Him

e - ter - ni - ty; . . . . . If here I love . . . . . Him and o -

e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty; If here I love,

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bey, ... *rall.* . . . . . .

love and o-bey, He'll come for me . . . . at close of day. . . . .

He'll come for me at close of day.

No. 62. REST IN THE ARMS OF MY SAVIOUR.

Respectfully inscribed to the pupils of West Academy, Texas, Normal, 1902.

J. W. D. J. W. DENNIS.

1. How oft when I'm weary and sor - row oppressed, I long for the home where no
2. How sweet it will be when we meet on that strand, And hear the glad songs of the
3. The way may be rough and the jour-ney be long, The bat - tle be hard with temp-
4. When Je - sus doth call us the con - flict will cease, From ev - er - y bur - den we'll

harm can mo-lest; O may we all meet in the land of the blest, And rest in the arms
heav - en - ly land; O may we be found of the pu - ri - fied band, And rest in the arms
ta - tion and wrong; But when we have reached heaven's glo-ri-fied throng, We'll rest in the arms
find sweet release; Our souls shall re-joice in e - ter - ni-ty's peace, And rest in the arms

D.S. *I want to go there to those mansions so fair, To rest in the arms*

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

FINE.

of the Sav-iour. Rest in the arms of my Sav-iour, Rest in the arms of my Sav-iour;

of my Sav-iour.

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No. 63. O LAND OF GOD.

E. E. Rexford. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In dreams I see the heav'nly land, With verdant vales on ei-ther hand; Bath'd in the
2. Thro' gates a-jar my ea-ger feet Go in to tread the golden street; And prophets,
3. Then comes a low still voice to me; Wouldst thou be of this compa-ny Thou see-st

sun-shine of a day, As fair, as sweet as those of May. A day that ends not, and I
priests, and kings I see, A grand and goodly compa-ny. And in the midst, a great white
in thy dreams, and sing The songs of heav'n before the King? Then live, and dare, and do for

hear Glad voices ring-ing far and near With sweeter songs than earth can know, The heav'nly
throne I see, and Him who sits therein; And oh, the awe that comes to me, When God's face
God, And by and by, earth's journey trod, Thou shalt go in beyond the gate And claim an

Chorus

songs that haunt us so. O land of God, so fair, so bright! O land in which there is no
in my dreams I see.
heir of God's es-tate. O land of God, so fair, so fair, so bright, O land in which there

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O LAND OF GOD.

I dream of thee,

rit.

night! I dream of thee, and dreaming, pray that I may wake in thee some day;
is no night,

a tempo. *rit. e dim.*

I dream of thee, and dreaming, pray That I may wake in thee, some hap-py day.

No. 64. DEEPER YET.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be free from dross Still I would
2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; . But for more of His pow'r Ev-er my
3. Near to Christ I would live, Following Him each day; . What I ask He will give, So then with
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray I'll not cease Till I am

Refrain.

1 2

en-ter in. . Deeper yet, deep-er yet, In-to the crimson flood; Under the precious blood.
pray'r shall be. .
faith I pray. .
pure within. .

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No. 65. JESUS IS CALLING.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft -ly and ten-der -ly Je - sus is call-ing,—Call-ing for you and for me. .
2. Why should we tar -ry when Je - sus is pleading,—Pleading for you and for me? .
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,—Passing from you and from me .
4. Oh, for the won-der-ful love He has promised,—Promised for you and for me. .

See on the por-tals He's wait-ing and watching,—Watching for you and for me. .
Why should we lin -ger and heed not His mer-cies,—Mercies for you and for me ?
Shad-ows are gath -er - ing, death-beds are com- ing,—Coming for you and for me. .
Though we have sinned He has mer-cy and pardon,—Pardon for you and for me. .

REFRAIN.

Come home, . . come home, . . Ye who are wea - ry, come home, . .
Come home, come home,

Earn - est-ly, ten-der - ly Je - sus is call-ing,—Calling, O sin-ner, come home !

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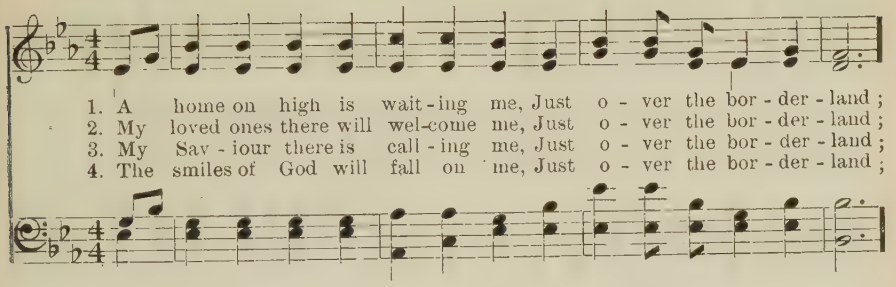
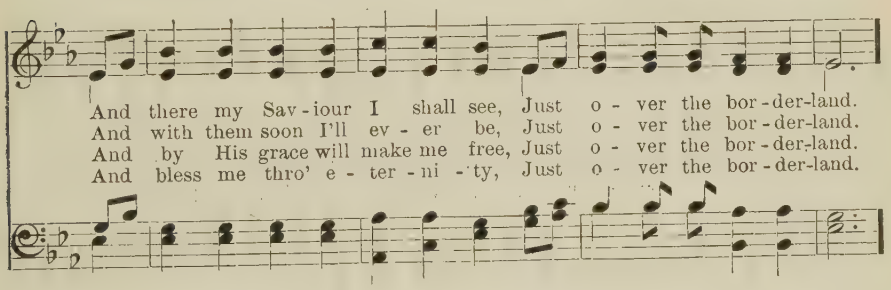
No. 66. OVER THE BORDER-LAND.

J. H. A. J. H. ALLEMAN.

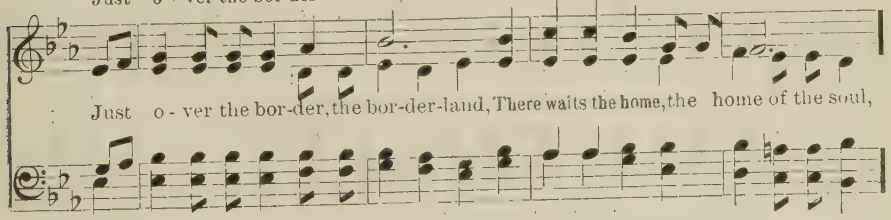


1. A home on high is wait-ing me, Just o - ver the bor - der - land;
2. My loved ones there will wel-come me, Just o - ver the bor - der - land;
3. My Sav - iour there is call - ing me, Just o - ver the bor - der - land;
4. The smiles of God will fall on me, Just o - ver the bor - der - land;

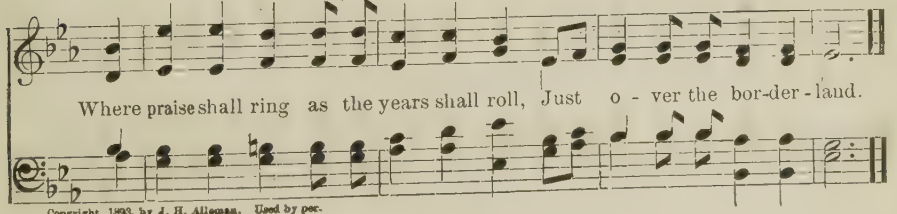


And there my Sav-iour I shall see, Just o - ver the bor-der-land.
And with them soon I'll ev - er be, Just o - ver the bor-der-land.
And by His grace will make me free, Just o - ver the bor-der-land.
And bless me thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Just o - ver the bor-der-land.

REFRAIN.



Just o - ver the bor-der - land, There waits the home of the soul,
Just o - ver the bor-der, the bor-der-land, There waits the home, the home of the soul,



Where praise shall ring as the years shall roll, Just o - ver the bor-der - land.

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No. 67. SWING OPEN THE BEAUTIFUL GATES.

DAVID R. PIPER. J. D. PATTON.

1. Swing o - pen thy gates, O Je - ru - sa- lem, For our Saviour's blood has been shed!
2. Swing o - pen the gates of the pearl-y hue, The Saviour is wait-ing with-in, ..
3. Swing o - pen thy gates, cit- y Beau-ti -ful, With thy won-drous pave-ments of gold!
4. Swing o - pen thy gates, O Je - ru - sa- lem, For the Saviour's blood has been shed!

The promise lies yet in the fu - ture years, When we all shall rise from the dead!
To welcome the home-com-ing throng of earth, Who have been redeemed from all sin!
The loved ones thou hast with their foreheads crowned, And their forms we long to be - hold.
The promise lies yet in the fu - ture years, When we all shall rise from the dead!

REFRAIN.

Swing o - pen the beau-ti - ful gates of heav'n, The gates by the crys - tal sea!

Swing o - pen the beau-ti - ful gates of heav'n! Swing o - pen the gates for me!

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No. 68. MEET ME THERE.

Respectfully inscribed to all my pupils.

JENNIE WILSON. B. F. ROE.

1. Dear-est friendships here are bro - ken, But there is a cit - y fair Where no
2. Where the stream of life is flow - ing May we wan - der free and blest; Where the
3. Where no storm-clouds throw their shad-ows On the glo - rious summer hours, Straying
4. Where redemption's song is peal- ing Forth in grandeur let us meet, And in

REFRAIN.

part-ing word is spo-ken, Some glad morning meet me there. Meet me there, . . . O
heal -ing trees are growing, Af - ter toil-ing may we rest.
thro' ce - les-tial meadows, May we gather deathless flow'rs.
grateful worship kneeling Cast our crowns at Je - sus' feet.

Meet me there,

meet me there, Heav-en's un - told bliss to share; In the

O meet me there, bliss to share;

home on high there's no sad good-by, Some glad morn-ing meet me there.

O meet me there.

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No. 69. "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," church of our God, Pur-chase of Je - sus, re -
2. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," chil-dren of light, Walk-ing with Je sus in
3. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," praise His dear name! This blessed se - cret to
4. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," glo - ri - ous tho't! Up from the wil - der-ness
5. "Called un - to ho - li-ness," Bride of the Lamb, Waiting the Bride-groom's re-

deemed by His blood; Called from the world and its i - dols to flee, Called from the
gar-ments of white; Raiment un - sul - lied, nor tarnished with sin, God's Ho - ly
faith now made plain, Not our own righteousness but Christ within, Liv - ing and
wan-der- ings bro't, Out from the shadows and darkness of night, In - to the
turn -ing a - gain; Lift up your heads, for the day draw-eth near When in His

Refrain.

bond-age of sin to be free. "Ho-li -ness un-to the Lord," is our watchword and song,
Spir - it a - bid -ing with-in.
reign-ing and sav-ing from sin.
Ca-naan of per-fect de-light.
beau-ty the King shall ap-pear.

"Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord" as we're marching a-long; Sing it,
"Ho - li - ness un - to the

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cres.

shout it, loud and long, "Ho-li-ness un-to the Lord," now and for-ev - er.
Lord," Sing "Ho-li-ness un - to the Lord,"

No. 70. THERE'S A PLACE IN THE KINGDOM FOR YOU.

JENNIE WILSON. G. H. RIDDLE.

1. There's a place in the kingdom of Je-sus for you, Sin-ner friend, en-ter now while you may;
2. Will you lin-ger out-side till the door must be closed, Tho' the Saviour doth tender-ly plead?
3. Let the Lord from your soul break the fetters of sin, And come in - to the king-dom of love;

:S: FINE.

If you fal-ter and wait it may soon be too late, Come in faith and find par-don to-day.
He once died on the cross to re-deem you from loss, Listen now and His call glad-ly heed.
Then when life ends be-low, thro' e - ter - ni - ty know All the rap-ture of saved ones a-bove.

D.S *In its safe-ty find rest and for-ev-er be blest, There's a place in the kingdom for you.*

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

There's a place in the king-dom for you, There's a place in the king-dom for you;
for you, for you;

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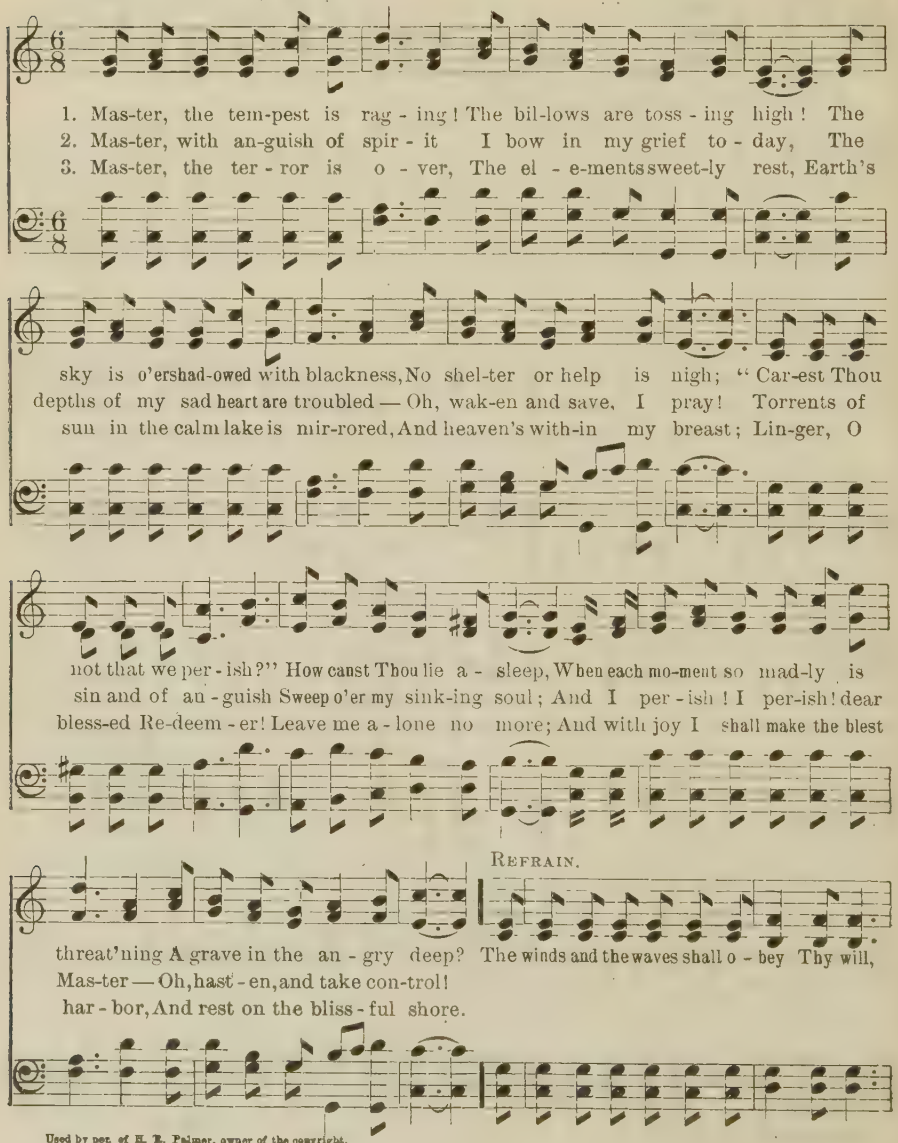
No. 71. MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

MARY A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.



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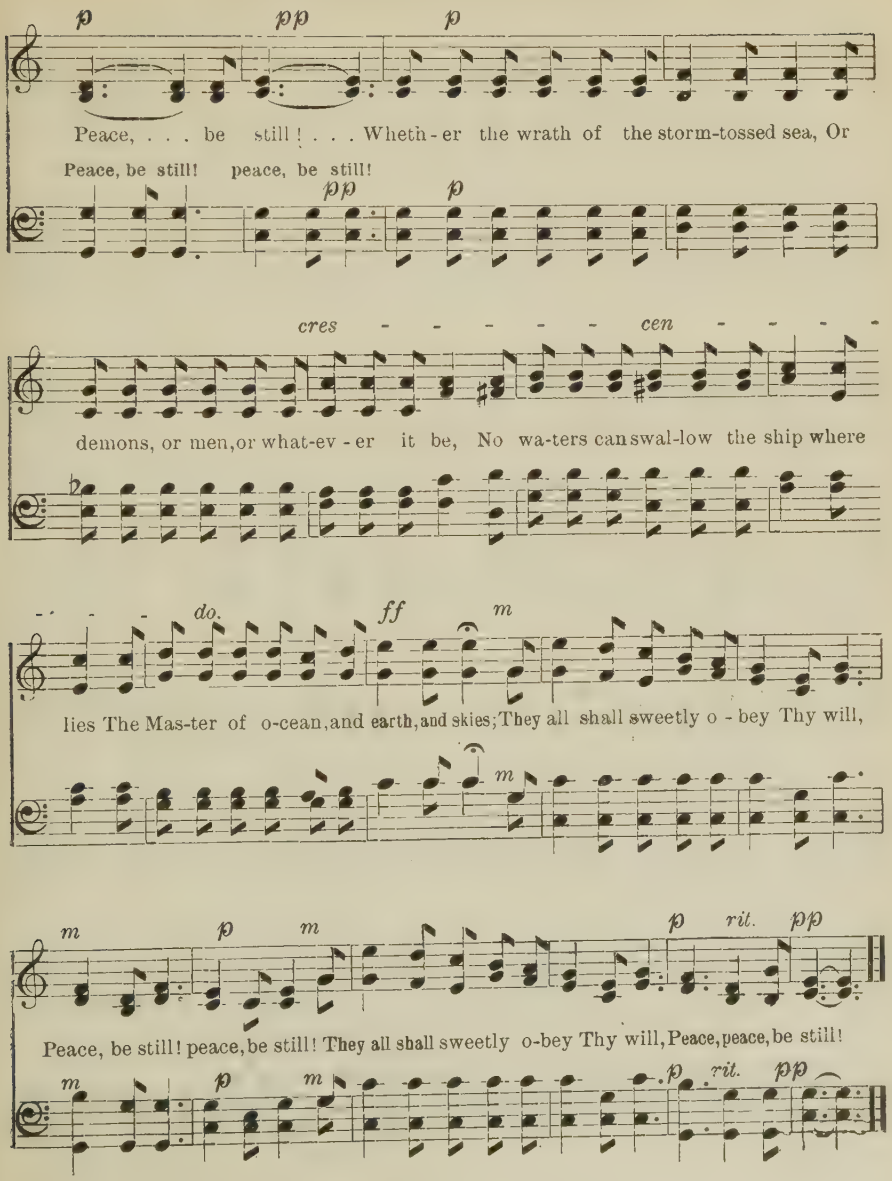
MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.



No. 72. CHRIST IS NEAR ME.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When the waves of time sweep o'er me, I shall nev - er be dis - mayed,
2. When the cares of life sur-round me, Christ each hea- vy bur- den bears;
3. When the way seems rough and dreary, Je - sus gen - tly takes my hand,

For my Sav- iour goes be - fore me, And He says, "Be not a - fraid."
Since thro' love He sought and found me, Ev - 'ry grief He free - ly shares.
And He whispers, "Come, ye wea - ry, Just be- yond is Beu - lah Land."

REFRAIN.

Christ is near me, He will cheer me, What-so - e'er my lot may be;

wings, . . .

He will guide me, keep and hide me 'Neath His wings, 'neath His wings e-ter- nal - ly.

wings, . . .

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No. 73. SAVED THROUGH JESUS' BLOOD.

J. W. V. J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

1. Some- time we'll stand be-fore the judg-ment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
2. I'll then re-ceive a bright and star - ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
3. Then we shall meet to nev - er part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;

The Lord will then make known the rec - ord there; Our names will all be read.
And when I've been with Him ten thou-sand years, I'll have no less to live.
We'll lay our bur-dens down at Je - sus' feet And rest for ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

I'll be pres- ent when the roll is called, Pure and spotless thro' the crim-son flood;

I will an - swer when they call my name; Saved thro' Je - sus' blood.

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No. 74. WRECKS ALONG THE WAY.

J. M. B.

J. M. Bowman.

1. Oh, see the wrecks . . . a-long the way, ... As down the
2. Yes, there are wrecks . . . a-long the shore . . . . Now stranded
3. Oh, save the wrecks . . . a-long the shore, ... 'Mid rocks and

D.C. *The Spir - it line . . . . throw out to save, ... With might-y*

stream . . of time we glide, . . . Temptation's line . . . their barks be-
on . . . the shoals of sin, ... With an-gry waves . . . now roll-ing
storms . . of doubt and fear, . . . Where many souls . . . sink day by

arm . . . of faith re - claim; . . . The lost up - on . . . . the an- gry

Fine.

tray . . . . To rocks be - neath . . . . the swell-ing tide. . . . . .
o'er,— . . . . Now sink-ing deep, ... all dark with-in. . . . . .
day,— . . . . Throw out the line . . . . and haul them near. . . . . .

wave . . . . Bring in the pow'r . . . . of Je - sus' name. . . . .

The tempter leads the sail - or o'er,
With hand upon the helm of pray'r,
Hold out a hand to some lost soul,

The tempt - er leads . . . . . the sail - or o'er, ... A-mong the
With hand up - on . . . . . the helm of pray'r, ... Un-furl the
Hold out a hand . . . . . to some lost soul, ... To guide him

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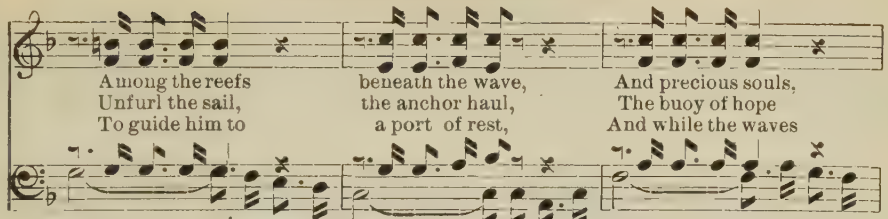
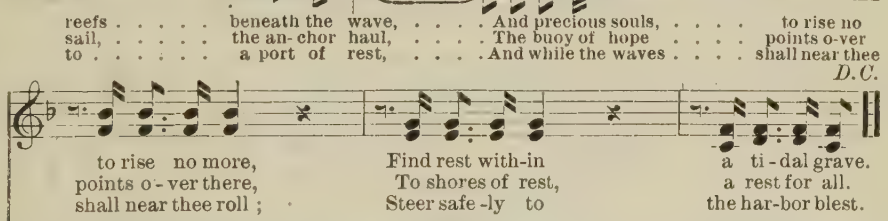
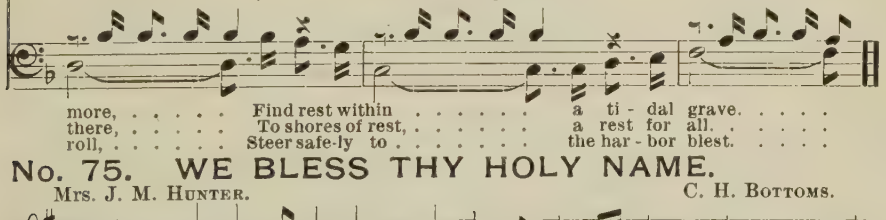
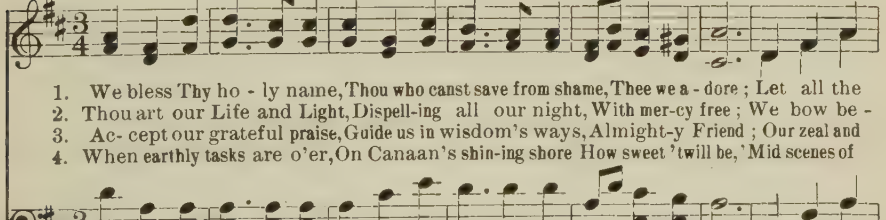
WRECKS ALONG THE WAY.



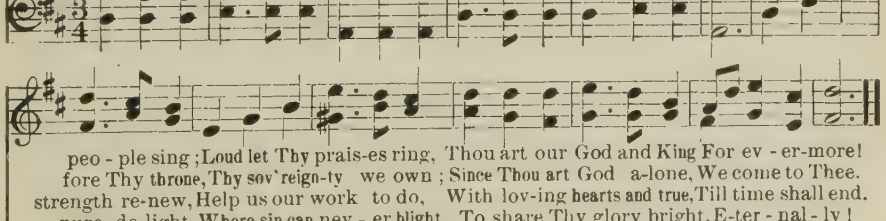


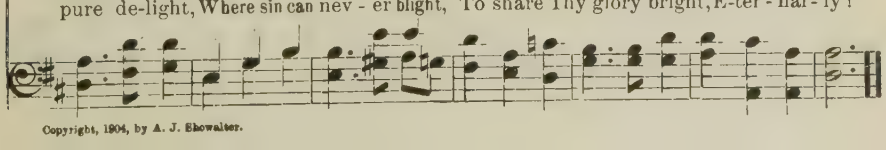




No. 75. WE BLESS THY HOLY NAME.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. C. H. Bottoms.





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No. 76. AT THE CROSS.

E. R. Latta. R. H. Cornelius.

1. There is par - don, full and free, At the cross, at the cross, Whatso - e'er our
2. There's a peace that none can tell, At the cross, at the cross, In the Sav-iour's
3. There's a joy that all may feel, At the cross, at the cross, If in hum - ble
4. There's a hope that will en-dure, At the cross, at the cross, It is like an

sins may be, At the cross, at the cross; Let us now the Lord en-treat, With our
"all is well!" At the cross, at the cross; Let us seek that peace to prove, That is
faith they kneel, At the cross, at the cross; Let us taste that joy so great, Ere it
an-chor sure, At the cross, at the cross; Let us now that hope ob - tain, That shall

burdened souls to meet, And be - stow that par - don sweet, At the cross, At the cross.
showered from a - bove, Thro' the Mas-ter's dy - ing love, At the cross, At the cross.
be, for us, too late, Mer - cy will not al-ways wait, At the cross, At the cross.
nev - er prove in vain, While be - liev - ing we re-main, At the cross, At the cross.

Refrain.

At the cross, At the cross,

There's re-demption there for thee, There's redemp-tion there for thee, There's redemp-tion

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AT THE CROSS.

At the cross, At the

there for me, At the cross; There's redemption there for thee, There's re-

At the cross;

cross,

demp-tion there for thee, There's re-demp-tion there for me, At the cross.

At the cross.

No. 77. WHAT A SAVIOUR!

A. J. S. A. J. Showalter, by per.

:8:

1. We lay our bur-dens All down at Je-sus' feet, And at His bid-ding
2. No more we wan-der In sin's de-struc-tive road; Je-sus, the might-y,
3. We now can praise Him, Our on-ly hope is He; With Him in glo-ry

D.S. *On Cal-v'ry's moun-tain*

Fine. Refrain.

D.S.

Find peace and rest so sweet. O what a Sav-iour! O what a Friend is He!
Has lift-ed that great load.
We'll spend e-ter-ni-ty.

He died to set us free.

No. 78. THE HAVEN OF REST.

H. L. Gilmour. Geo. D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, He pa - tient - ly waits To

bur-dened with sin and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -
John the be - lov - ed so blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

:S:

D.S. *The tem - pest may sweep o'er the*

Fine.

Make Me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm,—Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
ha - ven of rest, And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

Refrain.

D.S.

I've anchored my soul in the ha-ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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No. 79. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD BY.

"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.

1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the mo-ments fly,
2. How joy - ful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No part - ing words shall e'er be spo- ken In that bright land of flow'rs,

Yet ev - er comes the thought of sad-ness That we must say good by.
That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and glad-ness, Shall ev - er - more be ours.

Refrain.

We'll nev - er say good by in heav'n, We'll nev- er say good by,.....
nev - er say good by,

Repeat Refrain pp.

For in that land of joy and song We'll nev - er say good by.

From "Words of Life." John J. Hood, owner. Used by per.

No. 80. AT THE SAVIOUR'S RIGHT HAND.

E. R. Latta. Geo. B. Holsinger.

1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged, And the
2. But the wick - ed who will not re - pent and be - lieve, And will
3. We are jour - ney - ing on to e - ter - ni - ty, now, On the
4. If our Shep - herd He is, and we fol - low His call, He will

chaff from the wheat shall be thoroughly fanned, Then the righteous shall shine as the
nev - er live up to the Mas-ter's command. Shall be placed on the left, as un -
bank of death's Jordan we sometime shall stand! Shall we fear to pass o - ver the
lead us safe home, to that beau - ti - ful land; And, with crowns on our brows, and with

stars in the sky, And their pla - ces shall be at the Sav-iour's right hand.
wor - thy to be With the chil - dren of God at the Sav-iour's right hand.
dark roll - ing flood, Lest our por - tion be not at the Sav-iour's right hand?
branch - es of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Sav-iour's right hand.

Refrain.

Let me . . . . find a place . . with that . . . hap-py band, . .
Let me find a place with that hap - py band, Let me find a place with that hap - py band,

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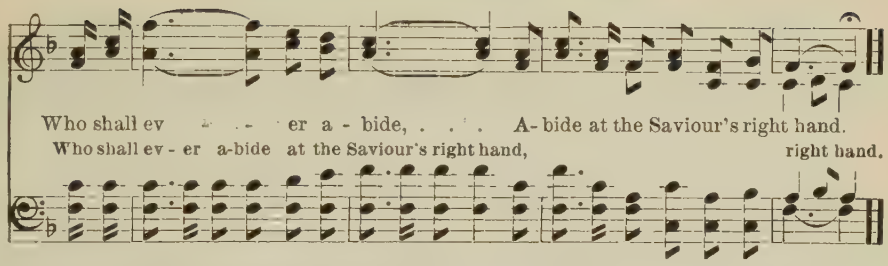
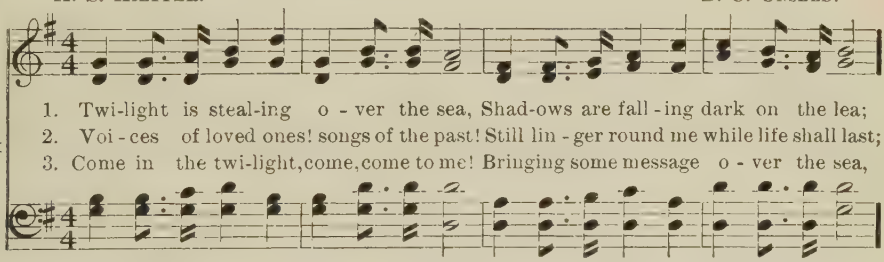
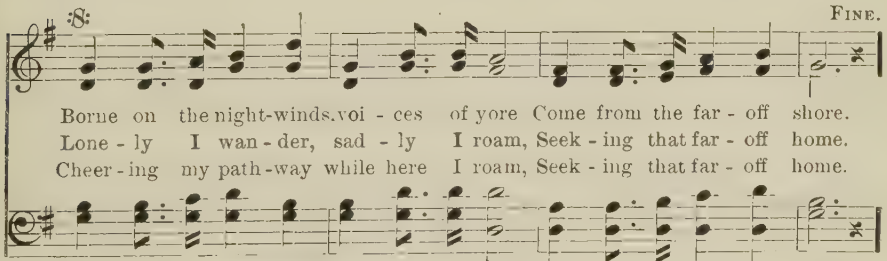
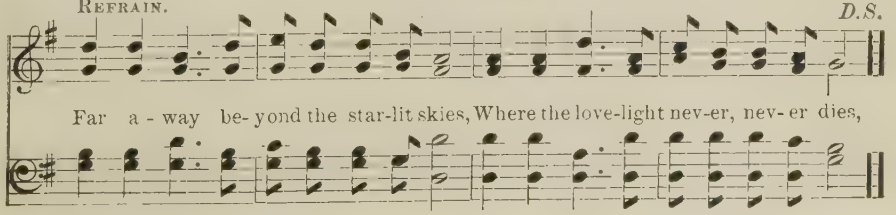


No. 81. TWILIGHT IS FALLING.

A. S. Kieffer. B. C. Unseld.







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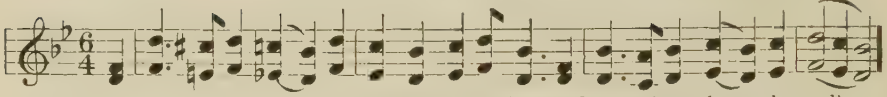
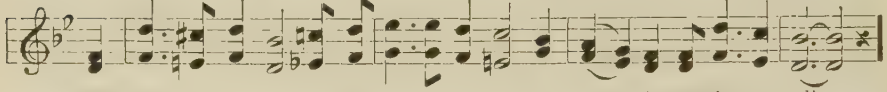
No. 82. THAT WONDERFUL DAY.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

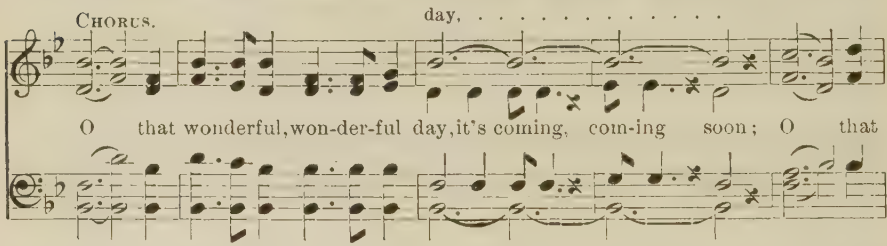


1. The won-der-ful day of judgment is coming, And we shall soon hear the call;
2. Poor sin - ner, be - lieve, the judgment is coming, O where will you stand that day?
3. The dead in their graves will come forth to meet it, All nations will hear the call



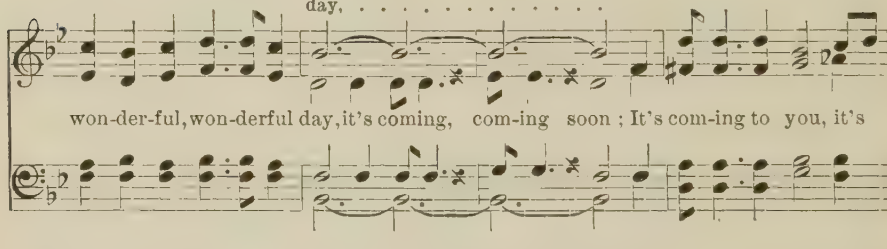
'Tis com - ing to you, and 'tis com-ing to me, That day is com-ing to all.
The right-eous will hear "Come ye blessed of mine," "The lost be driven a - way.
That speaks in loud tones time on earth is no more—That day is com-ing to all.

CHORUS.



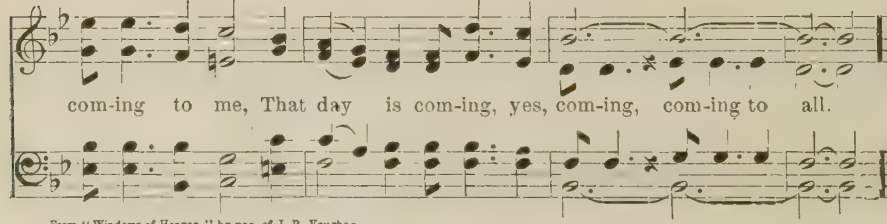
day, ...

O that wonderful, won-der-ful day, it's coming, com-ing soon; O that



day, ...

won-der-ful, won-derful day, it's coming, com-ing soon; It's com-ing to you, it's



to all. . . . . .

com-ing to me, That day is com-ing, yes, com-ing, com-ing to all.

From "Windows of Heaven," by per. of J. B. Vaughan.

No. 83. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glo-ry di-vine!
2. Per-fect sub-mission, perfect de-light, Vis-ions of rapture now burst on my sight,
3. Per-fect sub-mission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am happy and blest,

Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love.
Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

REFRAIN.

This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long;

This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

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No. 84. WORK FOR THE LORD TO-DAY.

JENNIE WILSON.
Suggested and Refrain by J. W. D.

J. W. DENNIS.

1. Hast - en a - way to the har - vest field, Work for the Lord to - day; Go and with gladness the sic-kle wield, Work for the Lord to - day. Hast - en, the moments are speed-ing fast, Soon will the time for your toil be past; Win the reward that doth ev - er last,

2. Hast - en, no lon - ger with i - dlers stand, Work for the Lord to - day; Go and o - bey the di - vine command, Work for the Lord to - day. Out in the field where the grain is white, Gath-er the sheaves that are gold-en bright, Fair will they shine in e - ter-nal light,

3. La - bor with those who have borne the heat, Work for the Lord to - day; Rest in the eve will be calm and sweet, Work for the Lord to - day. Toil with the reap-ers till dusk ap- pears, Toil tho' your eyes may grow dim with tears, Look to the rap-ture of heav-en's years,

REFRAIN.

Work for the Lord to-day. Work, yes, work to-day, Work, yes, Work for the Lord, yes, work to-day, Work for the Lord, yes

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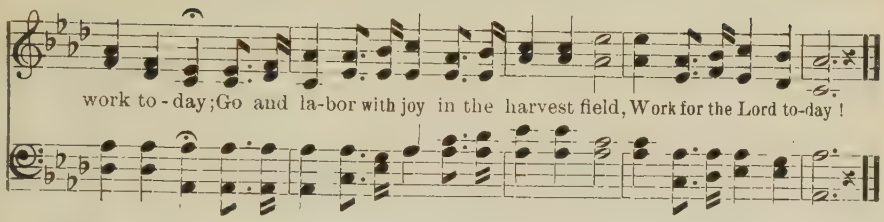
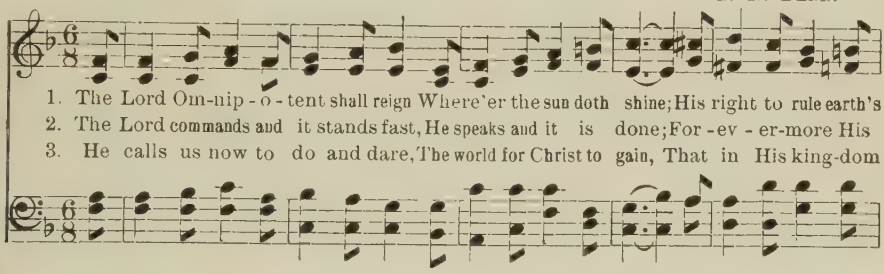
WORK FOR THE LORD TO-DAY.



No. 85. THE LORD OMNIPOTENT SHALL REIGN.

A. J. Showalter. G. N. Fenn.



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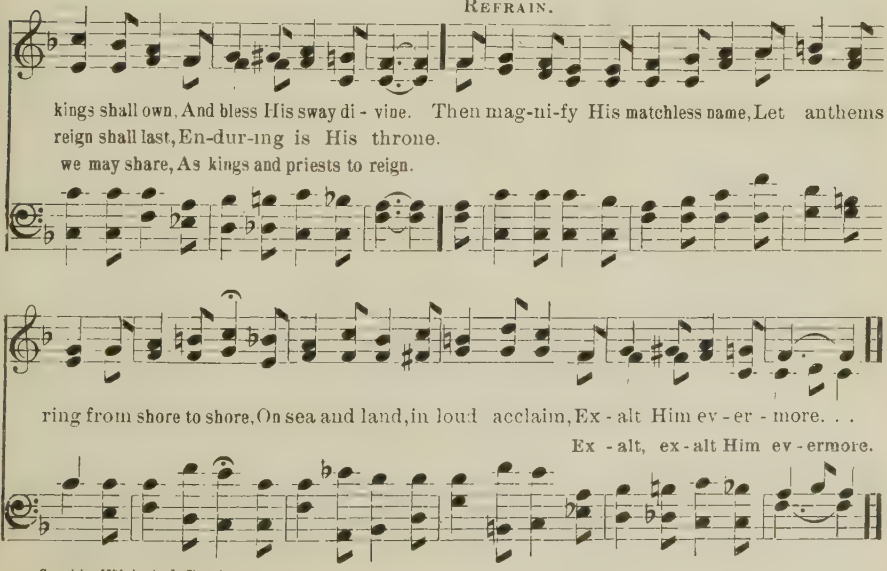

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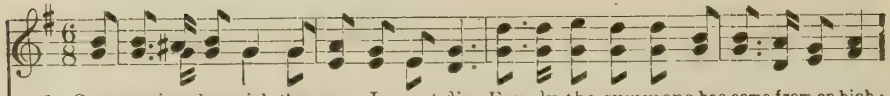
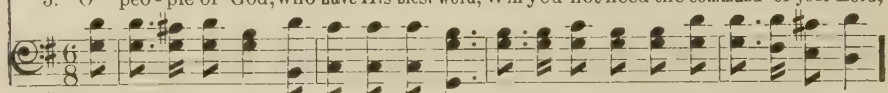
No. 86. DYING FROM HOME, AND LOST.*

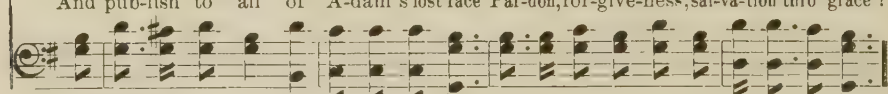
S. M. B. Rev. S. M. Brown.



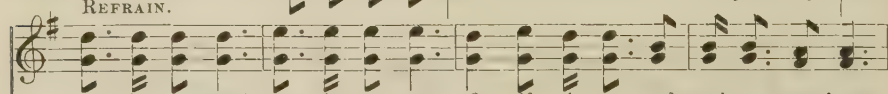
1. Compan-ion, draw nigh, they say I must die; Ear - ly the summons has come from on high;
2. Ah! can you not bow and pray with me now? Sad the re-gret, we have nev - er learn'd how
3. And can you not sing a song of His love, How He came down from the man-sion's a-bove,
4. A - las! it is so, but thus it must be; No word of com-fort or prom-ise for me;
5. O peo - ple of God, who have His blest word, Will you not heed the command of your Lord,



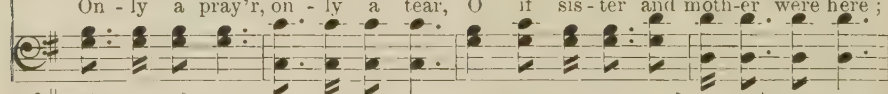
The way is so dark, and yet I must go! Oh! that such sor-row you never may know!
To come be-fore Him, who on - ly can save, Leading in tri-umph thro' death and the grave.
To bleed and to die on Cal - va - ry's tree, Bring-ing sal - va-tion to sinners like me?
To die with-out God or hope in His Son, Cov-ered in darkness, bereaved and un - done.
And pub-lish to all of A-dam's lost race Par-don, for-give-ness, sal-va-tion thro' grace?



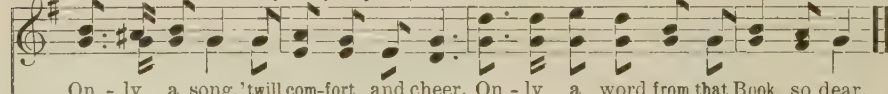
Refrain.



On - ly a pray'r, on - ly a tear, O if sis - ter and moth-er were here;



On - ly a song, 'twill com-fort and cheer, On - ly a word from that Book so dear.



* Two young men, who had been brought up together in a distant state, came to Kansas City to get a start in the world. They were employed in laboring on the piers of one of the great railroad bridges on the Missouri River. An accident occurred in which several men were injured; among them was one of these young men, who was fatally crushed. He was taken into one of the tents in which the laborers were living, and being conscious, he was told by the physician that he could live only a few hours. He requested his companion to pray with him, and stated that he was not prepared to die. His friend assured him that he did not pray for himself and was not fit to pray for a dying man. Then he asked that a song might be sung, but was again assured by his friend that he knew no song appropriate to an occasion like that. Finally he begged that a bible might be brought and a few verses read to him before he died. The tents and cabins were searched, and there was not a copy of the word of God to be found, and so, among his last words the dying man exclaimed: "And is it possible that away from home and without a prayer, a song, or a verse of Scripture, I am to be ushered into the presence of God unprepared?"

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No. 87. THERE'S A CITY THAT IS FAR, FAR AWAY.

Respectfully dedicated to my friend, J. H. D. Tomson, Richmond, Mo.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.

1. There's a cit - y that is far, far a - way, (far away,) You can see its sil - ver
2. We will hear the an -gels sing o - ver there, (over there,) As they hold within their
3. There the tree of life will bloom ev-er-more, (evermore,) While the cy- cles of e -
4. All the pilgrims of this earth, I am told, (I am told,) Who have suffered for their

:8:

spires o'er the sea, (o'er the sea,) 'Tis beyond the rolling waves' misty spray, (misty spray,)
hands harps of gold, (harps of gold,) In that cit - y that is bright and so fair, (and so fair,)
ter - ni - ty roll, (ever roll,) And no sickness, pain nor death we shall know, (we shall know,)
Lord on the way, (on the way,) Will receive a shining crown, made of gold, (made of gold,)

D.S. *There no sorrows, sin, nor death, e'er shall come, (e'er shall come,)*

FINE. REFRAIN.

Oh, that cit - y is for you and for me. Oh, that home, . . . hap - py
Oh, that cit - y is the home of the soul.
For that cit - y is the home of the soul.
In that cit - y that is far, far a - way.

bless -ed home,

For that cit - y is the home of the soul.

D.S.

home, . . . Where the cy- cles of e - ter - ni - ty roll, ...
hap - py home, ev - er roll.

Property of A. J. Showalter.

No. 88. IN THE VINEYARD.

Miss Eliza M. Sherman. B. C. Unseld.

1. Long, O Mas - ter, in Thy vine-yard, Thro' the dust and heat of day,
2. Tan - gled vines and fad - ed flow - ers Hid - den lie a - mong my sheaves,
3. Purge Thou, then, the sheaves so worth-less, That I lay at Thy dear feet,

rit.

I have toiled and with my bur - den, Come I now thro' shad-ows gray.
Look'st Thou sor - row - ful, O Mas - ter? Is there noth - ing there but leaves?
So they yield Thee at the har - vest On - ly fin - est of the wheat.

Refrain.

Toil - ing in Thy vine - yard All day long with wea - ry feet,
Toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing,

rit. *dim.*

Glad to rest when eve - ning com - eth, And the hours are cool and sweet.

Used by per. of B. C. Unseld.

No. 89. TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

D. E. D. Rev. D. E. Dortch.

Not too fast.

1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord say-ing, "You
2. Some one will hear the an - gel's song, And wish he could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an ach - ing heart, While Je - sus pro-noun-ces the
4. Some one will lin - ger with tear - ful eyes, While Christ and His peo - ple as -

can not come;" With sadness he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state; Turn'd a -
hap - py throng; With sigh-ings he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state; Turn'd a -
word, "de - part;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state; Turn'd a -
cend the skies; With weep-ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state; Turn'd a -

:S:

Fine. Refrain.

way from the beau - ti - ful gate. Turn'd a - way from the beau - ti - ful

D.S.

gate, Turn'd a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate; With

By per. of D. E. Dortch, owner of the copyright.

No. 90. I WILL PRAISE THEE, BLESSED JESUS.

J. S. H. J. S. HENDRICKS.

1. I will praise Thee, blessed Je - sus, I will praise Thee day by day, As I
2. I will praise Thee, blessed Je - sus, For Thy watchcare thro' the day; Thou art
3. I will praise Thee, blessed Je - sus, When I've reached the oth - er shore, With my

trav - el life's rough journey I will praise Thee all the way; I will praise Thee in the
ev - er near to guide me As I tread life's rugged way; And when life is al - most
fa - ther and my mother And my friends who've gone before; We will praise Thee, blessed

D.S. *praise Thee in the*

morn-ing, I will praise Thee all day long, And my last tho't in the evening Shall be
o - ver, And the time has come to go, I will praise Thee while I'm passing From this
Je-sus, While our friends are com-ing o'er, We will praise Thee, blessed Je - sus, We will

morn-ing, I will praise Thee all day long, And my last tho't in the eve-ning Shall be

FINE. REFRAIN.

praise to Thee in song. I will praise Thee, praise
to the glo - ry shore.
praise Thee ev - er-more. I will praise Thee, blessed Je - sus, I will praise Thee ev'ry

praise to Thee in song.

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I WILL PRAISE THEE, BLESSED JESUS.

D.S.

Thee, I will praise Thee, blessed Je - sus, all the way; I will day, all the way;

No. 91. NEAR THE CROSS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross; There a pre-cious fountain, Free to all — a
2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me: There the bright and
3. Near the cross, O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me; Help me walk from
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing ev - er, Till I reach the

REFRAIN.

heal - ing stream—Flows from Calvary's moun-tain. In the cross, in the cross, Be my
morn-ing star Sheds its beams a-round me.
day to day With its shad-ow o'er me.
gold-en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.

glo - ry ev - er, Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the riv - er.

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No. 92. SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

W. A. Ogden. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Scat-ter - ing precious seed by the way-side, Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the
2. Scat-ter - ing precious seed for the growing, Scat-ter-ing precious seed, freely
3. Scat-ter - ing precious seed, doubting nev-er, Scat-ter-ing precious seed, trusting

hill-side; Scat-ter-ing precious seed o'er the field, wide, Scat-ter - ing pre-cious
sow-ing; Scat-ter-ing precious seed, trusting, knowing, Sure-ly the Lord will
ev - er; Sow-ing the word with pray'r and en-deav-or, Trust-ing the Lord for

Refrain.

seed by the way. Sow - - - ing in the morn - - ing,
send it the rain.
growth and for yield. Sow-ing the pre-cious seed, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed,

Sow - - ing at the noon - - tide; Sow - ing in the
Sowing the seed at noontide, Sowing the precious seed; Sowing the precious seed,

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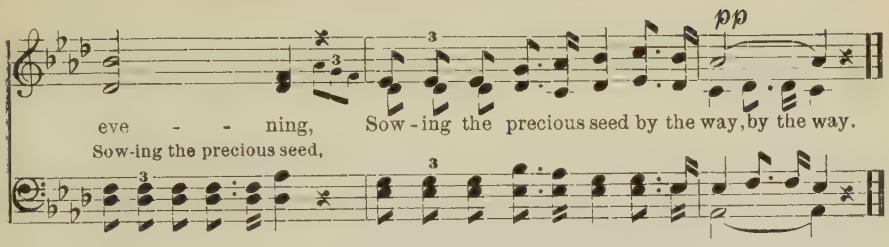
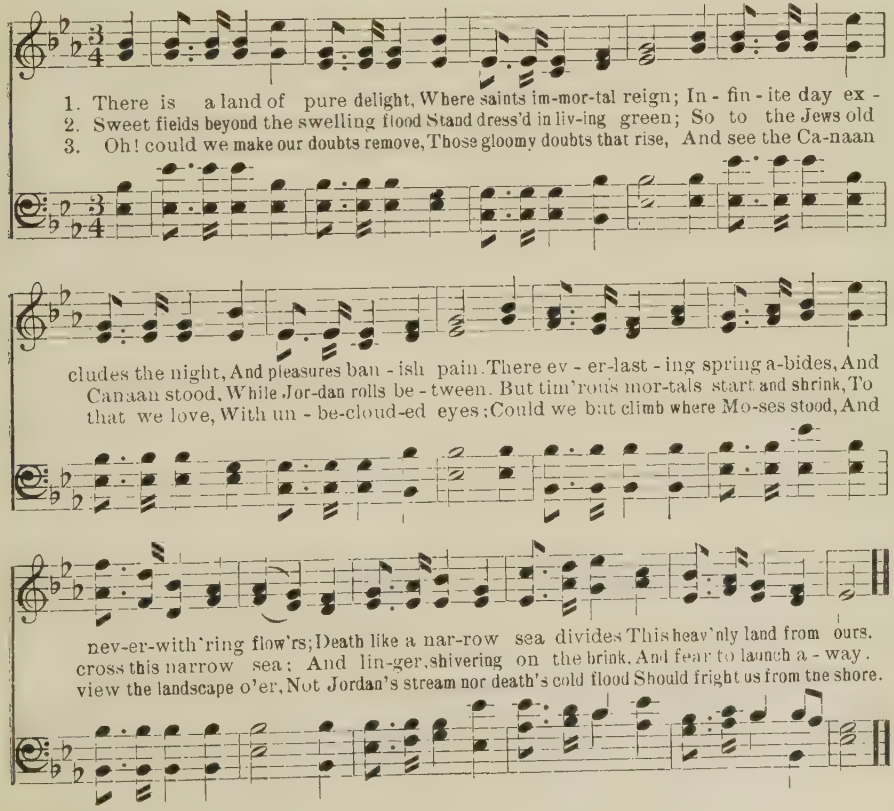


No. 93. VARINA.

ISAAC WATTS. Dr. G. F. ROOT.



No. 94. THE SINNER AND THE SONG.

W. L. T. — WILL L. THOMPSON.

SOPRANO SOLO.

1. A sin- ner was wand'ring at e - ven-tide; His tempter was watching close
2. He lingered and list-ened to ev'ry sweet chord; He remembered the time he

by at his side; In his heart raged a bat -tle for right against wrong; But hark! from the
once loved the Lord. Come on! says the tempter, come on with the throng; But hark! from the

church he hears the sweet song.
church a-gain swells the song.

QUARTET. *pp* D.C.

1. Je-sus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly.
2. While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high!

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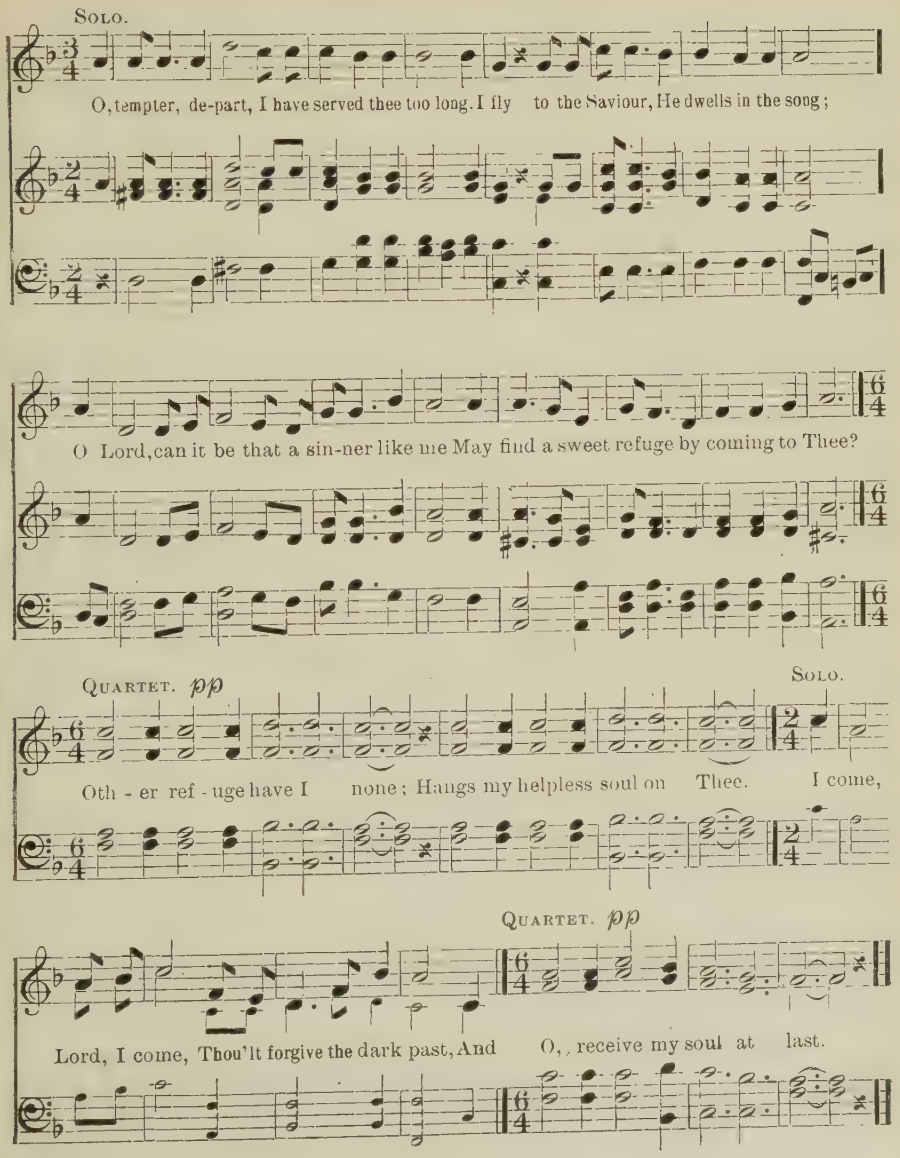
THE SINNER AND THE SONG.



No. 95. DO YOUR BEST.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. R. H. Cornelius.

1. There's a voice . . . that calls for reap - ers, . Those who

1. There's a voice that calls for reap-ers, (calls for reap- ers,) Those who
2. Ma - ny souls now sit in darkness, (sit in dark-ness,) Ma - ny
3. Like a dove perhaps some loved one (yes, some loved one.) Now has
4. When the shades of eve- ning gath - er, (eve-ning gath- er,) God will

hear . . . are sure - ly blest; 'Tis the voice . . of Je - sus

Those who hear are surely blest; (are sure-ly blest;) 'Tis the voice of Je - sus
Ma-ny hearts are sore distressed; (are sore distressed;) Bring to them a ray of
Now has flown from the home nest; (from the home nest;) Where perchance some heart is
God will call you home to rest. (you home to rest,) But to-day He needs your

call - ing. . Work for Him . . and do your best.

Refrain.

call-ing, (Je-sus call- ing,) Work for Him and do your best. Do your best each
sun-shine, (ray of sun-shine,) Work for Christ and do your best.
break-ing, (heart is break-ing,) Go to - day and do your best.
ser-vice, (needs your service,) Work for Him and do your best.

Do your best . . each

day for Je - sus, do your best, By and by you will have rest, you will have rest,

day for Je - sus, By and by . . . you will have rest, But to -

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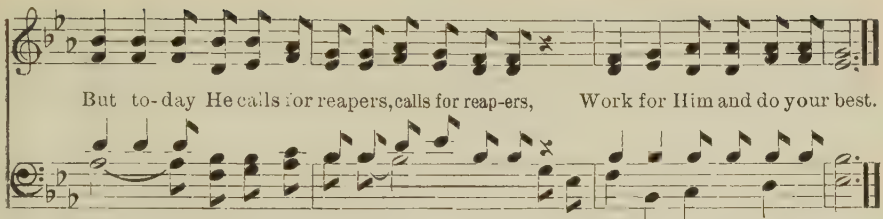
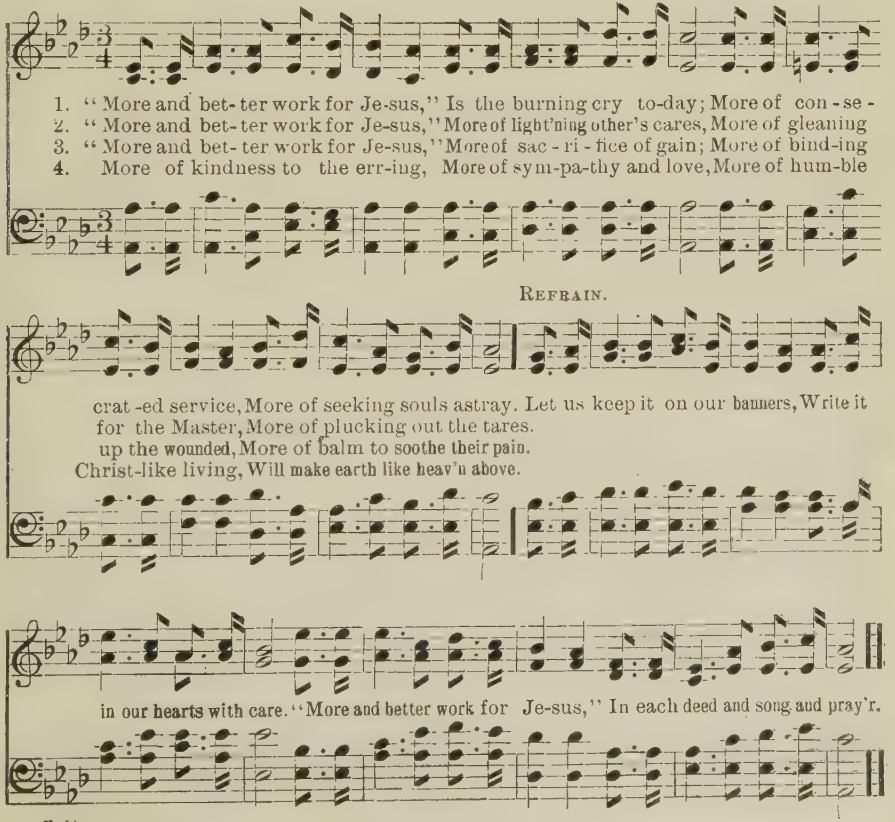


No. 96. MORE AND BETTER WORK.

G. W. Lyon. J. Henry Showalter.



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No. 97. IS IT NOTHING TO THEE?

D. B. Purinton. W. H. Doane.

1st Voice.

1. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That thy
2. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That thy
3. Is it noth-ing to thee, is it noth-ing to thee, That E-

Lord and Redeem-er His love hath revealed? Is it noth-ing to thee, is it
sin-la-den feet from the Sav-iour hath turned? Is it noth-ing to thee, is it
ter-ni-ty com-eth and death draw-eth near? Is it noth-ing to thee, is it

noth-ing to thee, That He died on the cross and thy par-don sealed?
noth-ing to thee, That the voice of His mer-cy thy heart hath spurned?
noth-ing to thee, Canst thou go when He call-eth, with-out a fear?

2d Voice Response.

1. Oh, 'tis something to me, yes, 'tis something to me, That the voice of His
2. Oh, 'tis something to me, yes, 'tis something to me, That He call-eth me
3. Oh, 'tis something to me, yes, 'tis something to me, When at last I shall

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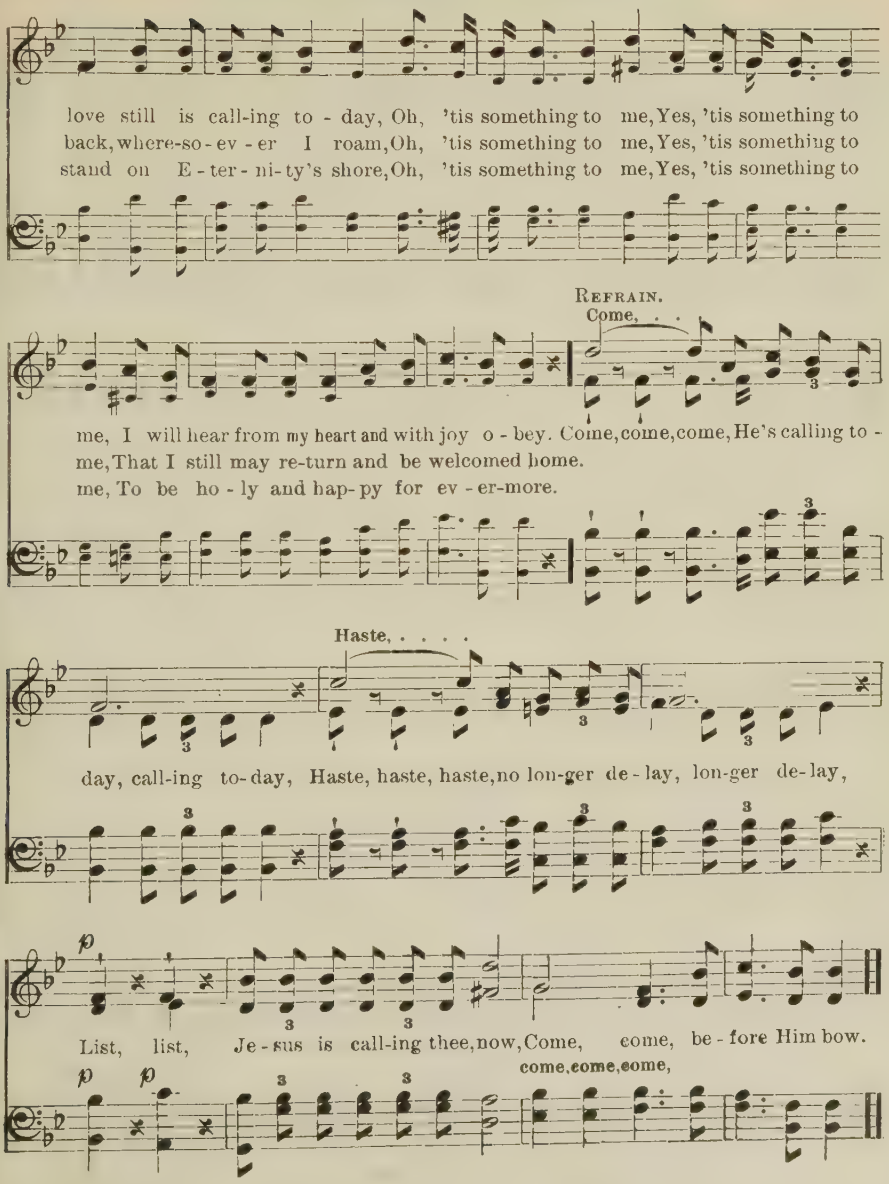
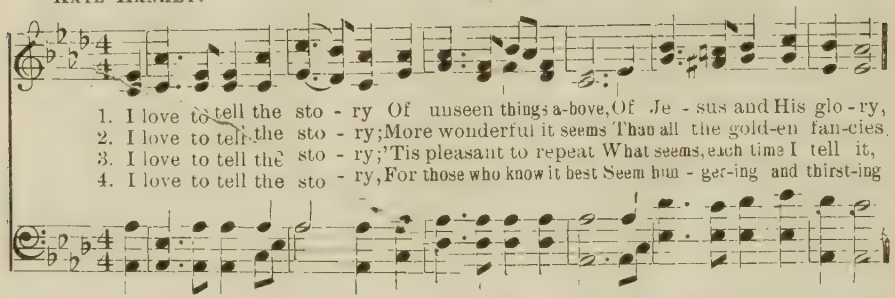
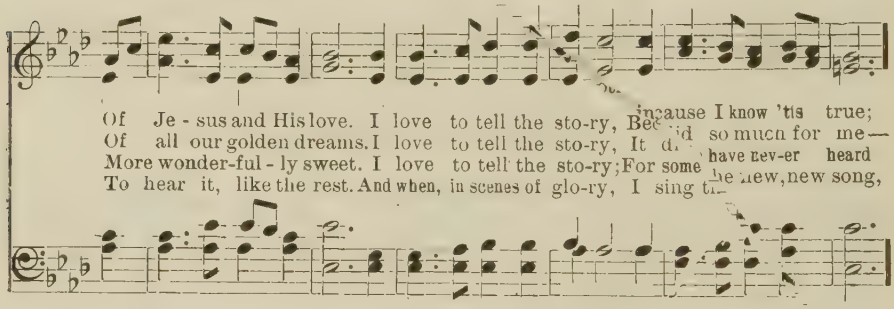
IS IT NOTHING TO THEE?

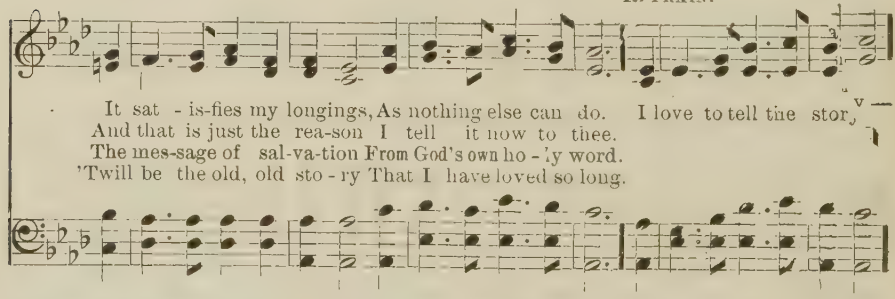


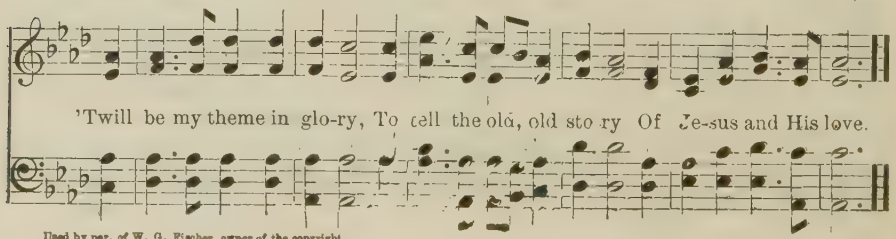
No. 98. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER.









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No. 99. PEACE THROUGH THE BLOOD.

E. E. Hewitt. A. J. Showalter.

1. Come while God is call-ing, hear His word to-day, Peace thro' the blood of the cross;
2. Sink the past for-ev - er 'neath the cleansing tide, Peace thro' the blood of the cross;
3. Bless-ing free and boundless flow-ing from a-bove, Peace thro' the blood of the cross;
4. Tell the joy-ful sto - ry ev - 'rywhere you go, Peace thro' the blood of the cross;

Take the gift He of-fers, come without de - lay, Peace thro' the blood of the cross.
Let the Ho - ly Spir-it in your heart a - bide, Peace thro' the blood of the cross.
Ev - er-last-ing mer-cy, ev - er-last - ing love, Peace thro' the blood of the cross.
Till, the wide world o-ver, ransomed souls shall know Peace thro' the blood of the cross.

Refrain.

Peace! . . . . . won-der-ful peace! . . . . . Peace! . . . . . won-der-ful

Peace! wonder-ful peace! Peace! wonderful peace! Peace! wonderful peace!

peace! . . .

1 2

Peace! wonderful peace! Peace thro' the blood of the cross; Peace thro' the blood of the cross.

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No. 100. STEPPING IN THE LIGHT.

L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - iour, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Press-ing more close-ly to Him who is lead - ing, When we are tempt-ed to
3. Walk-ing in foot-steps of gen - tle for-bear-ance, Footsteps of faith - ful-ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - iour, Up - ward, still up-ward, we'll

Sav - iour and King, Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
mer - cy, and love; Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom - ised,
fol - low our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau - ty,"

Refrain.

Hap-py, how hap-py the songs that we bring. How beau - ti - ful to walk in the
Hap-py, how hap-py our prais-es each day.
Hap-py, how hap-py our jour-ney a - bove.
Hap-pp, how hap-py our place at His side.

steps of the Sav - iour, Step-ping in the light, Step-ping in the light; How

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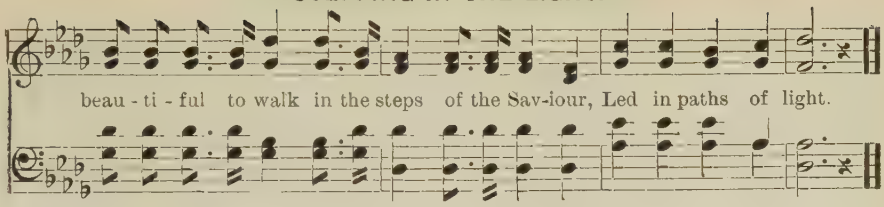
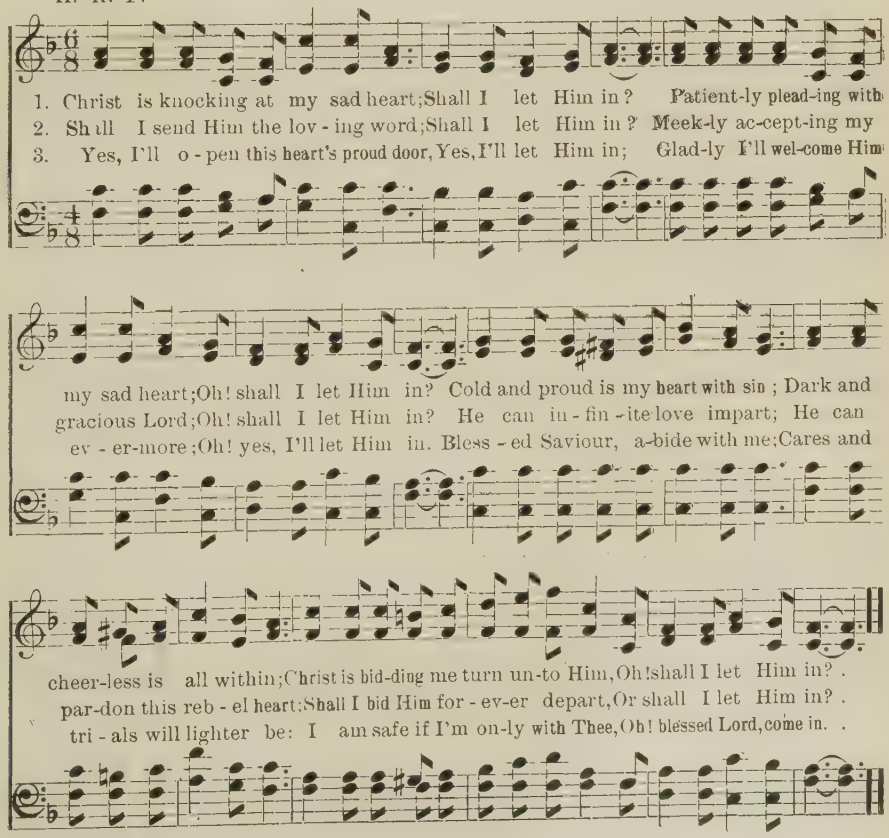
STEPPING IN THE LIGHT.



No. 101. CHRIST IS KNOCKING AT MY SAD HEART.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.



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No. 102. SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

E. E. Hewitt. Effective as a Solo. H. L. Gilmour.

1. A - drift on the wa-ters so dark and so cold, A - far from the beau-ti - ful
2. Oh, I was the sin-ner a - lone on the sea, But love's blessed sig-nals were
3. I stepped in the life-boat, pro-vid - ed for me, And Je - sus, my Pi - lot, my
4. Life's tur - bu-lent sur-ges are kiss'd in - to peace, The bea-cons are shin-ing, and

cit - y of gold, A ves - sel is sink - ing, for heav - y the gale, The
float - ing for me; Tho' thun-ders were roll - ing, and bil - lows at strife, Lo,
Cap-tain will be; His bo - som my ref - uge, my "ha - ven of rest." I'm
songs nev - er cease; Fair moon-beams, bright sunshine, il - lu - mine the tide, While

Refrain.

con anima.

ca - ble is bro - ken, and tattered each sail. Poor child of the wreck, see the
Je - sus was call-ing, "es-cape for thy life."
res-cued from shipwreck, so hap py and blest.
on - ward to glo-ry we'll joy-ful - ly glide.

Andante. *tempo.*

life-boat is near, A sweet voice is heard, for the Mas-ter is here; He walks ev-'ry

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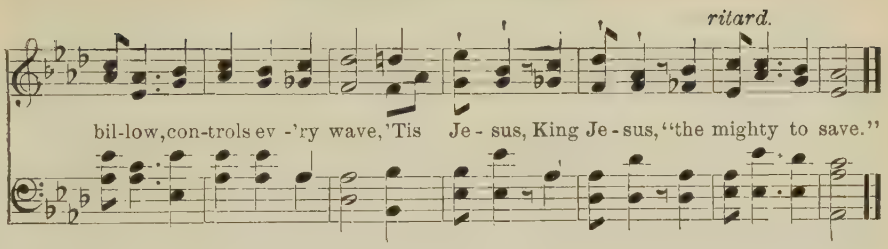
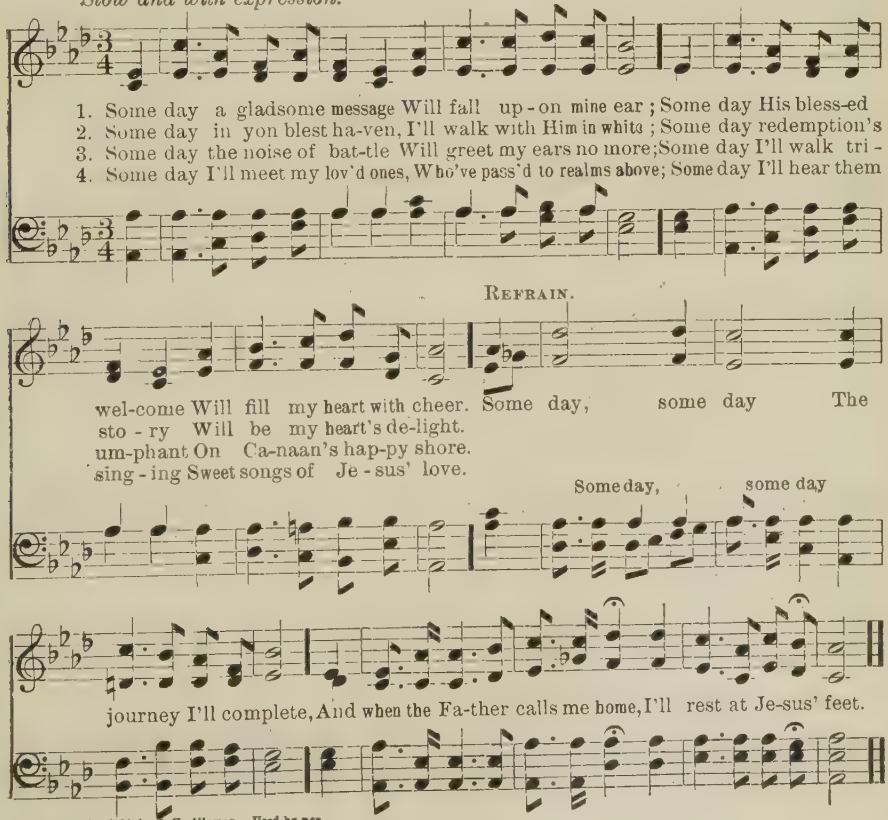


No. 103. SOME DAY.

J. H. A. J. H. ALLEMAN.

Slow and with expression.



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No. 104. MARCHING ON TO GLORY DAY BY DAY.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. ROBERTSON.

1. 'Neath the sa-cred gos-pel ban-ner with the Sav-iour for our guide, We are
2. Climb-ing rug-ged steeps be-fore us, led in ways we do not know, We are
3. O-ver-com-ing earth's temptations, joys en-dur-ing to ob-tain, We are
4. To be read-y for the ban-quet at the mar-riage of the Lamb, We are

marching on to glo-ry day by day; Trusting in our ho-ly Leader thro' what-
marching on to glo-ry day by day; Pass-ing oft thro' pleasant val-leys where re-
marching on to glo-ry day by day; Seek-ing heaven's shin-ing cit-y, life e-
marching on to glo-ry day by day; With the com-pa-ny of pure ones to u-

D.S. *Gath-er-ing from ev-'ry na-tion, 'neath the*

REFRAIN.

ev-er may be-tide, We are marching on to glo-ry day by day. We are marching
freshing waters flow, We are marching on to glo-ry day by day.
ter-nal there to gain, We are marching on to glo-ry day by day.
nite in vict'ry's psalm, We are marching on to glo-ry day by day.

ban-ner of salvation, We are marching on to glo-ry day by day.

D.S.

on to glo-ry day by day, We are marching on to glo-ry day by day;

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No. 105. MEET ME THERE.

W. T. Dale. *Dedicated to Rev. J. W. Blosser.* S. L. Howard.

1. I am on my journey home, Where my Saviour beckons "come," And the saints no more shall roam, Meet me there; Where the ma-ny mansions are, And no sick-ness en-ters there, Where the
2. In that land beyond the sky, There will be no pain or sigh, Tears shall never dim the eye, Meet me there; Oh, the joy of meeting there, Where no heart is bowed with care, And each
3. Soon our tri-als will be o'er, And we'll stand on Canaan's shore, Safe with those who've gone be-fore; Meet me there; There the saints shall nev-er part, Sor-row ne'er shall rend the heart; Will you
4. What a meeting there will be, When our Saviour's face we'll see, And with loved ones ev-er be; Meet me there. To that land let's trav-el on, Till we stand be-fore the throne, And re-

D.S. *On the bright and sunny shore, With our loved ones gone before. And with*

Fine. Refrain.

skies are always fair, Meet me there. meet me there. Meet me there, meet me
mind is freed from fear, Meet me there. meet me there.
now to glo-ry start? Meet me there. meet me there.
ceive a shining crown; Meet me there. meet me there.

Meet me there,

those now crossing o'er, Meet me there.

D.S.

there, O-ver in the land of Prom-ise, Meet me there; . . .
meet me there, meet me there;

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No. 106. THE BIBLE IN THE CABIN BY THE SEA.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.

1. There is a precious volume all finger-worn and old, In the lit-tle log-
2. How of-ten have I listened at the tem-pest howl and rave, Round that lit-tle log-
3. How of-ten, O how of-ten, she read the glow-ing word, Read a message from the
4. There is no oth-er vol-ume so precious as this book, It tells me how in

cab-in by the sea; It is the old, old Bible, More precious now than gold, 'Tis the
cab-in by the sea, While my mother read of Jesus Who walked up-on the wave, How
precious word of God; It told of faithful Daniel Who trusted in the Lord, While she
liv-ing how to die; It tells me of that cit-y, O wondrous, wondrous book, And

REFRAIN.

Bi-ble that my moth-er gave to me. 'Tis the old precious Bi-ble, bless-ed
Je-sus calmed the stormy Gal-i-lee.
led me in the pathway that He trod.
that I'll meet the loved ones by and by.

Bi - - ble, That she read in the cab-in by the sea; . . . 'Tis the
Bi-ble, blessed Bi-ble, by the sea;

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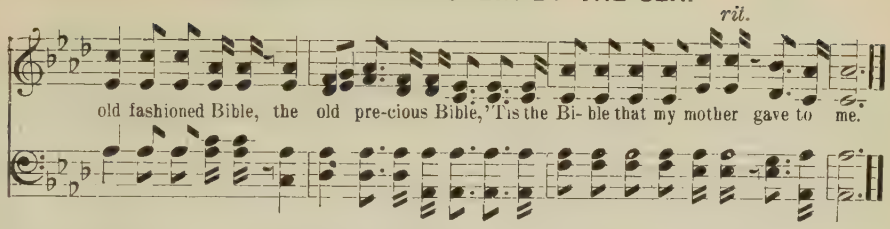
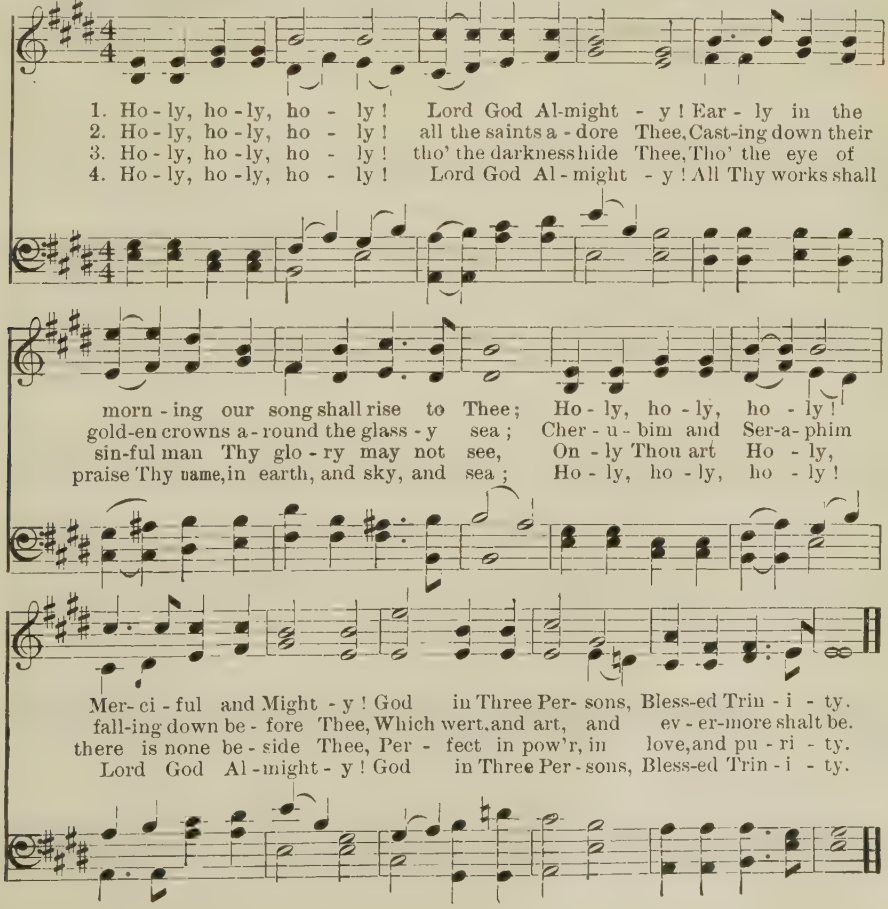
THE BIBLE IN THE CABIN BY THE SEA.



No. 107. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

Bishop R. Heber. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



No. 108.

GOOD-BYE.

(Parting Hymn.)

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. These scenes, so bright, now take their flight As birds in sum - mer seem to fly;
2. As oft we meet, and dear ones greet, Heart speaks to heart and eye to eye;
3. Sometime we'll meet, sometime we'll greet Each oth - er in that land on high;

A - gain we stand with part - ing hand, Good-bye, good-bye, good - bye.
Time speeds a - way, and soon we say, Good-bye, good-bye, good - bye.
There we will stay, and nev - er say, Good-bye, good-bye, good - bye.

Refrain.

Good-bye, good-bye, we breathe a sigh, We say farewell with tear-dimmed eye;

God bless you all, God keep you all, Good-bye, good - bye, good - bye.

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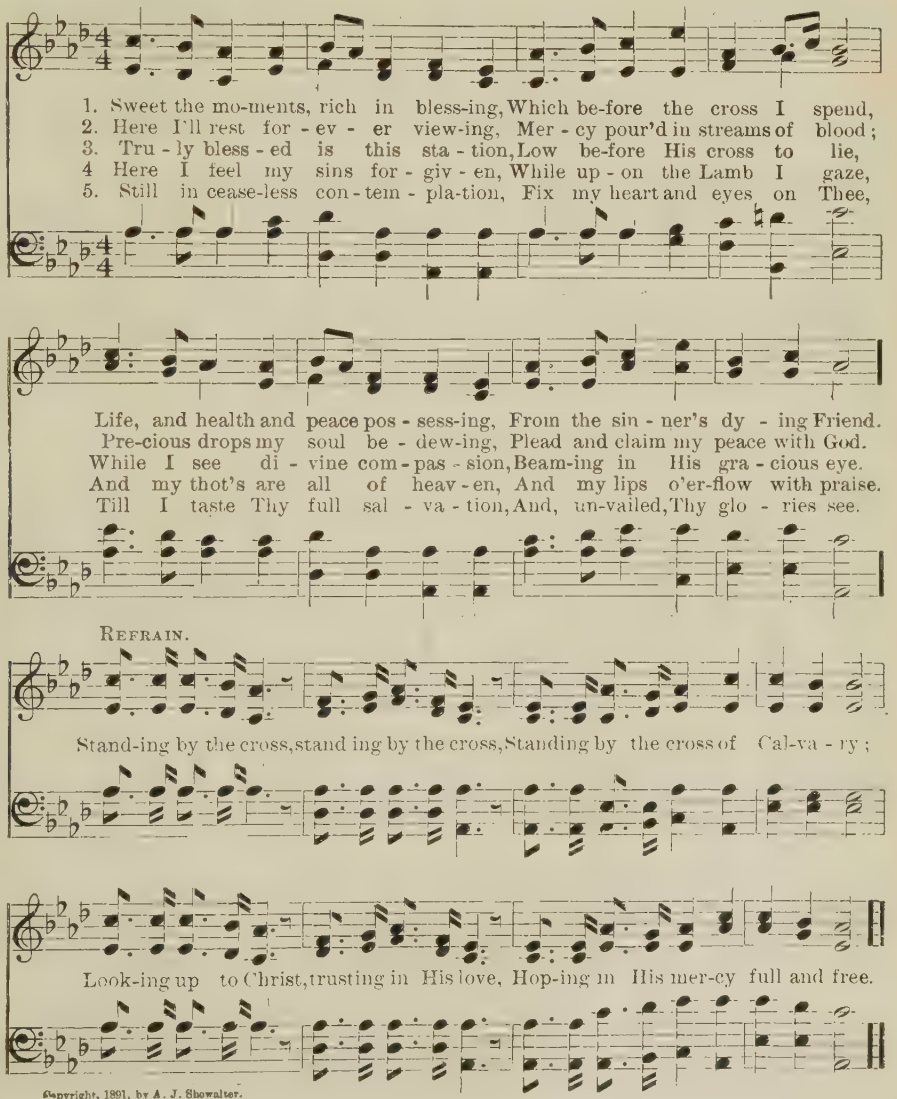
No. 109. STANDING BY THE CROSS.

ALLEN-SHIRLEY.
REF. by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 110. THE GLORIOUS MARRIAGE SUPPER.

JENNIE WILSON. G. N. FENN.

1. When 'mid sounds of earth-ly voi-ces none your ac-cents ev-er hear, Will your
2. Will you be a-mong the num-ber who are pure and un-de-filed, Called from
3. Now put on the wed-ding rai-ment and be rea-dy for the call, With your

tones be thrill-ing in redemption's psalm? Will your soul in blood-washed garments fair and
earth-ly con-flict in-to heaven's calm? Will you by His Son's a-tonement un-to
sin-wounds cured by Calv'ry's healing balm; Bow be-fore the bless-ed Je-sus and pro-

spot-less then ap-pear, At the glo-rious marriage sup-per of the Lamb?
God be rec-on-ciled, Ere the glo-rious marriage sup-per of the Lamb?
claim Him Lord of all, At the glo-rious marriage sup-per of the Lamb.

REFRAIN.

O the glo-rious mar-riage sup-per of the Lamb, O the
O the glo - - - rious marriage sup-per of the Lamb, O the
O the glo-rious

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THE GLORIOUS MARRIAGE SUPPER.

glorious marriage supper of the Lamb;

glo - rious marriage sup-per of the Lamb; Robed in gar-ments snowy-white will you
O the glorious marriage supper of the Lamb;

of the Lamb?

meet the saints of light, At the glo rious marriage sup - per, the sup-per of the Lamb?

of the Lamb?

No. 111. FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side;
{ Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;

D.C. *Whis-p'ring soft - ly, wan - d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.*

D.C.

Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

No. 112. WHERE JESUS DWELLS I WANT TO BE.

J. M. B. J. M. Bowman.

1. Where Je-sus dwells . . . I want to be, ... In that bright home . . . . .

1. Where Je-sus dwells I want to be, In that bright home
2. Where Je-sus dwells I want to go, Where liv-ing streams
3. Where Je-sus dwells I want to be, On E-den's plains

be-yond life's sea; . . . . . I'm crossing o'er . . . . the an-gry tide, ...

beyond life's sea; I'm crossing o'er the angry tide,
shall ev-er flow, I want to see Him first of all,
He waits for me; No eye hath seen nor ear hath heard

Where with my Lord . . . . . I shall a-bide. . . . . He walks upon

Where with my Lord I shall abide. He walks up-on . . . .
Who sav'd me when I heard His call; When mercy's door . . . .
The joys that wait me from my Lord. "Thy kingdom come," . . .

the roll-ing wave; My sinking soul He comes to save;

the roll-ing wave; . . . My sinking soul . . . He comes to save; . . .
had o-pen'd wide, ... I plung'd beneath . . . the crimson tide; . . .
I'll ev-er pray, . . . His blessed will . . . I shall o-bey; . . .

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WHERE JESUS DWELLS I WANT TO BE.

With hand held out . . . . He bears me o'er, ... And guides me to . . . . .

With hand held out
My guilt-y stains
I soon shall reach

He bears me o'er,
are wash'd a-way,
the oth -er shore,

And guides me to
My night of sin
And sing His praise

REFRAIN.

that hap-py shore. . . . . Where Je - sus dwells . . . . I want to be, ...

that hap-py shore.
has turn'd to day.
for ev - ermore.

Where Je-sus dwells

I want to be,

In that E-den home . . . . . beyond life's sea; . . . . There by His side . . . . .

In that Eden home

beyond life's sea;

There by His side

redeemed I'll stand, . . . And receive my crown . . . . from His own hand. . . . .

redeem'd I'll stand,

And receive my crown

from His own hand.

No. 113. THE GLORY OF THE WELCOME.

Rev. W. Lomax Childress. E. T. Hildebrand.

1. When the lamp of faith has light-ed bright The trav-'ler to his goal, And it
2. All the loved of life shall meet us, Who have gone the way be-fore, And the
3. Oh, the hour is draw-ing near-er To the day of peace and rest, When the

falls up-on the riv-er, And the waves be-gin to roll, Lo, be-yond the Jor-dan
mother's song shall greet us, There up-on the oth-er shore. And the sis-ter and the
ship of God shall an-chor In the har-bor of the blest, And the good of all the

bil-lows Are the bright e-ter-nal strands; What a glo-ry in the welcome, And the
broth-er, There a-mong the an-gel bands, And the lit-tle child that left us, Sweet the
a-ges Meet us on the gold-en sands; Oh, the glo-ry of the Fa-ther, And the

Refrain.

clasping of the hands! What a glo-ry in the welcome, in the welcome,

What a glo-ry in the wel-come, And the

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THE GLORY OF THE WELCOME.

And the clasp-ing of the hands, of the hands, And the welcome,

clasp - ing of the hands, And the wel - come of the

of the Fa-ther, in the sin-less sum-mer lands, summer lands;

Fa - ther, in the sin - less sum - mer lands, sum-mer lands;

Small notes may be used for a Tenor or Soprano voice.

What a glo-ry in the king-dom, When the toil of life is o'er!

What a glo - ry of the right-eous, On the bright e - ter - nal shore!

No. 114. O BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOM OF PITY!

(SOLO OR DUET.)

FLORA KIRKLAND. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. There's a beau- ti - ful blossom called Pit- y, . And it grew in a heav-en - ly
2. In His love and His pit - y He sought us, . The Re-deem- er and lov - er of
3. See the mul- ti-tude thronging a-round Him! See His beau - ti - ful pit - y - ing
4. And to - day there are ten-der hearts car - ing . For the sick ones in ev - er - y

clime; But it bloom'd in the lifetime of Je- sus, On the sor-row-ful low-lands of
all; . And He found us and bought us for heaven, . And He help-eth us now when we
love . Flowing forth in His mar-vels of heal-ing, Shedding perfume from heav-en a -
clime; 'Tis the seed from the blossom of Pit - y, . Taking root in the low-lands of

REFRAIN.

mf *p*

time. O, beau- ti - ful blos-som of Pit - y ! . A flow'r from a heav- en - ly
call.
bove.
time.

mf *p* *rit.*

clime! Transplant-ed from yonder bright cit-y, . It grows in the low-lands of time.

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No. 115. ONWARD AND UPWARD.

W. T. G. W. T. GIFFE.

1. Onward and upward, go forth in thy might, Onward and upward for God and the right;
2. Onward! the prize and high calling to win; Onward, for Je - sus and vic-t'ry o'er sin;
3. Upward, look upward, O mor-tal and see, Je-sus is standing and pleading for thee;

Onward and upward from darkness to light, Bravely and cheerfully, Christian, press on.
Onward! the work of the Mas-ter be-gin; Brave-ly and cheerfully, Christian, press on.
Upward, yes, up-ward, look now and be free; Brave-ly and cheerfully, Christian, press on.

REFRAIN.

On - - ward, up - - ward,
Onward and upward, yes, onward and upward, yes, Bravely and cheerful-ly go;
On - - ward, up - - ward,
Onward and upward, yes, on-ward and upward, God and the right to know.

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No. 116. SUNSHINE IN MY SOUL.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright,
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near.
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in a - ny earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up," a - bove.

Refrain.

Oh, there's sun - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful hap-py mo-ments roll;
sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul, happy moments roll;
When Je-sus shows His smiling face, There is sunshine in the soul.

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No. 117. THANKSGIVING SONG.

J. M. D. JOHN M. DYE.

1. We would thank Thee, heav'nly Fa - ther, For the blessings of our past days; And our hearts to-day o'erflow with gladness, Unto Thee, we render grateful praise.
2. We would thank Thee for Thy guid-ance, Thou hast kept us from day to day; For our com-mon good, dear Lord, we thank Thee, Thou wilt ever be our shield and stay.
3. We would thank Thee, gracious Fa - ther, Life and health we still pos-sess; Now ac-cept the trib-ute, Lord, we bring Thee, We Thy holy name with praises bless.

REFRAIN.

Praise . . Him, ev-er praise Him, And . . His love proclaim, Glo - - ry, praise and hon - or Be . . . . un-to His name, (His ho - ly name.)

We will ever praise Him,

We will ev-er praise Him, And His love proclaim, His ho-ly love proclaim, Glory, praise, and honor, glo - ry, Glo-ry, praise and honor Be un-to His name, To His ho - ly name.

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No. 118. THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS JESUS.

A. J. S. A. J. Showalter.

1. The light of the world is Je - sus! It shines with a radiance beaming so bright,
2. The light of the world is Je - sus! Ef - ful-gent its rays and lustrous its shine,
3. The light of the world is Je - sus! Tho' rough be my path and long be the way,

Dis - pell - ing the gloom and dark-ness of night, The light of the world is Je - sus!
No clouds can obscure its beams so di-vine, The light of the world is Je - sus!
It leads to those man - sions "fair-er than day," The light of the world is Je - sus!

Refrain.

The light of the world,
The light of the world, light of the world, The light of the world is
It shines on the way,
Je - sus! It shines on the way, shines on the way, Turns

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THE L'GHT OF THE WORLD IS JESUS.

night in - to day,

night in - to day, night in - to day, The light of the world is Je - sus!

No. 119. NEARER, STILL NEARER.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so precious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shel-ter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off-'ring to Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now con-trite heart, Grant me the cleans-ing Thy blood doth im-part, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my an-chor is cast; Thro' end-less a - ges, ev - er to be, Near - er, my Sav - iour, still near-er to Thee, Near - er, my Sav - iour, still near-er to Thee.

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No. 120. 'TWILL BE GLORY BY AND BY.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. My Redeem-er has gone to pre-pare, (in the sky.) Blessed mansions of rest by and
2. I've no treasures to bind me be-low, (here below,) In this land full of sor-row and
3. I shall sing home at last by and by, (by and by,) And my voice will be tuned to the

by; (by and by;) Soon He'll call me home to rest with the ransomed and the blest, For it
woe; (here be-low;) All my treasures are a- bove in that land of peace and love. Soon I'll
lyre; (heav'nly lyre;) Then my song shall ev- er be, home at rest beyond the sea, It will

REFRAIN.

How I long for that

all will be glo-ry by and by. (by and by.) How I long for rest
go and shall rest for ev - er - more. (ev-er-more.)
all soon be glo-ry by and by. (by and by.)

rest, In the home of the blest, 'Twill be

with the good and blest, In that home of rest, with the good and blest,

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'TWILL BE GLORY BY AND BY.

sweet when we meet,

Oh, it will be sweet, for we soon shall meet, Oh, it will be glo-ry by and by.

by and by.

No. 121. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

SIDNEY DYER. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day-light flies; Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

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No. 122. THE OLD, OLD STORY.

KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow-ly, That I may take it in — That won-der - ful re - demption, God's rem-e - dy for sin.
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earnest tones, and grave; Re-mem-ber, I'm the sin - ner Whom Jesus came to save.
4. Tell me the same old sto-ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's emp-ty glo - ry Is cost-ing me too dear.

Tell me the sto-ry sim-ply, As to a lit - tle child; For I am weak and wea - ry, And help-less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old
Tell me the sto-ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon; The ear-ly dew of morn-ing Has passed a-way at noon.
Tell me that story al-ways, If you would real-ly be, In a - ny time of trou - ble, A com - fort-er to me.
Yes, and when that world's glory Is drawing on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ Je-sus makes thee whole."

REFRAIN.

story, Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Tell me the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.

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No. 123. WAITING AT THE POOL.

Rev. A. J. Hough. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Thou-sands stand to-day in sor-row, Wait-ing at the pool;
2. Souls, your filth-y gar-ments wear-ing, Wait-ing at the pool;
3. Thou-sands once were stand-ing near you, Wait-ing at the pool;
4. Moth-er leaves the son, the daugh-ter, Wait-ing at the pool;
5. Step in bold-ly—death may smite you, Wait-ing at the pool;

Say-ing they will wash to-mor-row, Wait-ing at the pool;
Hearts, your hea-vy bur-den bear-ing, Wait-ing at the pool;
Come their voi-ces back to cheer you, Wait-ing at the pool;
Calls to them a-cross the wa-ter, Wait-ing at the pool;
Je-sus may no more in-vite you, Wait-ing at the pool;

Oth-ers step in left and right, Wash their stain-ed gar-ments white, Leaving you in
Can it be you nev-er heard, Je-sus long a-go hath stirred The waters with His
Back from Canaan's happy shore, Sorrows past and la-bor o'er, Where they stand in
You can nev-er-more embrace Moth-er, or be-hold her face, If you keep the
Faith is near you, take her hand, Seek with her the bet-ter land, And no lon-ger

sorrow's night, Waiting at the pool, Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing at the pool.
might-y word, Waiting at the pool, Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing at the pool.
tears no more, Waiting at the pool, Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing at the pool.
leper's place, Waiting at the pool, Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing at the pool.
doubting stand, Waiting at the pool, Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing at the pool.

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No. 124. THE SKIES ARE ALWAYS BRIGHT UP THERE.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. — Frank B. Smith.

1. Though the shadows gath - er o'er our pathway here, Tho' the day may not be bright and fair, Yet the tho't of heaven brings us hope and cheer, For the skies are always
2. If our hearts are breaking o'er some loved one gone, Still we smile thro' grief and dark de - spair, For we'll know no sor-row in that golden dawn, For the skies are always
3. Night ne'er draws her curtains o'er that peaceful shore, There 'tis light for-ev - er, ev - 'ry-where; There the gloom of midnight we shall know no more, For the skies are always
4. So thro' clouds and shadows we will wend our way, Till we reach that cit - y bright and fair, Then we'll rest for-ev - er in those realms of day, For the skies are always

Refrain.

bright up there. Oh, the skies are al-ways bright up there, hal-le-lu - jah! Yes, the skies are al-ways bright up there, No storm-clouds hov-er o'er the praise the Lord,

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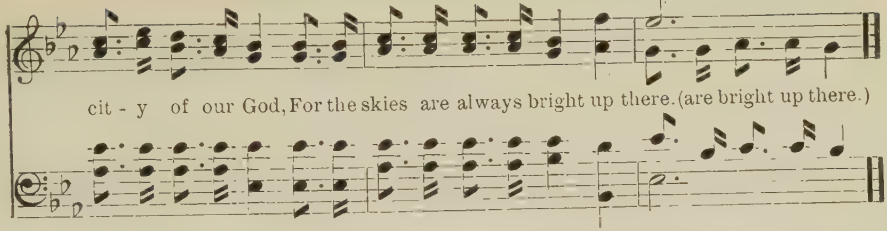
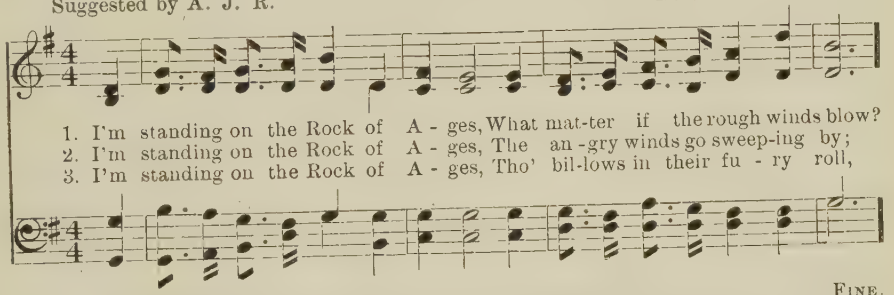
THE SKIES ARE ALWAYS BRIGHT UP THERE.



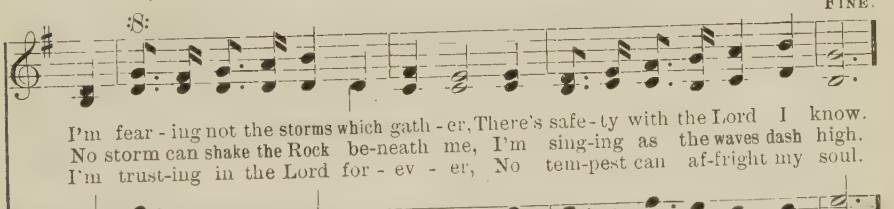
No. 125. I'M STANDING ON THE ROCK OF AGES.

BIRDIE BELL.
Suggested by A. J. R.

A. J. ROBERTSON.



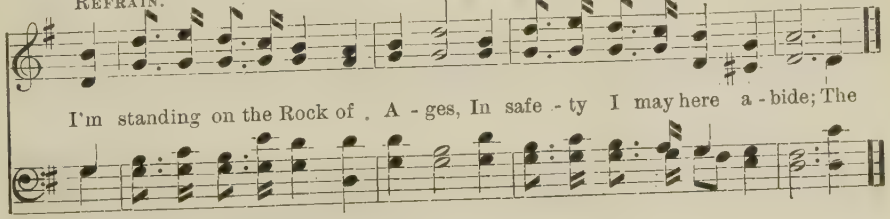
FINE.



D.S. *surg-ing waves will not o'er-whelm me, I'm fear - ing neith-er wind nor tide.*

REFRAIN.

D.S.



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No. 126. SONGS THAT MOTHER SANG.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. D. Patton.

1. I love to think of oth - er days, Of years that come no more, When I en -
2. When win-ter made the earth seem bare, And eve-nings then were long, I used to
3. My moth-er loved her fam - ily well, But lov'd her Sav - iour more; And she has
4. Tho' friends may gath-er round me here. Friends who are true and kind; Yet such a
5. I've had my trou-bles on life's road, I've had my doubts and fears; Thro' sor-row

joy'd my child-hood plays, Be - side my moth-er's door; And thro' the chambers of my
stand be-side her chair To hear some sa-cred song; When from her voice so rich and
gone with Him to dwell On that ce - les - tial shore. Oh, how her dear face used to
friend as moth-er dear On earth I'll nev-er find. But here the best of friends must
I have borne my load While hope has dried my tears; For tears up there will nev - er

soul Sweet ech - oes seem to ring; Once more that old hymn seems to roll That
clear, The sweet-est mu - sic rang; Methinks the an - gels hov - er'd near To
shine, Re-mind - ing one of spring, As when in notes al - most di - vine My
part, Tho' close-ly we may cling, I learn'd in child-hood this in part When
flow, Sin there will leave no sting, I learn'd of this long years a - go When

Chorus. *After first stanza.*

moth-er used to sing. Je -sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy
hear when moth-er sang. While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem-pest
moth-er used to sing.
moth-er used to sing.
moth-er used to sing.

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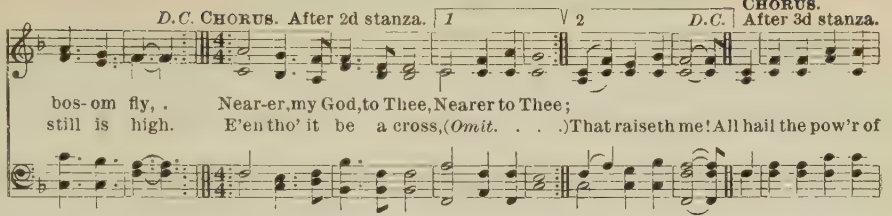
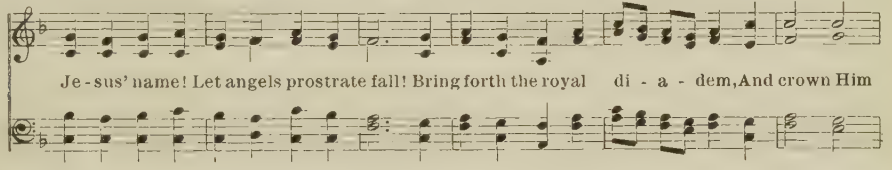
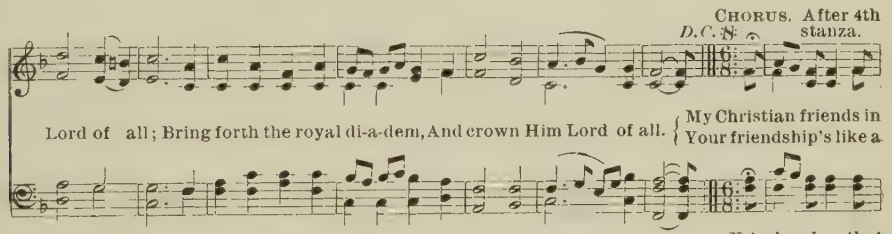
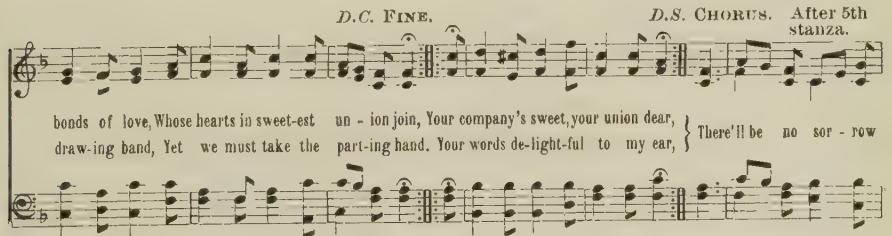
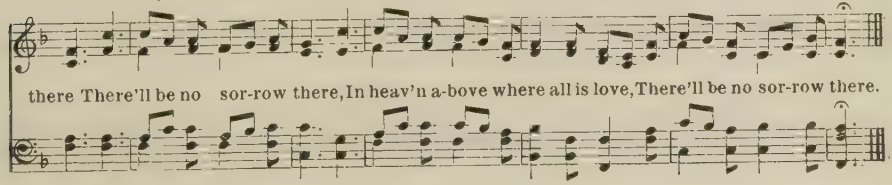

D.C. CHORUS. After 2d stanza.
1
2
D.C.
CHORUS. After 3d stanza.
bos-om fly, . Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee;
still is high. E'en tho' it be a cross, (Omit. . . .) That raiseth me! All hail the pow'r of


Je-sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall! Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him


D.C. N.
CHORUS. After 4th stanza.
Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
My Christian friends in
Your friendship's like a
D.S. Yet when I see that


D.C. FINE.
D.S. CHORUS. After 5th stanza.
bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweet-est un - ion join, Your company's sweet, your union dear,
draw-ing band, Yet we must take the part-ing hand. Your words de-light-ful to my ear,
There'll be no sor - row
we must part, You draw, like cords around my heart.


there There'll be no sor-row there, In heav'n a-bove where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

No. 127. PRECIOUS SAVIOUR, DEAR REDEEMER.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.

1. Pre-cious Sav - iour, dear Re-deem - er, Thy sweet mes - sage now im - part;
2. Pre-cious Sav - iour, dear Re-deem - er, We are weak but Thou art strong;
3. Pre-cious Sav - iour, dear Re-deem - er, Thou wilt bind the bro - ken heart;

May Thy Spir - it, pure and fer - vid, En - ter ev - 'ry tim - id heart;
In Thy in - fin - ite com-pas - sion, Stay the tide of sin and wrong;
Let not sor - rows o - ver-whelm us, Dry the bit - ter tears that start;

Car - ry there the swift con-vic - tion, Turn-ing back the sin - ful tide;
Keep Thy lov - ing arms a - round us, Keep us in the nar - row way;
Curb the winds and calm the bil - lows, Bid the an - gry tem - pest cease;

Pre-cious Sav-iour, dear Re-deem-er, May each soul in Thee a - bide.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, dear Re-deem-er, Let us nev - er from Thee stray.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, dear Re-deem-er, Grant us ev - er - last - ing peace. A - MEN.

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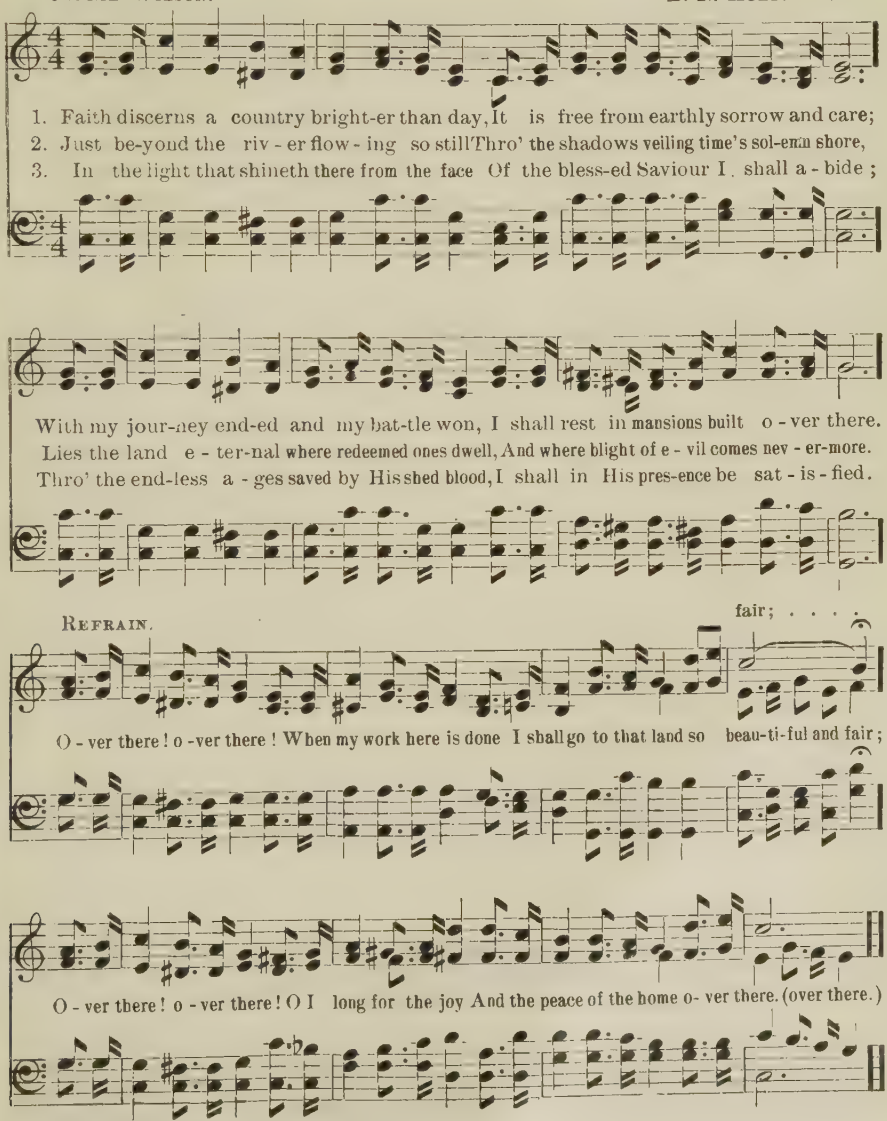
No. 128. FAITH DISCERNS A COUNTRY.

JENNIE WILSON. B. N. HULTSMAN.



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No. 129. "PEACE, BE STILL."

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. A. J. Showalter.

1. 'Mid the bil-lows of temp-ta-tion, on the rest-less sea of life, When the threat'ning waves with dread our spirits fill, If we on-ly look to Je-sus, o-ver all the din and strife, We can hear Him calmly saying, "peace, be still." "Peace, be still, peace, be still, Peace, be still" the Saviour whispers, "peace, be still;" He will let no ill be-tide, At His word the storms sub-

2. O how sweet the ten-der pit-y of our hu-man-hearted Lord! At His word our souls with love and gladness thrill! He can understand each tri-al, He will rea-dy help af-ford,— On-ly hear Him calmly saying, "peace, be still."

3. Tem-pest-tost, yet worn and wea-ry, ye who pine in sore distress, Yield in full sur-ren-der to His ho-ly will; He will save, and guide and keep you, He will ev-er cheer and bless, You shall hear Him sweetly saying, "peace, be still."

Refrain.

p *mp* *m* *p* *m* *f*

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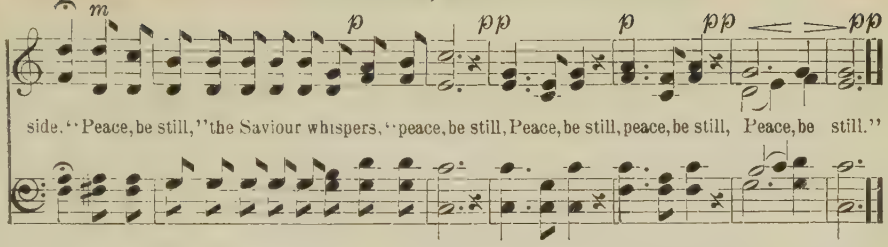
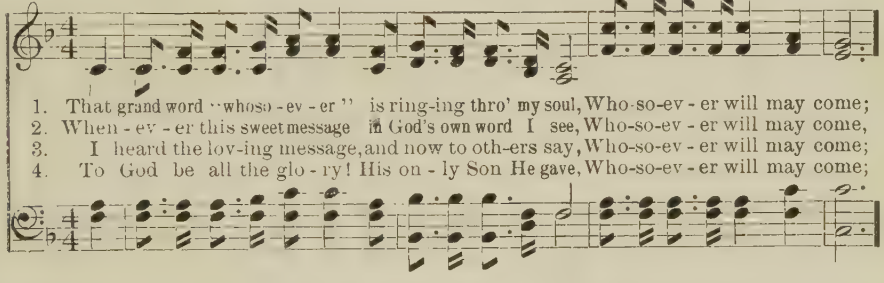
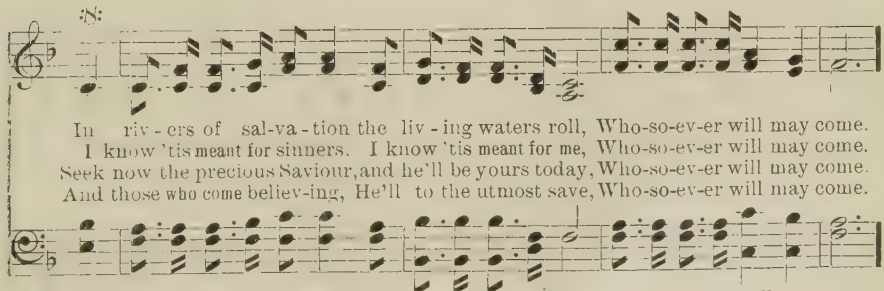


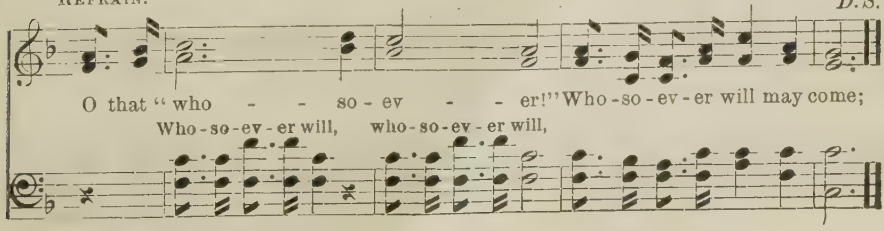
No. 130. THAT GRAND WORD, WHOSOEVER.

E. E. H. E. E. HEWITT.





REFRAIN. D.S.



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No. 131. SAVED BY THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

E. E. Hewitt. E. E. Hewitt.

1. Praise the Lord for His sal - va - tion! sing His mer - cies full and free,
2. There is now no con - dem - na - tion, for He takes my sins a - way;
3. Out of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, there shall come a might - y throng,
4. In the house of ma - ny man-sions, there's a home for you and me,

Saved by the blood of the Lamb; 'Tis the Christian's shout of tri-umph, 'tis the
Saved by the blood of the Lamb; In the com-fort of His Spir - it, I am
Saved by the blood of the Lamb; When be-fore the throne they gather, they shall
Saved by the blood of the Lamb; There we too shall join the cho - rus in love's

Refrain.

con-trite sin - ner's plea, Saved by the blood of the Lamb. Saved! saved by the
walk-ing day by day, Saved by the blood of the Lamb.
lift the joy - ful song, Saved by the blood of the Lamb.
ev - er - last - ing key, Saved by the blood of the Lamb. Saved, I'm

blood of the Lamb; Saved, saved by the blood of the Lamb; He died in my
Saved, I'm

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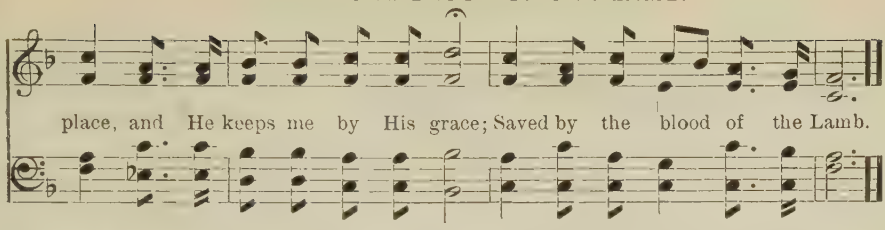
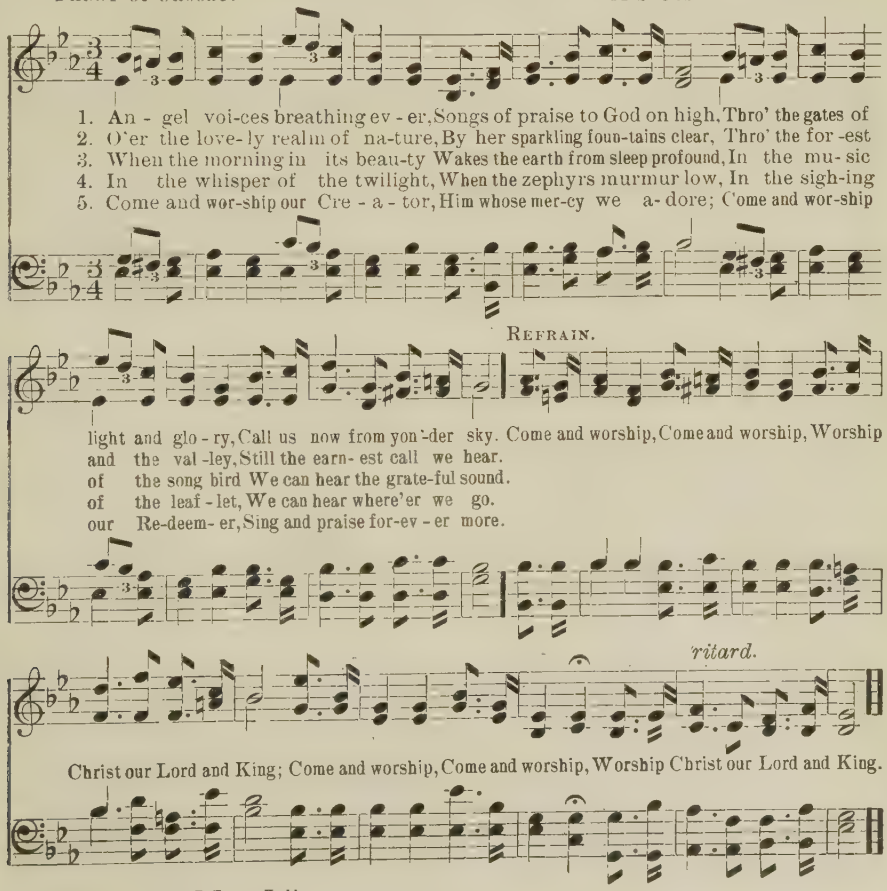


No. 132. COME AND WORSHIP.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



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No. 133. HIS GUIDING HAND.

BIRDIE BELL. B. F. ROE.

1. I have felt His guiding hand all the way, (all the way,) I have heard His sweet com-
2. When the clouds are dark o'erhead, He is near, (He is near,) When the road is rough I
3. To my Fa - ther's house I'll come by and by, (by and by,) For the promised rest at

mand day by day; (day by day;) He has made my heart re-joice As I lis-ten to His voice,
tread, He doth cheer; (He doth cheer;) I can trust my heav'nly Guide, As I jour-ney at His side,
home oft I sigh; (oft I sigh;) I shall see Him face to face, Then I'll praise His love and grace,

REFRAIN.

"Make the nar - row path thy choice and obey." (and obey.") Blessed hand! guiding
And what-ev - er may be-tide, I'll not fear. (I'll not fear.)
Which have led me to that place—home on high! (home on high!) Blessed hand!

hand! Lead-ing to the heav'nly land, Where the wea - - ry
guid-ing hand! heav'n-ly land, Where the wea-ry

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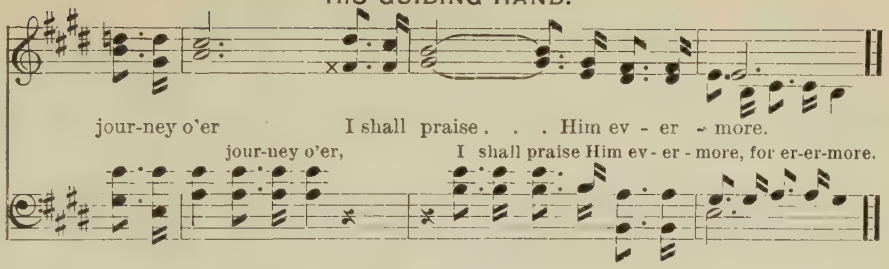
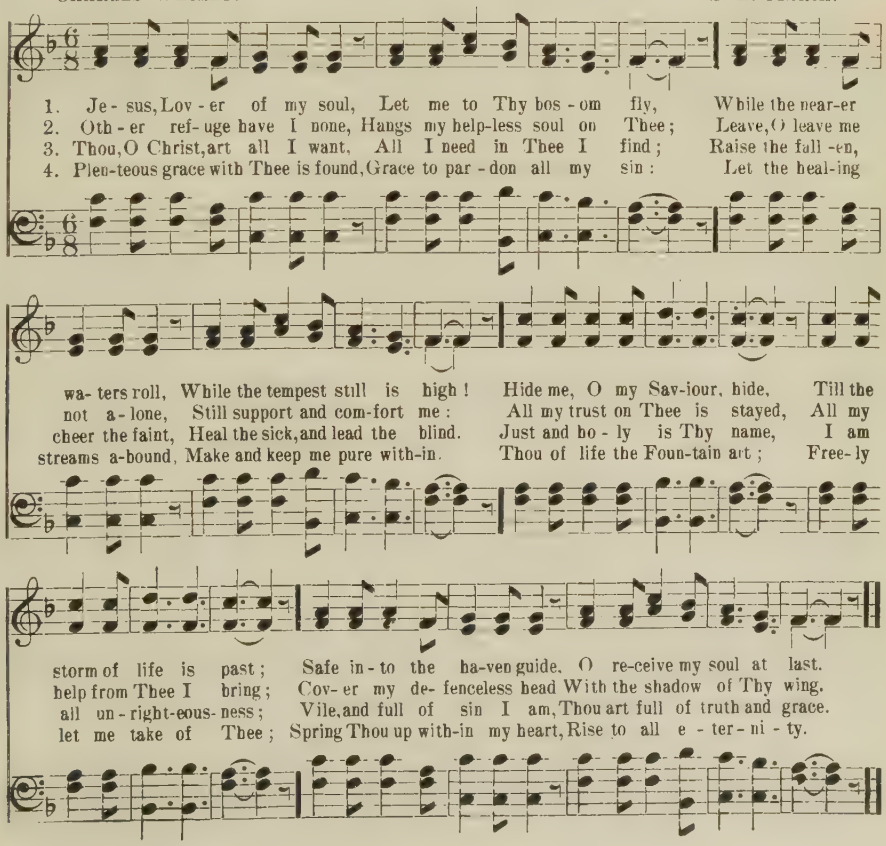


No. 134. MARTYN.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.



No. 135. LET THE BLESSED SUNLIGHT IN.

A. F. M. A. F. Myers.

Not too fast.

1. Would you al - ways cheer-ful be? Let the bless - ed sun - light in;
2. Would you bright-en drear - y days? Let the bless - ed sun - light in;
3. Would you ease a bur-dened heart? Let the bless - ed sun - light in;
4. Would you speed the truth a - broad? Let the bless - ed sun - light in;

Refrain.

Would you bid the dark-ness flee? Let the bless-ed sun-light in. Let the blessed sunlight,
Would you fill your heart with praise? Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you joy and strength impart? Let the bless-ed sun-light in.
Would you bring the world to God? Let the bless-ed sun-light in.

Let the blessed sunlight

sun-light in! Let the bless-ed sun-light in! Would you nev - er wea-ry in!

Let the bless-ed sun-light, sun-light in!

Repeat softly.

When the days are drear - y? Let the bless - ed sun - light in!

sun-light in!

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No. 136. YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

W. T. Sleeper. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the way of sal -
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at- tend to the word, So sol-emn- ly ut-tered by
3. O ye who would en-ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the ransomed the
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At beau - ti - ful gate, may be

va - tion and light; The Mas-ter made an-swer in words true and plain, "Ye must be
Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this mes-sage to you be in vain, "Ye must be
song of the blest; The life ev - er- last - ing if you would ob- tain, "Ye must be
watch-ing for thee; Then list to the note of this sol - emn re-frain, "Ye must be

Refrain.

born again." (again.") "Ye must be born a-gain," (again,") Ye must be born a -

gain, (again,) I ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly say un-to thee, Ye must be born again." (again.")

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No. 137. SEEKING THE LOST.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kindly en-treat-ing Wanderers on the mountain a - stray;
2. Seek-ing the lost, and pointing to Je - sus, Souls that are weak, and hearts that are sore;
3. Thus I would go on missions of mer - cy, Follow-ing Christ from day un - to day;

"Come un-to Me," His message repeating, Words of the Mas-ter speaking to - day.
Leading them forth in ways of sal-va-tion, Showing the path to life ev - er - more.
Cheering the faint, and raising the fall-en; Pointing the lost to Je - sus the way.

Refrain.

Go - ing a - far up - on the mountain,
Go - ing a - far . . . . . up - on the moun - tain, . . . Bring-ing the
Bring - ing the wan - d'rer back a - gain, back a - gain,
wan - - - - - - d'rer back a - gain, ...

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In - to the fold of my Redeem - er,

In - to the fold . . . . . of my Re - deem - er, ... Je - sus, the

Je - sus, the Lamb for sin - ners slain, for sin - ners slain.

Lamb . . . . . for sin - ners slain. . . . . .

No. 138. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon Him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto Him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 Only trust Him.
12 Jesus loves you.
13 Don't reject Him.
14 I believe Him.
15 Hallelujah, Amen.

No. 139. MAKE ME A BLESSING TO-DAY.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. H. L. Gilmour.

1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in Thy way;
2. A - round me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once Thy love have known, But now are far a - stray,
4. Some saints of Thine are in dis-tress, And for de - liv- 'rance pray;
5. What - ev - er er - rand Thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;

In-spire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
Help me to lead them back to Thee, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
Use me in an - y way Thou wilt, And make me a bless-ing to - day.

EFRAIN.

Bless me, Lord, and make me a bless-ing, I'll glad - ly Thy message con-vey;

Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a bless-ing to - day.

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No. 140. ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

JESSIE H. BROWN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A - nywhere with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, . A - nywhere He leads me
2. A - nywhere with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may fail me,
3. A - nywhere with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning shadows

in this world be - low; A - nywhere without Him, dearest joys would fade,
He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver drear - est ways,
round a - bout me creep; Know-ing I shall wak-en nev - er more to roam,

REFRAIN.

A - ny-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid. A - ny-where! a - nywhere!
A - ny-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
A - ny-where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

Fear I can - not know, A - ny-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go. . .

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No. 141. WE ARE SAILING ON.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We are sail - ing on to the Promised Land,
2. Tho' the waves roll high as we on-ward sail,
3. There's a light a - gleam on the dark - est night,

1. We are sail - ing on to the Promised Land,

And our Pi-lot steers with a stead - y hand,
Tho' our ship is tossed by the fu - rious gale,
For His bless-ed Word is a bea - con bright,

And our Pi - lot steers with a stead-y hand,

We shall reach the port on the oth - er shore,
We can rest se - cure, for the Lord will keep,
So we hoist our sails to the fresh-'ning breeze,

We shall reach the port on the oth - er shore,

Meet the saved of earth who have gone be - fore.
He is with us still on the storm-y deep.
And will safe-ly land when the Mas-ter please.

Meet the saved of earth, who have gone be-fore.

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WE ARE SAILING ON.

REFRAIN.

On the Gos-pel Ship..... we can safe - ly ride,.....
On the Gos-pel Ship we can safe-ly ride,

At the helm is One..... who con-trols the tide;.....
At the helm is One who con-trols the tide;

Ev-'ry wind and wave..... must o - bey His will,.....
Ev-'ry wind and wave must o - bey His will,

They are hushed to calm..... at His, "Peace, be still."..... bless-ed, "Peace, be still."
They are hushed to calm

No. 142. HE ALWAYS COMES THAT WAY.

J. R. B. — Jno. R. Bryant.

1. O take some precious promise And rest thy soul therein, Wait for thy Lord to
2. Each promise is most precious, And cheering to the soul, For Je-sus is the
3. When wea-ry of earth's tri-als, When sorrows great oppress, Go find the bless-ed

meet thee there today; For He His word hath given Which ne'er hath bro-ken been, He
glo-ry of its lay; What e'er He says He's a-ble—E'en waves and winds control, He
Lord without de-lay; He's promised to re-lieve thee Of burdens and dis-tress, He

Refrain.

that way,

al-ways comes a-long that way. He al-ways comes a-long, Yes, Je-sus comes that way, He

that way,

that way,

always comes a-long, Yes, Je-sus comes that way; Come rest up-on His promise, Ne'er

that way,

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HE ALWAYS COMES THAT WAY.

that way.

doubt what it may say, He al - ways comes a-long, Yes, Je - sus comes that way.

that way.

No. 143. WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe, Now wash me, and
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and whatev - er I know—Now wash me, and
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en- treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa- tient - ly wait; Come now, and with- in me a new heart create; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No—Now wash me, and

:8: FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

I shall be whit-er than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and

D.S. *I shall be whit-er than snow.*

No. 144. I AM CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

J. M. B. J. M. Bowman.

1. I am cling-ing to the Rock, bless-ed sav - ing Rock, While the an-gry storms may
2. I am cling-ing to the Rock, bless-ed Rock of Faith, There I see my Saviour's
3. I am cling-ing to the Rock, bless-ed Rock of Hope. Keeping near the Saviour's
4. I am cling-ing to the Rock, bless-ed Rock of Love, Let me, Lord, up - on Thy

o'er me roll; I am shel-tered 'neath the cleft from the tempest's shock,—Blessed
lov - ing form; I am look - ing un - to Him while my fleet-ing breath Wafts His
bleed - ing side; I am an-chored to the Rock that was cleft for me, Near the
bo - som rest; I am wait - ing for the time to be called a - bove, With the

Refrain.

Ref - uge to my wea - ry soul. I am cling-ing, ev - er clinging, I am
prais - es thro' the pierc-ing storm.
foun-tain of the crim-son tide.
ransomed there for - ev - er blest.

clinging to the Rock; Blessed Refuge, thou art dear to me; I am clinging, ev - er

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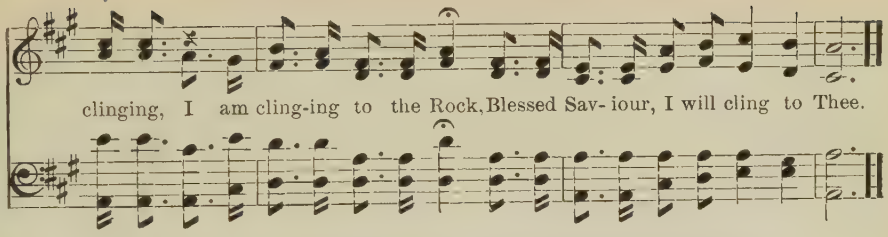
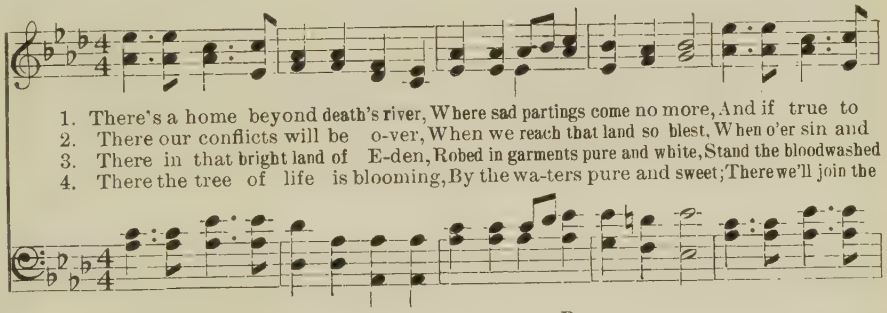


No. 145. THE HOME BEYOND THE RIVER.

F. B. S. FRANK B. SMITH.



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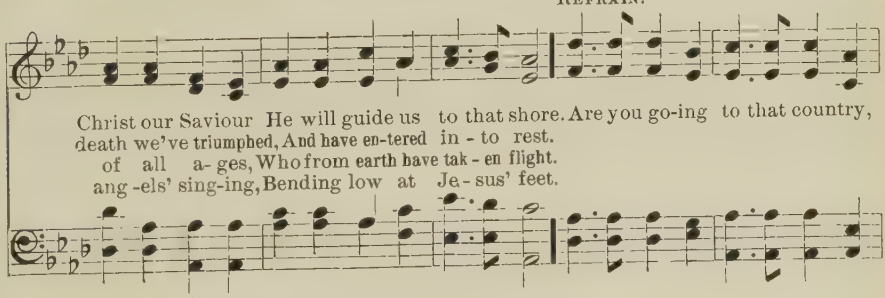

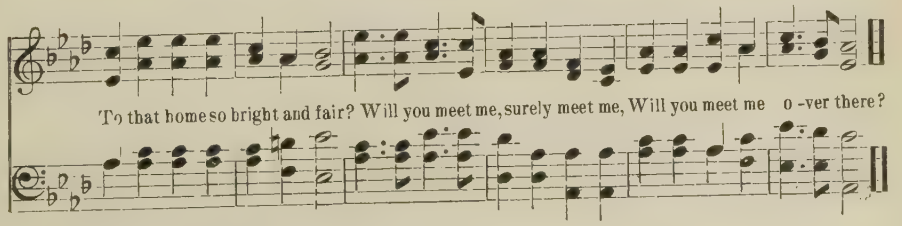

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No. 146. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J. J. M. Black.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us

morn-ing breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver
glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; When His cho-sen ones shall gath-er to their
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver and our

on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there.

Refrain.

When the roll . . . . is called up yon - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der I'll be there.

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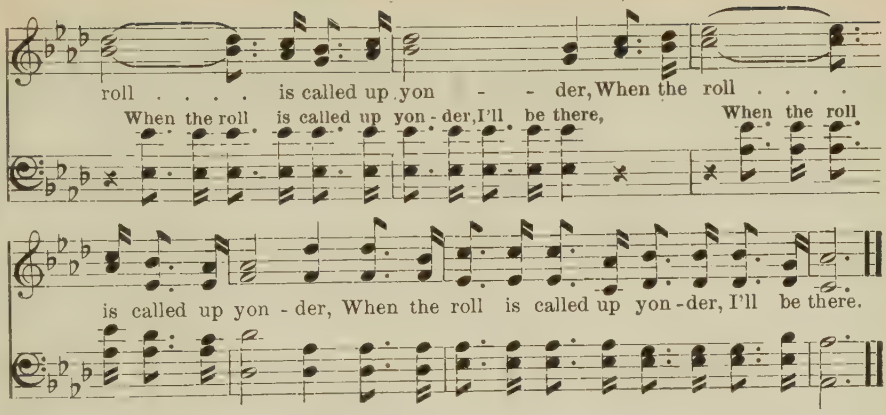
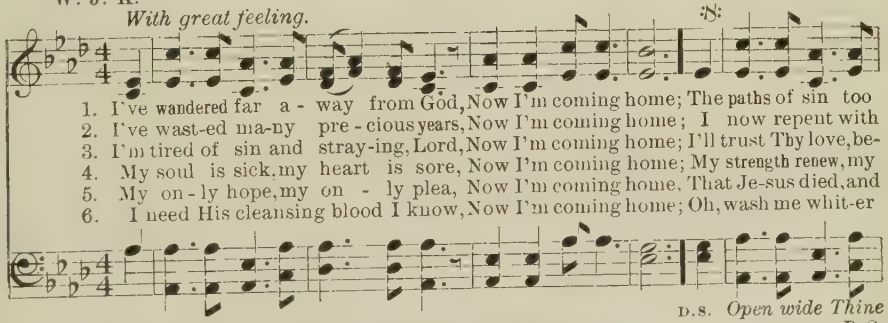


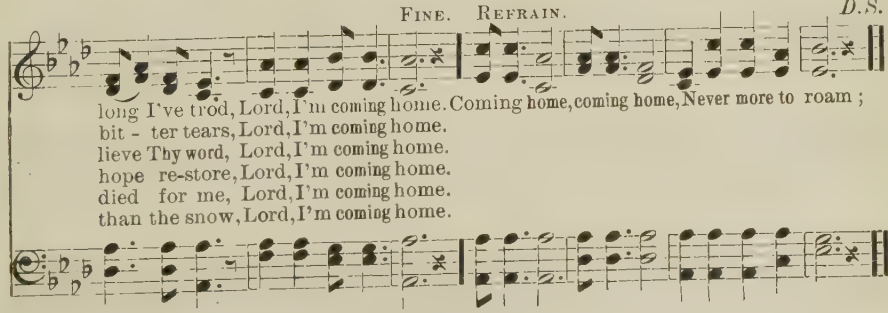
No. 147. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

With great feeling.



Fine. Refrain.



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No. 148. WHEN WE GET HOME.

WINIFRED A. CHEANEY. R. D. BURLESON.

1. When we get home, O blessed hope! We speak the words with trembling tongue, While in this
2. When we get home, O sweet release, From sin and sorrow, pain and tears, To feel the
3. When we get home, O rich reward, To meet our loved ones gone be-fore, To feel the

REFRAIN.

world of sin we grope, Where heads are bowed and hearts are wrung. When we get home, . .
calm of perfect peace, And know all joy thro' endless years.
presence of our Lord, And know the love that shall en-dure.

When we get

. . . when we get home, . . . To heav'nly lands and mansions fair, When we have
home,

when we get home,

crossed . . cold Jordan's foam, How sweet will be our welcome there.

When we have crossed cold Jordan's foam,

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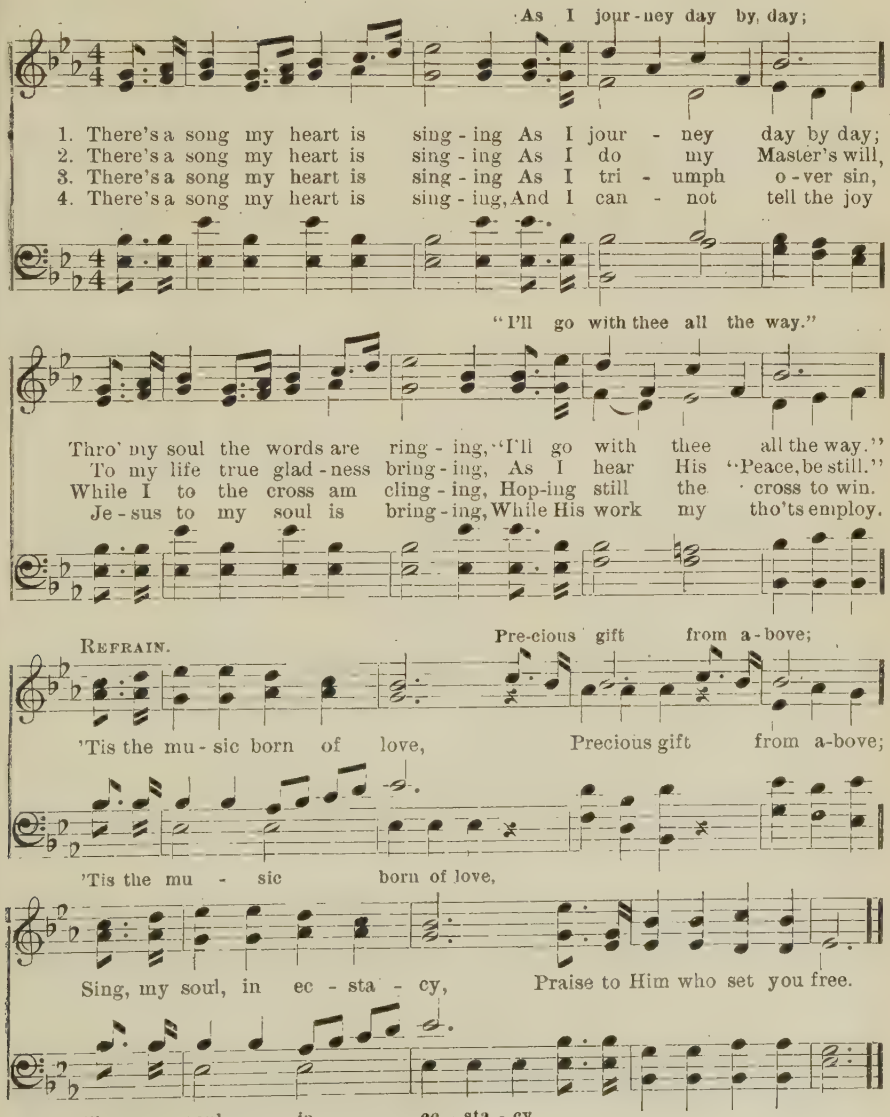
No. 149. THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL.

GEO. RUNION. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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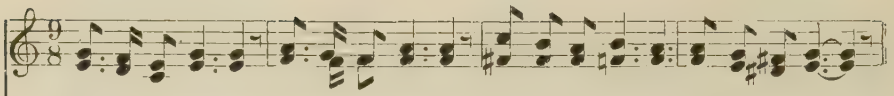
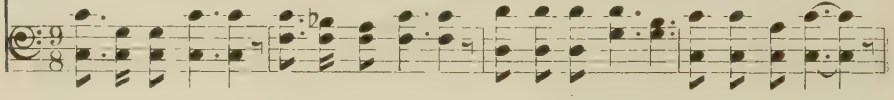
No. 150. WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.

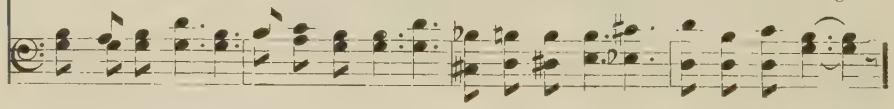
FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



1. Won-der-ful Saviour, bless-ed Re-deem-er, Ev - er in glo - ry, dwelling a - bove;
2. Sing of His greatness, in - fi- nite greatness, Sing of His goodness day af -ter day;
3. He is our ref-uge, He is our safeguard, Peace to the youthful kindly He brings;



Yet in His mer-cy ten-der - ly smil-ing, O - ver the chil-dren bending in love.
Guarding from e - vil, shielding from danger, Leading us on-ward, cheering the way.
Sweet is the promise He will protect us, He will de- fend us un -der His wings.



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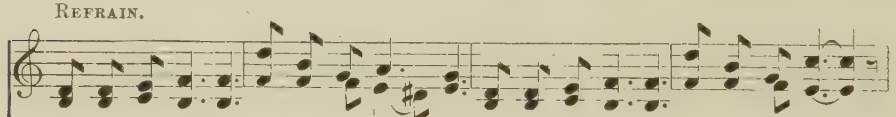
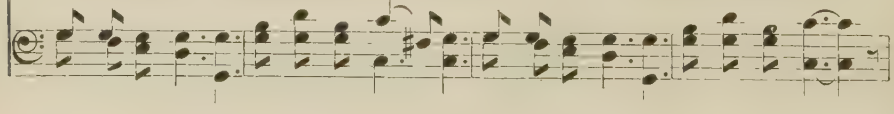
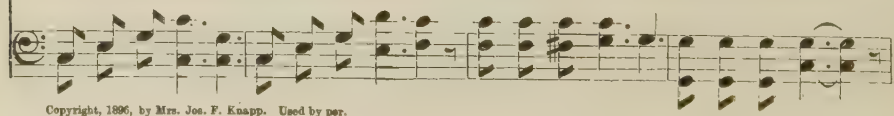


We will a- dore Him, gather and praise Him, Voices in con-cert joy- ful - ly blend;



His be the kingdom, power and glo - ry, Now and for -ev - er, world without end;



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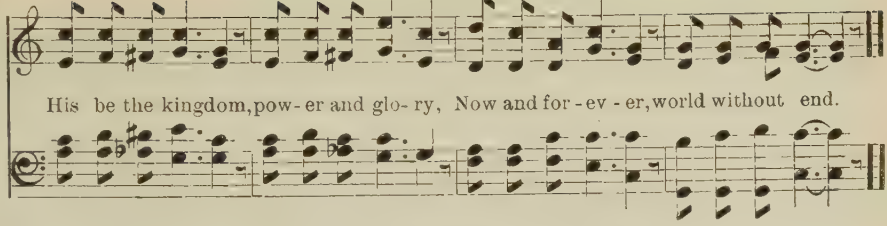
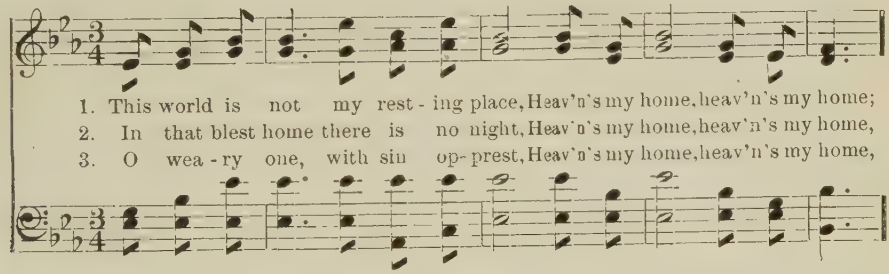
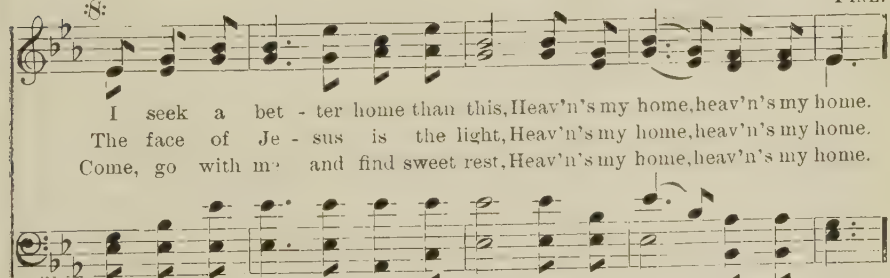
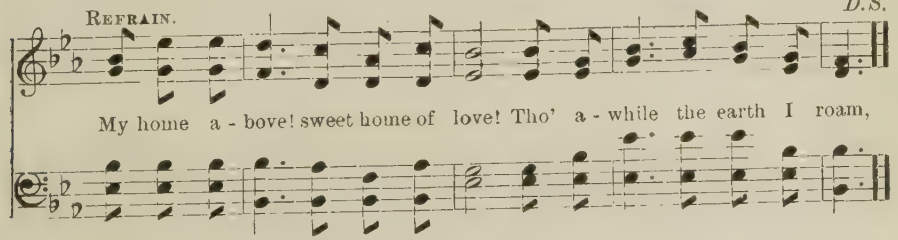


No. 151. HEAVEN'S MY HOME.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.







No. 152. WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

E. R. Latta. D. E. Dortch.

1. When we in the judg-ment stand, In that might - y com - pa - ny,
2. When the Lord has gath - ered there, From the land and from the sea,
3. Lord, it is a sol - emn thought That we must ac - count to Thee,

And the Judge shall question us, Oh, what shall our an-swers be? What for
All the fam - i - lies of men, Oh, what shall our an-swers be? What for
In that great and aw - ful day, What shall our poor an-swers be? Oh, pre -

ev - 'ry tri-fling tho't, And each i - dle word we say? What for ev - 'ry sin - ful act,
all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love? Can we hope a crown to gain,
pare us, Lord, we pray, In Thy presence there to stand! Purge us from each sin - ful blot,

Refrain.

When that aw - - - ful day we

We may do from day to day? When that aw - ful day we
And a man - sion bright a - bove?
Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand!

From "Gospel Voices," by per. of the author.

WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

see, Oh, what shall . . . . our an-swers be? When that

see, day we see, Oh, what shall our answers be, our answers be?

aw - - - ful day we see, Oh, what shall . . . . our an-swers be?

When that aw - ful day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our answers be?

No. 153. LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, by per.

:S:

1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sin-ners came to die, In His mer - cy
2. Moth-ers then the Sav-iour sought, In the pla - ces where He taught, Un-to Him their
3. Did the Sav-iour say them nay? No, He kind - ly bid them stay; Suffer'd none to
4. Children then should love Him now, Strive His ho - ly will to do, Pray to Him and

FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

passed not by Lit - tle ones like me. Lit-tle ones like me, Lit-tle ones like me;
chil-dren bro't, Lit - tle ones like me.
turn a - way Lit - tle ones like me.
praise Him too, Lit - tle ones like me.

No. 154. SINGING IN THE STORM.

JENNIE WILSON. C. W. JAMES.

1. O- ver-head dark clouds had gath-er'd, Hid-ing all the depths of blue; And the
2. Safe-ly shelter'd from the tem-pest, In its nest be-side the wall, Sat a
3. To my heart I took the les-son Taught me by that bird, so frail, And I
4. When deep clouds of sor-row gath-er, E'en a-mid the shades of death, Rest-ing

landscape was o'ershadow'd By their dreary lead-en hue, Echoed loud the pealing
lit-tle brown wren sing-ing. Fear-ing not what might be-fall; While the rain was fast de-
said, I have a ref-uge When the storms of life as-sail; Trusting in the heav'nly
in di-vine pro-tec-tion, I may have the light of faith; Well I know my loving

thun-der Round my cot-tage bright and warm, Then a bird-voice near the window Rang out
scend-ing, Ver-y close its ti-ny form 'Neath the eaves the wee bird nestled, Sing-ing
Fa-ther, Shelter'd 'neath His mighty arm, When the tem-pest wild is beat-ing O, my
Fa-ther, Bane to bless-ing will trans-form, And con-fid-ing in His good-ness I will

REFRAIN.

Sing-ing, ... Sing-ing
Sing-ing, ... Trust-ing

sweet-ly in the storm. 1. REF. Singing in the storm, Singing in the storm,
sweet-ly in the storm. 2. REF. Singing in the storm, Singing in the storm,
soul, sing in the storm.
sing a-mid the storm.

Yes,

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SINGING IN THE STORM.

soft - - - ly in the storm; To a clear . . . . bird voice I
God . . . . . to shield from harm; When the tem - - pest wild is

Sing-ing soft-ly in the storm, in the storm; To a clear bird voice I
Trust-ing God to shield from harm, from all harm; When the tempest wild is

lis - ten'd, ... Sing ing sweet - ly in the storm.
beat-ing, ... O, my soul, sing in the storm.

listen'd, gladly listen'd, Singing sweetly in the storm, yes, sweet-ly in the storm.
beating, wildly beating, O, my soul, sing in the storm, yes, sing a - mid the storm.

No. 155. PARTING HYMN.

ELLERTON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-cord our part-ing hymn of praise;
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night; Turn Thou for us its darkness in - to light:
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sor - row and our stay in strife;

We stand to bless Thee, ere our worship cease. Then, low - ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon Thy name.
From harm and dan- ger keep Thy children free; For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

No. 156. MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

Dr. R. Morris. H. R. Palmer.

Quartet.

1. Each coo - ing dove, . . . and sigh - ing bough . . . That makes the eve . . . . . so blest to me, ... Has some-thing far . . . di-vin-er now, . . . It bears me back . . . to Gal - i - lee. . . . Oh, Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus lov'd so

2. Each flow - 'ry glen, . . . and mos - sy dell, ... Where hap - py birds . . . . . in song a - gree, ... Thro' sun - ny morn . . the praises tell . . . . Of sights and sounds . . in Gal - i -

3. And when I read . . . the thrill - ing lore, . . . Of Him who walk'd . . . . . up - on the sea, ... I long, oh, how . . . I long once more . . . To fol - low Him . . . in Gal - i -

Chorus.

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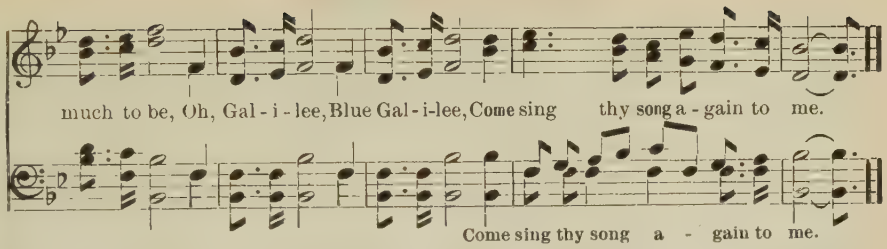
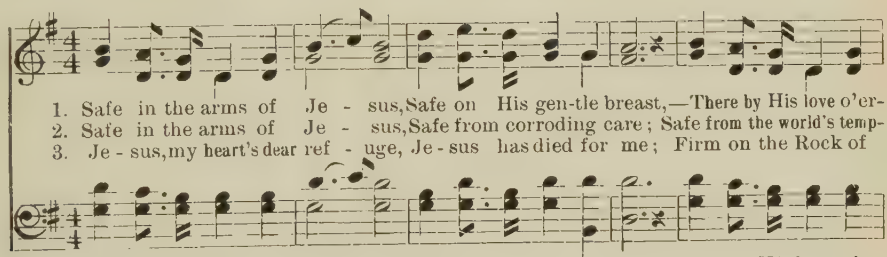
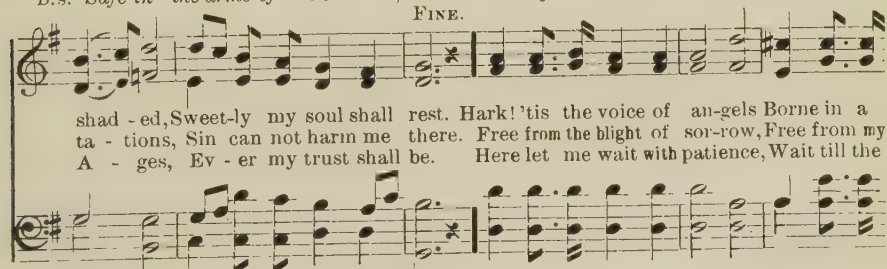


No. 157. SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

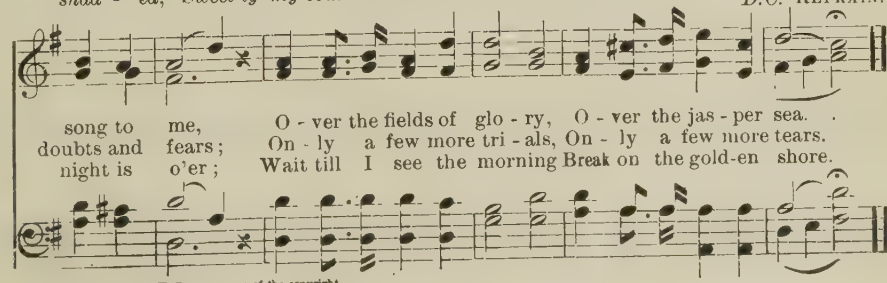
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



FINE.



D.C. REFRAIN.



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No. 158. ARMIES OF ZION.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Ar - mies of Zi - on, the trum - pet sounds,
2. Ar - mies of Zi - on, thy ban - ner bright
3. Ar - mies of Zi - on, the God a - bove

1. Ar - mies of Zi - on, the trum - pet sounds, ...

Now un - to you comes Je - ho - vah's call;
Now to the breeze be it wide un - furl'd;
Lead - eth thee on till the war shall cease;

Now un - to you comes Je - ho - vah's call; . . . . .

Form in the ranks, for the foe surrounds, Ready for battle, ye soldiers all. . .
Beau-ti-ful sym-bol of joy and light, Bear it in triumph o'er all the world. .
Till un-to all He is known in love, Till o-ver all He is Prince of Peace. .

Form in the ranks, for the foe sur - rounds, Read-y for bat - tle, ye soldiers all. . . .

REFRAIN.

Ar - mies of Zi - - on, . . Fear not the might-y foe; . . . . . .

Armies of Zi - on, Ar-mies of Zi - on, Fear not the mighty foe, fear not the foe;

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ARMIES OF ZION.

Ar - - mies of Zi - - on, . . For-ward to vic-t'ry go. . . . . .

Ar-mies of Zi - on, Ar-mies of Zi - on, Forward to vic-t'ry go, to vic-to-ry go.

No. 159. TURN TO JESUS.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. R. A. Martin.

1. Sweet and wondrous is the sto - ry Of our heav'nly Father's love; Sin-ner, can you
2. Things of time and sense are fleet-ing, Earthly pleasure can - not last, Just be-yond lies
3. Shun, O shun the sin and madness That has wrecked so ma - ny souls; Life is but ex -
4. Not for - ev - er will He lin - ger, This dear Friend, so good, so kind; Love at last, re -
5. There is glad-ness in His ser-vice; Light and joy and peace He gives; Come and find the

Refrain.

slight it lon-ger? Turn your heart to things a-bove. Sin-ner, turn, O turn to Je-sus, It is
death's dark riv-er, Then e - ter-ni - ty so vast!
tend - ed sor-row Un-less God the heart controls!
members jus-tice, If the call you will not mind.
precious comfort In the life the christian lives.

fol - ly to de-lay! Heed to -day the call of mer - cy, Seek the blessed, up-ward way.

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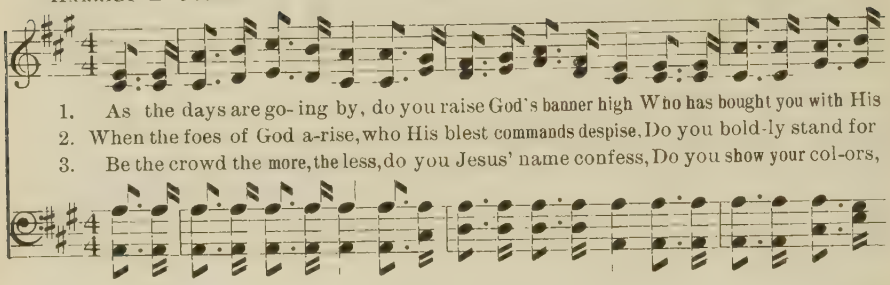
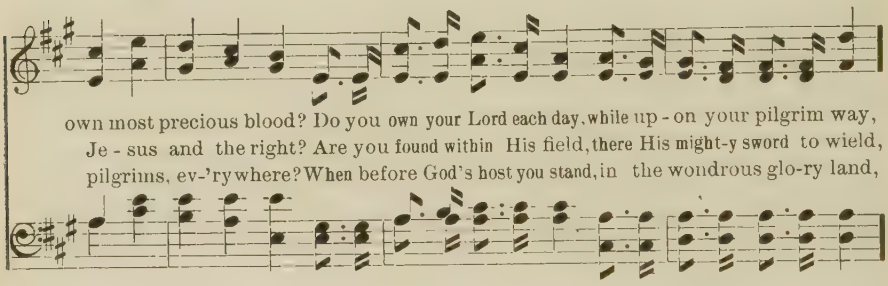
No. 160. BE LOYAL, PILGRIMS.

HARRIET E. JONES. GEO. B HOLSINGER.

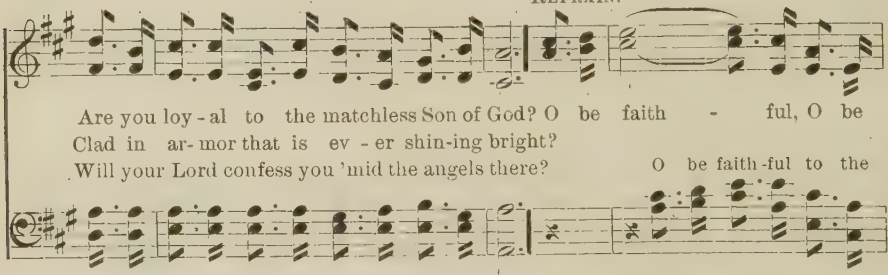


1. As the days are go- ing by, do you raise God's banner high Who has bought you with His
2. When the foes of God a-rise, who His blest commands despise, Do you bold-ly stand for
3. Be the crowd the more, the less, do you Jesus' name confess, Do you show your col-ors,

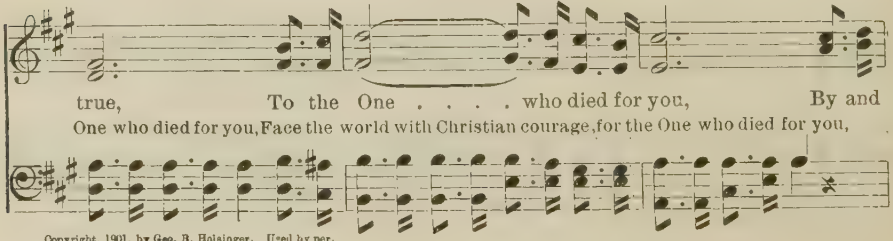


own most precious blood? Do you own your Lord each day, while up - on your pilgrim way,
Je - sus and the right? Are you found within His field, there His might-y sword to wield,
pilgrims, ev-'ry where? When before God's host you stand, in the wondrous glo-ry land,

REFRAIN.



Are you loy - al to the matchless Son of God? O be faith - ful, O be
Clad in ar- mor that is ev - er shin-ing bright?
Will your Lord confess you 'mid the angels there? O be faith-ful to the



true, To the One . . . . who died for you, By and
One who died for you, Face the world with Christian courage, for the One who died for you,

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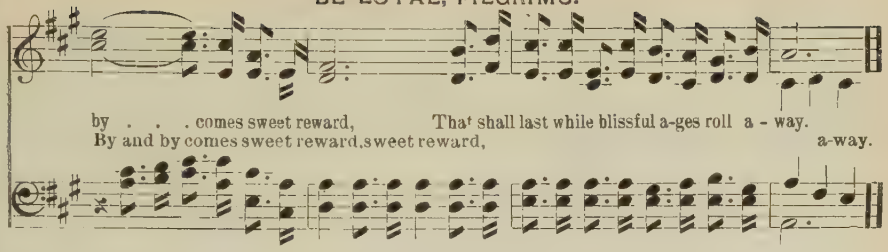
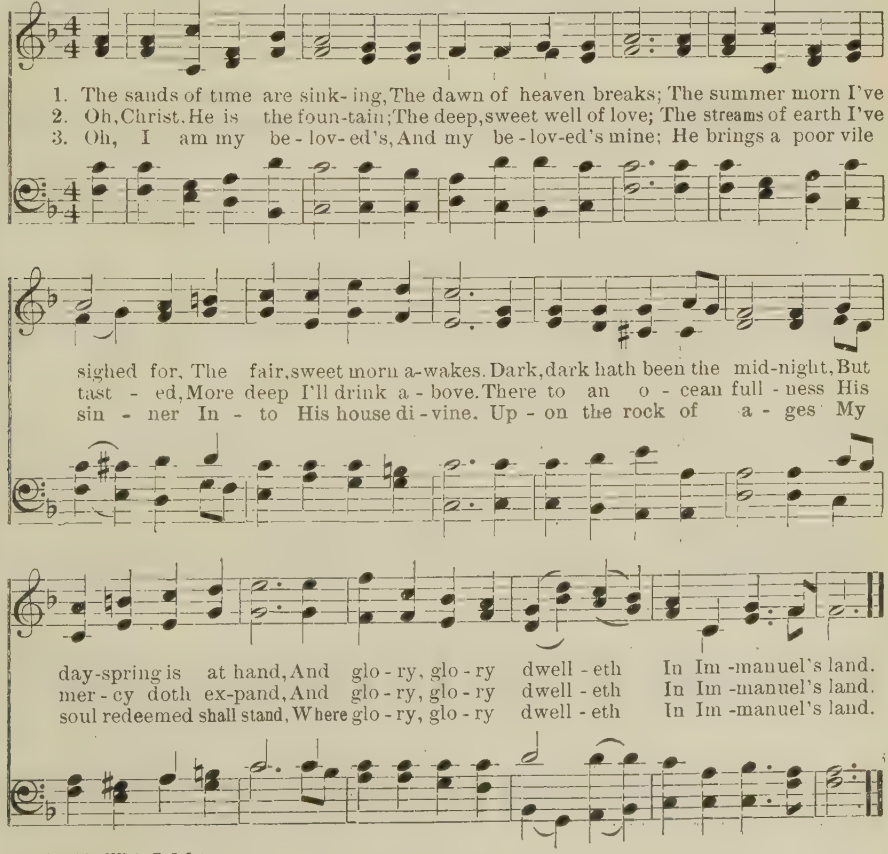


No. 161. IMMANUEL'S LAND.

ANNIE ROSS COUSIN. E. S. LORENZ.



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No. 162. THE FIRE IS BURNING.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

Joyfully.

1. I've been on Mount Pisgah's lofty height, And I've sat-is-fied my longing heart's desire;
2. I will walk with Jesus, bless His name. And to be like Him I ev-'ry day as-pire;
3. I my all up-on the al-tar lay, As I to my clos-et lov-ing-ly re-tire;
4. By faith's eye I scan the ocean's foam, And beyond I see the ha-ven I de-sire;

For I caught a glimpse of glo-ry bright, And my soul is burn-ing with the fire.
For His love is like a heav'n-ly flame, And my soul is burn-ing with the fire.
And the flame consumes while there I pray, And my soul is burn-ing with the fire.
There I view the bea-con lights of home, And my soul is burn-ing with the fire.

Refrain.

Oh, the fire is burn-ing, yes, 'tis brightly burn-ing, Oh, 'tis burn-ing, burning in my soul;

in my soul.

Oh, the fire is burn-ing, yes, 'tis brightly burn-ing. Oh, 'tis burn-ing, burning, burn-ing in my soul.

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No. 163. WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

"And an highway shall be there, . . . and it shall be called the way of holiness."—Isa. 35: 8.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We're bound for glo - ry - land on high, Walk-ing in the King's high-way;
2. This is the way our fa - thers trod, Walk-ing in the King's high-way;
3. The lame shall leap, the dumb shall sing, Walk-ing in the King's high-way;
4. No un - clean thing may pass this road, Walk-ing in the King's high-way;
5. No li - ons here, nor rag - ing beast, Walk-ing in the King's high-way;
6. We sing glad songs of joy and peace, Walk-ing in the King's high-way;

We'll reach its man-sions by and by, Walk - ing in the King's high-way.
The way that leads to heav'n and God, Walk - ing in the King's high-way.
In des - ert lands shall burst a spring, Walk - ing in the King's high-way.
But bur-dened souls may here un - load, Walk - ing in the King's high-way.
But ran-somed souls as kings and priests, Walk - ing in the King's high-way.
From doubt and fear we've found re - lease, Walk - ing in the King's high-way.

REFRAIN.

Walk-ing in the King's highway, Walking in the King's highway;
Walk-ing, Yes, walk-ing in His way, Walk-ing, Yes, walk-ing in His way;

And life is grand and glo - ri - ous, Walk - ing in the King's high-way.

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No. 164. REDEEMED.

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'Kane.

1. O, sing of Je - sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal-va- ry, And for a
2. O, wondrous pow'r of love di - vine, So pure, so full, so free! It reach-es
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er-more shall be; He hath re -

Refrain.

ran-som shed His blood For you and e - ven me. I'm re - deemed, . I'm re
out to all mankind, Em- bra - ces e - ven me.
deemed a world from sin, And ransomed e - ven me.

I'm redeemed,

deemed, . . Thro' the blood of the Lamb that was slain; . . . I'm re -
I'm redeemed, Thro' the blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb that was slain;

deemed, . . I'm re - deemed, . . Hal - le - lu - jah un - to His name.
I'm re-deemed, I'm re-deemed,

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No. 165. I REMEMBER CALVARY.

Rev. W. C. Martin. J. M. Black.

1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,
2. O I de - light in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand,
3. On-ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap-py with Christ, my Sav - iour, near,

And I re - mem - ber 'twas for me, That He was slain on Cal - va - ry.
His di - vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Cal - va - ry.
Trust-ing that I some day shall see Je - sus, my Friend of Cal - va - ry.

Refrain.

Je - sus shall lead me night and day, Je - sus shall lead me all the way;

He is the tru - est Friend to me, For I re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry.

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No. 166. EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

W. T. G. W. T. GIFFE.

1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, come and drink, For the crys - tal tide is
2. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, come and drink, There is heal - ing in the
3. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, come and drink, Drink the sa - cred tide be -

flow - ing free to-day; There is par-don in the foun-tain of His love, Drink ye
stream for all who come; Wonder-ful its pow'r to cleanse from ev-'ry ill; Je - sus
fore you turn a - way; From the fountain of the Saviour's lov-ing heart, It is

REFRAIN.

free - ly of it while you may. Come and drink . . . the pre - cious
speaks the word and it is done.
of - fered free to all to - day.

Come and drink the

tide, Flow-ing free - ly from the Mas - ter's love; Come and
pre-cious tide, Come and drink,

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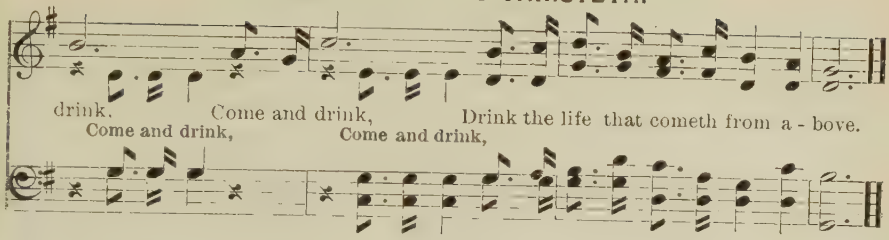
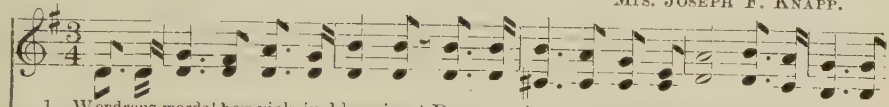
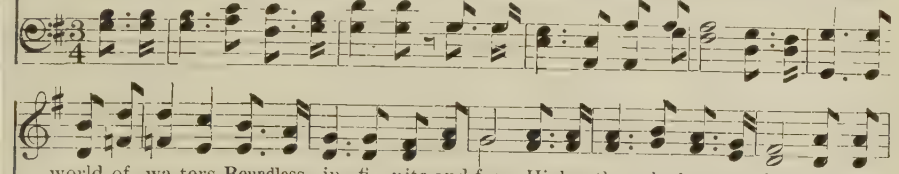


No. 167. EVERLASTING LOVE.

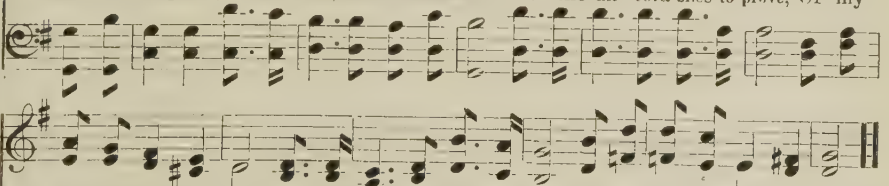
Mrs. Mary D. James. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.



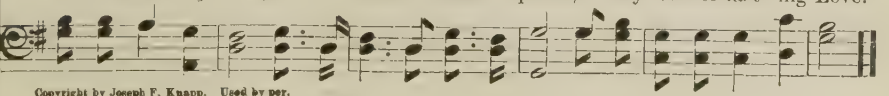
1. Wondrous words! how rich in bless-ing! Deep-er than th' unfathomed sea; Broader than its
2. Down to low - est depths it reach-es—The all-lov - ing Fa-ther's arm, Toward His rebel
3. Wea - ry spir-its—sad with toil-ing, 'Mid the sor-rows of life's way—Feel their hea-vy
4. I have set thee as a sig - net, Gra-ven on my hands thy name; Lo, I still am
5. In my house of man - y man-sions, I've prepared a place for thee, Where are no dark



world of wa-ters, Boundless, in - fi - nite and free. Higher than the heavens a-bove, Is that
children yearning, Drawing them with magic charm. Till the yielding spir-its move, Touch'd by
burdens lightened, As they journey day by day. How with quickened steps they move, Cheer'd by
with thee al-ways, Ev-er-more thy Friend—the same; Never changing—thou wilt prove Mine is
clouds or tempests, Where I am, there thou shalt be—All the un - told bliss to prove, Of my



Ev - er-last - ing Love; High-er than the heav'ns a-bove, Is that Ev - er-last - ing Love.
Ev - er-last - ing Love; Till the yielding spirits move, Touch'd by Ev - er-last - ing Love.
Ev - er-last - ing Love; How with quickened steps they move, Cheered by Ev - er-last - ing Love.
Ev - er-last - ing Love; Nev - er chang-ing—thou wilt prove Mine is Ev - er-last - ing Love.
Ev - er-last - ing Love; All the un-told bliss to prove, Of my Ev - er-last - ing Love.



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No. 168. THE ROSE OF SHARON.

Inscribed to Mrs. Palmer.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.

1. There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend, There's a Rose that is blooming for me;
2. Long a - go in the val- ley so fair, friend, Far a-way by the beau-ti -ful sea,
3. All in vain did they crush this fair flow'r, friend. All in vain did they shat-ter the tree,

Its perfume is per-vading the world, friend, Its perfume is for you and for me.
This pure Rose in its beauty first bloomed, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.
For its roots, deeply bedded, sprang forth, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.

REFRAIN.

There's a Rose, ... a love - ly Rose, ... And its
There's a Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you,

beau-ty all the world shall see; . . There's a Rose, ... a
Rose that blooms for me.

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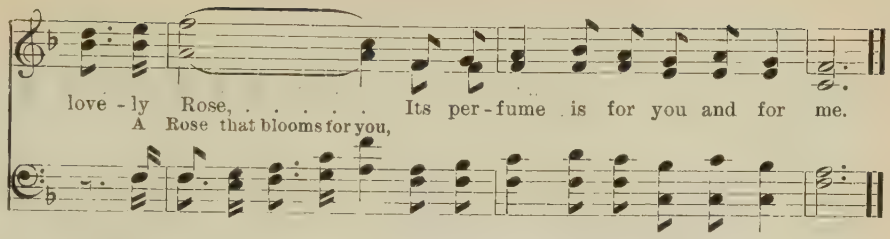
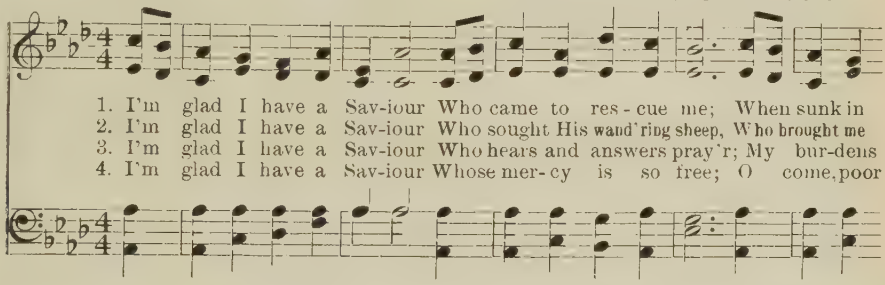
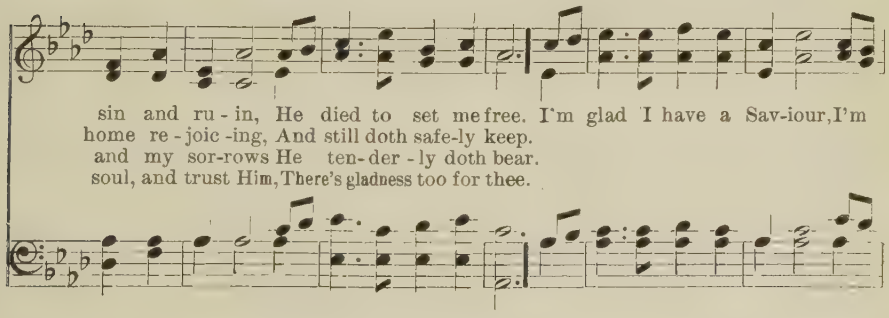


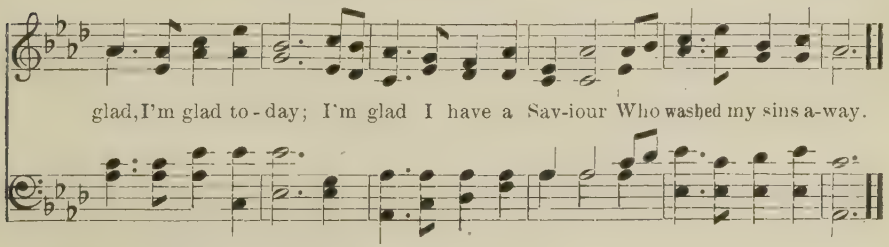
No. 169. I'M GLAD I HAVE A SAVIOUR.

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy. J. S. Hendricks.



Refrain.





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No. 170. UNTO HIM WILL I SING.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. M. A. AULICK.

1. When the ris - ing dawn drives a-way the night, When the sun looks forth with his beams so bright,
Un - to Him who sleeps not the lone hours thro', Un-to Him who guards us in love so true,
2. When the eve-ning comes and the shadows fall, When the world grows still at the homeward call,
Un - to Him who helps us thro' all the day, Un-to Him who guides us thro' all the way,
3. Ev-'ry morn I'll learn of His ho - ly word, Ev-'ry eve His truth shall with joy be heard,
Un - to Him who bless -es from bounties vast, Un-to Him who leads us till life is past,

1 2

When the glad world rings with its pure delight, Then my voice unto God will I raise.
Un- to Him whose mercies are ev - er new, Un-to Him will I sing (*Omit.*) all my days.
When the peaceful night spreads her couch for all, Then my voice un-to God will I raise.
Un - to Him who keeps us while here we stay, Unto Him will I sing (*Omit.*) all my days.
And at last in death, with my bless - ed Lord, Then my voice unto God will I raise.
Un - to Him who crowns us in heav'n at last, Unto Him will I sing (*Omit.*) all my days.

REFRAIN.

To the praise of my King, While I live will I sing;
To the praise of my King, While I live will I sing;

To the praise of my King, While I live, while I live will I sing.
To the praise of my King, of my King,

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No. 171. JESUS IS EVER THE SAME.

E. R. Latta. H. A. Davis.

1. The friends we have trusted may turn us a - way, The lips that have praised us may blame;
2. The hopes that we cherish may prove to be vain, And per-ish the joys that we claim;
3. The beau-ti - ful morning a tempest may bring, And lightnings about us may flame;
4. Then let us in gladness o - bey His commands, His love and His goodness proclaim;

But there is one Friend who will nev - er be-tray. For Je - sus is ev - er the same.
But there is a promise that still will remain, For Je - sus is ev - er the same.
But, cer-tain as win-ter is followed by spring, The Saviour is ev - er the same.
The King of all kingdoms and Lord of all lands Is ev - er and ev - er the same.

Refrain.

Ev - er the same, ev - er the same, Je - sus is ev - er the same;

Ev - er the same, ev - er the same, Yes, Je - sus is ev - er the same. . . .
is ev - er the same.

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No. 172. JUST ONE TOUCH.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

1. Just one touch as He moves a - long, Pushed and pressed by the jost - ling throng,
2. Just one touch and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin - sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless - ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and He turns to me, O the love in His eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by His might-y pow'r, He can heal thee this ver - y hour,

Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine. . .
At His feet all my bur - dens roll,—Cured by the Heal - er di - vine. . .
I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine. . .
I am His for He hears my plea, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine. . .
Thou canst hear tho' the tem - pests low'r, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine. . .

REFRAIN.

Just one touch as He pass - es by, He will list to the faint - est cry;

Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal - er di - vine. (divine.)

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No. 173. COME TO JESUS.

E. E. Latta. J. H. Tenney.

1. Come to Je - sus! He will save you, Tho' your sins as crim - son glow; If you
2. Come to Je - sus! do not tar - ry, En - ter in at mer-cy's gate; Oh, de -
3. Come to Je - sus, dy - ing sin - ner! Oth - er Sav-iour there is none; He will

Refrain.

give your hearts to Je - sus, He will make them white as snow. Come to Je - sus!
lay not till the mor-row, Lest thy com-ing be too late.
share with you His glo - ry, When your pil-grim-age is done.

Come, come to-day!

Come to Je - sus! Come to Je - sus! come, to - day; Come to

Come, come to-day! yes, come, come to-day;

Je - sus! Come to Je - sus! Come to Je - sus! come, come to-day!

Come, come to-day! Come, come to-day!

From "Spiritual Songs," by per. of J. H. Tenney.

No. 174. HAPPY ARE THEY.

A. C. N. A. C. Neece.

Not too fast.

1. Hap - py are they who trust and o - bey, And walk in the King's high-way,
2. Hap - py are they who walk in the light, That shin-eth so wondrous-ly bright,
3. Hap - py are they who live for their Lord, Who treasure His ho - ly word,

Do - ing the will of Je - sus their Lord, As-sured of a bless - ed re - ward.
Striv-ing each day more use - ful to grow, And more of Christ's spir-it to show.
Pow - er di - vine shall keep them from harm, Up- held by the Saviour's strong arm.

Refrain.

Hap - py are they who walk in this way, And toil for the Mas - ter each day;

He is their Priest, their Prophet and King, And glad -ly His prais-es they sing.

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No. 175. THE SHEPHERD'S FOLD.

J. M. Bowman. I. T. Davis.

1. Far, far a - way from the Shepherd's care, Out on the moun - tains cold and bare,
2. The Shepherd said, "Tho' the way is steep, I go to res - cue my lost sheep;"
3. The Shepherd found the lamb once lost, That o'er the bar - ren hills had cross'd;
4. A sin - ner out in the des - ert cold Was wand'ring far from the Shepherd's fold,

There one had stray'd from the shelt'ring fold, And wander'd far from the gates of gold.
Out on the des - ert far a - way, He hast-ens while 'tis yet to - day.
He took it in His ten - der arms, And shel-ter'd it from des - ert storms.
Thro' chilling winds of sin's long night, Redeem'd at last by Gos - pel light.

Chorus.

There ma - ny lay in the Shepherd's fold, While one was far from the gates of gold;

Out on the des - ert, thro' sin's dark night, Wander'd a - far till the morning light.

Copyright, 1904, by J. M. Bowman.

No. 176. OUT FROM THE HEDGES OF THIS LIFE.

Inscribed to my pupils of Carroll County, Ga. J. M. V.

RAYMOND W. DOSTER. J. M. VINES.

Cheerfully.

1. { Out from the hedg-es of this life, And to the Lord your ser-vice give; Out from the
   { Out from the way that is a strife, And go the way that you should live, Then the
2. { Go ye a-mong the ways of sin, And throw a light to some poor soul, O - ver the
   { In - to some heart a light with-in Would be a lov-ing, kind pa - trol, Lead - ing
3. { Then your reward will be with Him Whose light shall shine for-ev-er more, O - ver the
   { In - to a world that ne'er shall end, And where you'll walk the gold-en shore, Sing - ing

way of wrong and go the way of hon - or;
(*Omit* . . . . . an - gels of the heav'ns will sing.
dark-ness of this life 'twill shine the brightest;
(*Omit* . . . . . him in - to the home of homes.
toils of life you'll say, "tis well" for-ev - er;
(*Omit* . . . . . prais-es with the an - gels fair.

REFRAIN.

Sing of His name . . . . with praise to Him, ... Sing of His
Sing of His name, with praise to Him,

love . . . . and pow'r to save; Sing of the love . . . . and
Sing of His love and pow'r to save; Sing of the love

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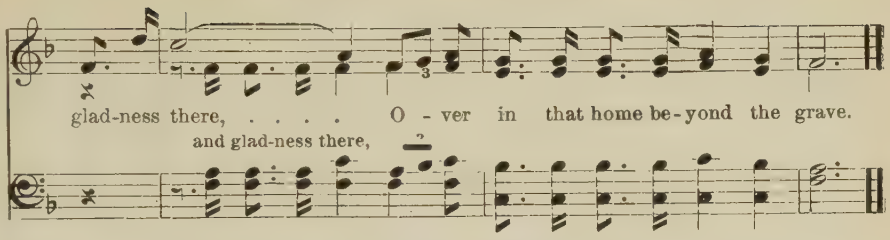
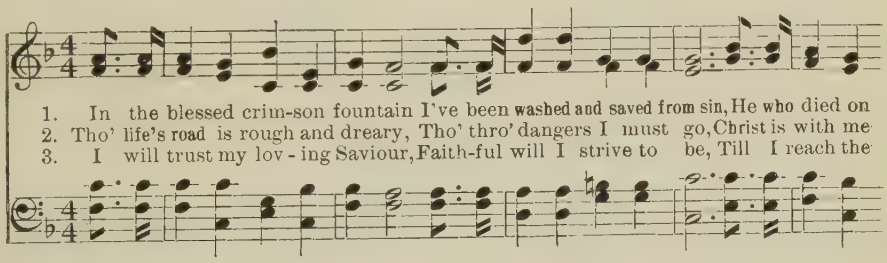
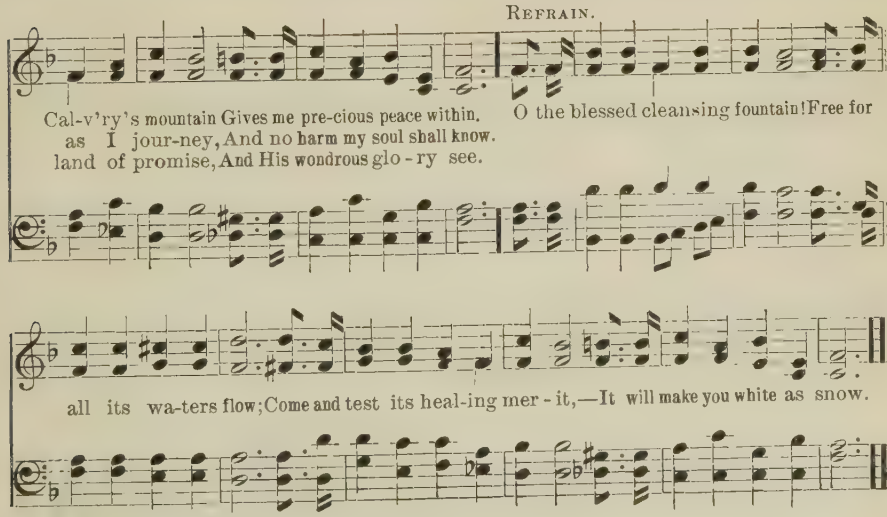


No. 177. BLESSED CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

S. L. H. S. L. Howard.





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No. 178. JUST A WORD FOR MY REDEEMER.

Romans 10: 10.

H. S. L.

H. S. Lowing.

1. Just a word for my Redeem-er, Who has been so kind and true; Can I be so cold and thoughtless, While there's much that I can do?
2. Just a word for my Redeem-er, Tho' the path be dark and drear; It will point a soul to hea - ven, And the clouds will dis-ap - pear.
3. Just a word for my Redeem-er, To a dark and doubting soul; It will give sweet peace and comfort, While the passing moments roll.
4. Just a word for my Redeem-er, Loving words are sure to win; Christ will crown our fee - ble ef - forts, Give us vic - t'ry o - ver sin.

Refrain.

Just a word . . . may help an-oth-er, . . Just a word . . . may save a brother; . Just a oth-er, help anoth-er, Just a word may save a brother, save a brother; word . . may be a jew-el, . Just a word may be a jew-el, be a jew-el, In the sweet by . and by. (by and by.)

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No. 179. EACH STEP OF THE WAY.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. ROBERTSON.

1. Lead us, O Shepherd, each step of the way, Fain would we wander and oft would we stray;
2. Lead us, O Shepherd, each step of the way, Teach us Thy mandates and help us o - bey;
3. Lead us, O Shepherd, each step of the way, Guide by Thy counsels lest foes should dismay;

Keep us from danger and save us from harm, Per-ils surround us, temp-ta - tions alarm.
Sweet are Thine accents and loving Thy voice, Foll'wing Thy footsteps, Thy flock shall rejoice.
Green are Thy pastures, O there would we feed, Down by still wa-ters Thy sheep gent - ly lead.

REFRAIN.

Heav - en - ly Shepherd, lead us each day, Guide us in mercy each step of the way;

Dan-gers are many, safe is Thy fold, Gath-er, O gather Thy sheep from the cold.

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No. 180. I MUST TELL JESUS.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri-als; I can-not bear these burdens a - lone;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles; He is a kind, compassionate Friend;
3. Tempt-ed and tried I need a great Saviour, One who can help my burdens to bear;
4. O how the world to e - vil allures me! O how my heart is tempt-ed to sin!

In my dis-tress He kindly will help me; He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
If I but ask Him, He will de - liv-er; Make of my troubles quickly an end.
I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je-sus; He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

Refrain.

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my burdens a - lone;

rit.

I must tell Je-sus! I must tell Je-sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

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No. 181. LIFT ME UP TO WALK WITH THEE.

H. S. L. H. S. LOWING.

1. Kind-ly lead me, gen-tle Saviour, Tho' my step unstead-y be; If I fal - ter
2. Kind-ly lead me, gen-tle Saviour, Give me faith to lean on Thee; When my heart is
3. Kind-ly lead me, gen-tle Saviour, Day by day re-mem-ber me; Make me one of
4. Kind-ly lead me, gen-tle Saviour, Let the light en-cir-cle me; Make me pure and

REFRAIN.

by the way-side, Lift me up to walk with Thee.
sad and wea - ry, Lift me up to walk with Thee.
Thy dis - ci - ples, Lift me up to walk with Thee.
make me ho - ly, Lift me up to walk with Thee.

Lift me up..... to walk with Thee, Lift me up..... to walk with Thee;

Lift me up, to walk with Thee; Life me up to walk with Thee;

If I fal - ter by the way - side, Lift me up to walk with Thee.
When my heart is sad and wea - ry, Lift me up to walk with Thee.
Make me one of Thy dis - ci - ples, Lift me up to walk with Thee.
Make me pure and make me ho - ly, Lift me up to walk with Thee.

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No. 182. WHEN EARTH'S LABORS ARE O'ER.

A. J. Showalter. B. K. Knight.

1. When earth's la - bors are o'er and I rest on the shore Of that land where no
2. There no shad- ows can fall and no death e'er ap -pall, For the Lord is the
3. I shall join in the psalm to the glo - ri - fied Lamb, For sal - va - tion so

storms ev - er beat, I shall see, face to face, Him who saved me by grace. And the
light and the life; By His glo - ry so bright shall be ban-ished the night, And the
full and so free; All my fears will be past, I'll be safe home at last, Ev - er -

Refrain.

O the joy . . . . . I shall

saints of all a - ges shall greet. O the joy I shall know, O the
peace which He gives ends all strife.
more with the Lord there to be.

know, ...

joy I shall know, When the face of my Sav-iour I see; When He welcomes me home

glad-ly see;

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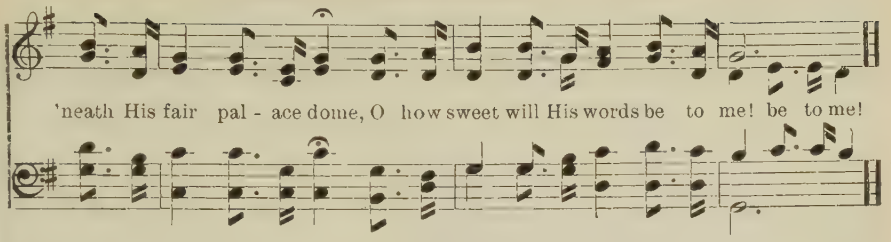
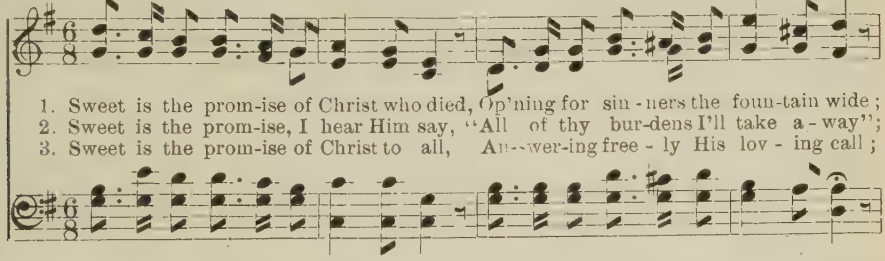
WHEN EARTH'S LABORS ARE O'ER.



No. 183. SWEET IS THE PROMISE.

Dedicated to my friend and teacher, J. M. Bowman.

C. W. James. I. T. Davis.



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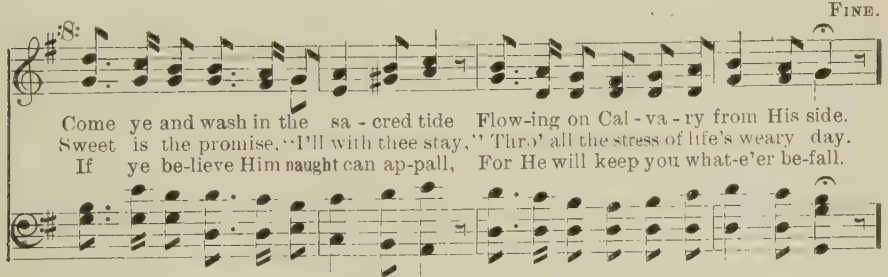
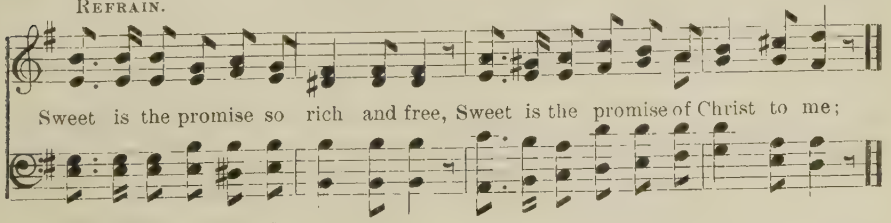


D.S. *Where He a - bid - eth I soon shall be, Saved by His grace thro' e - ter - ni - ty.*

Refrain.



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No. 184. THE DAYS ARE SWIFTLY GOING BY.

J. S. Kimbrough. C. H. Bottoms.

1. The days are swift - ly go - ing by, The fleet - ing, pass - ing moments say;
2. The morn-ing light but scarcely breaks Be - fore the night's dark gloom appears;
3. Life is a day that soon is o'er, A span of time that quick-ly flies;

With rap - id wing they speed a - way, Nor in their on - ward jour - ney stay.
An ev - er - last - ing flight it takes, And joins the dead and bur - ied years.
And then we sleep to dream no more Till res - ur - rec - tion's morn we rise.

Chorus.

Thy grace, O Lord, ... on us be - stow, . . . Teach us the
Thy grace, O Lord, on us be - stow,

ways, . . . of sin to shun; . . Give us the joys . . . of heav'n to
Teach us the ways of sin to shun; Give us the joys,

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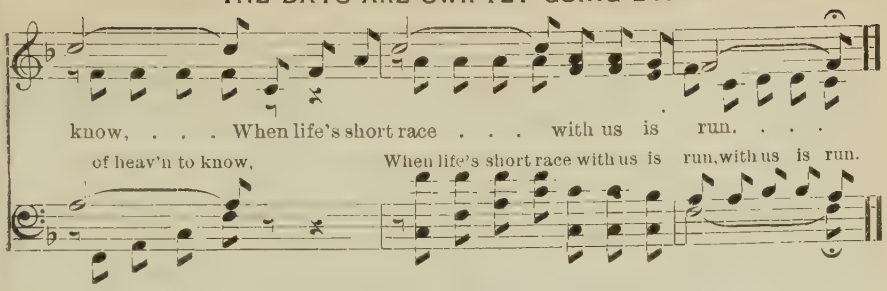
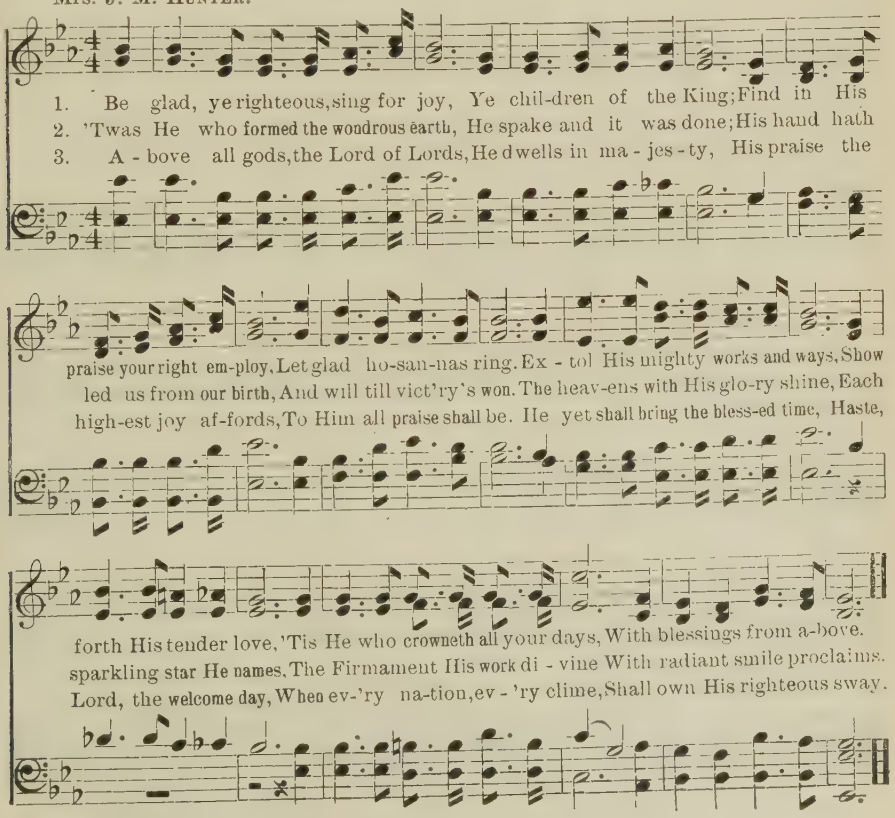
THE DAYS ARE SWIFTLY GOING BY.



No. 185. SING FOR JOY.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. Walter E. Rush.



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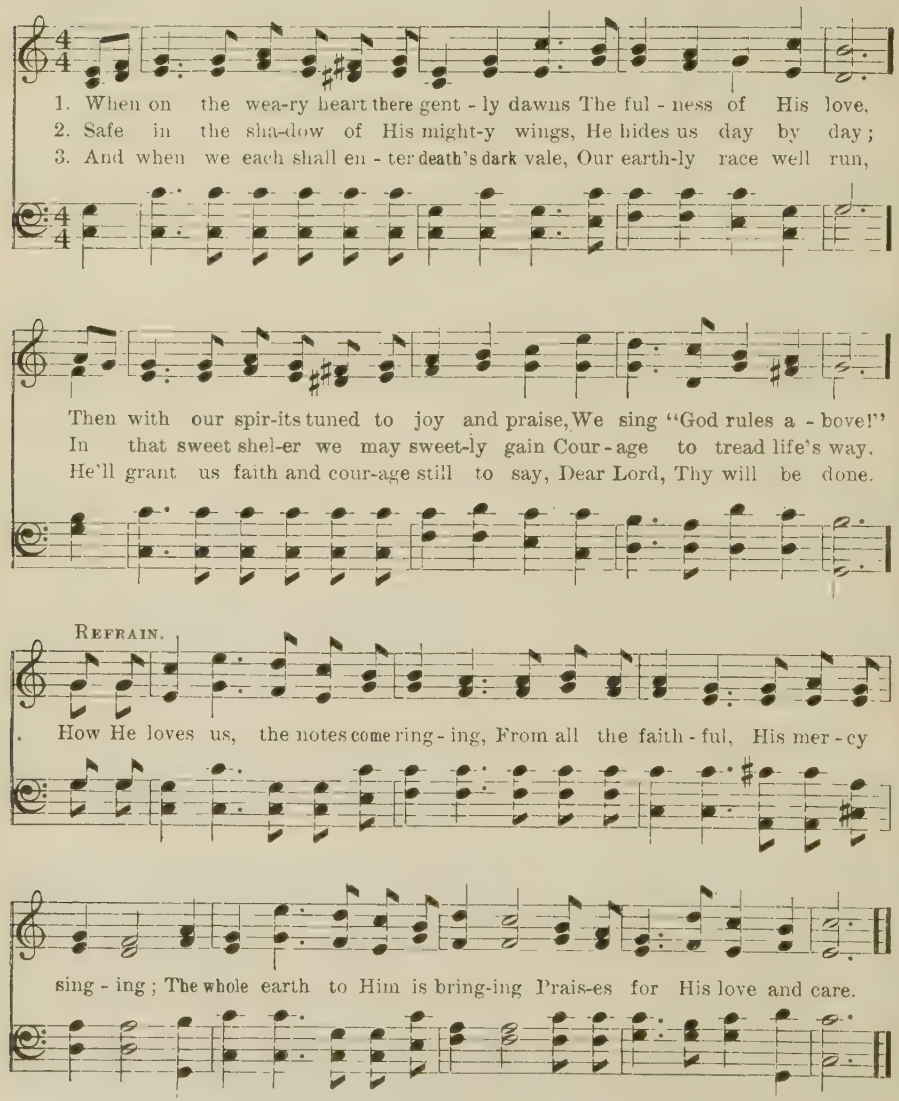
No. 186. THE SHELTER OF GOD'S LOVE.

MARY E. BROWN. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 187. STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Stand therefore having your loins girt about with truth. Eph. vi: 14.

R. TORREY. ASA HULL.

1. Stand up for Je - sus, Chris-tian, stand, Firm as a rock on o-cean's strand!
2. Stand up for Je - sus, Chris-tian, stand! Sound forth His name o'er sea and land!
3. Stand up for Je - sus, Chris-tian, stand! Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
4. Stand up for Je - sus, Chris-tian, stand! Soon with the blest im - mor - tal band

Beat back the waves of sin that roll Like rag-ing floods a - round thy soul.
Spread ye His glo-rious word a - broad, Till all the world shall own Him Lord.
Till heath-en lands, with wond'ring eye, Its ris - ing glo - ry shall de - scry.
We'll dwell for aye, life's jour - ney o'er, In realms of light, on heav'n's bright shore.

REFRAIN.

rit. ad lib.

Stand up for Je - sus, no - bly stand, Firm as a rock on o - cean's strand!

a tempo.

Stand up, His righteous cause de - feud; Stand up for Je - sus, your best friend.

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No. 188. NOT ONE FORGOTTEN.

E. E. Hewitt. H. L. Gilmour.

1. There's a word of ten - der beau-ty In the say - ings of our Lord,
2. Though I'm least of all His chil-dren, So un-wor - thy of His love,
3. O the wound-ed hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol,

How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Wak - ing grat - i - tude's sweet chord;
Yet, for me, there's kind re - mem-brance In the Fa - ther-heart a - bove;
Is there an - y ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?

:S:

For it tells me that "Our Fa - ther," From His throne of roy - al might,
He will ev - er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way:
Let me, like the lit - tle spar-row, Trust Him where I can - not see,

Ref. *In my Fa - ther's bless - ed keep - ing I am hap - py, safe, and free;*

D.S. Refrain.

Bends to note a fall - ing spar - row, For 'tis pre - cious in His sight.
For my Sav - iour gent - ly whis-pers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sun-shine and the shad-ow, Sing - ing "He will care for me."

While His eye is on the spar-row I will not for - got - ten be.

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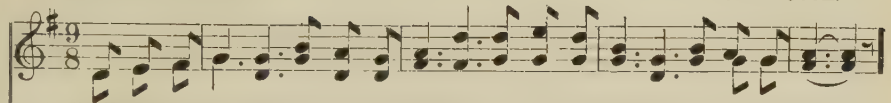
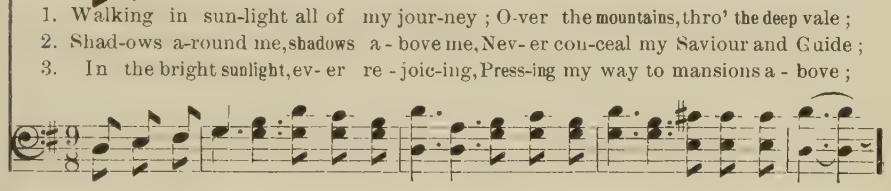
No. 189. HEAVENLY SUNLIGHT.

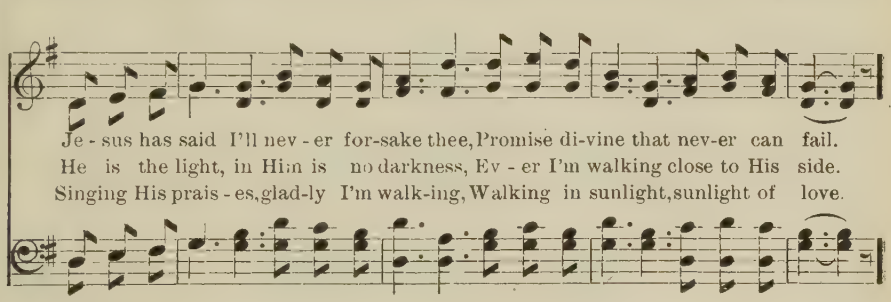
Rev. H. J. Zelley. G. H. Cook.



1. Walking in sun-light all of my jour-ney ; O-ver the mountains, thro' the deep vale ;
2. Shad-ows a-round me, shadows a - bove me, Nev- er con-ceal my Saviour and Guide ;
3. In the bright sunlight, ev- er re - joic-ing, Press-ing my way to mansions a - bove ;



Je - sus has said I'll nev - er for-sake thee, Promise di-vine that nev-er can fail.
He is the light, in Him is no darkness, Ev - er I'm walking close to His side.
Singing His prais - es, glad-ly I'm walk-ing, Walking in sunlight, sunlight of love.



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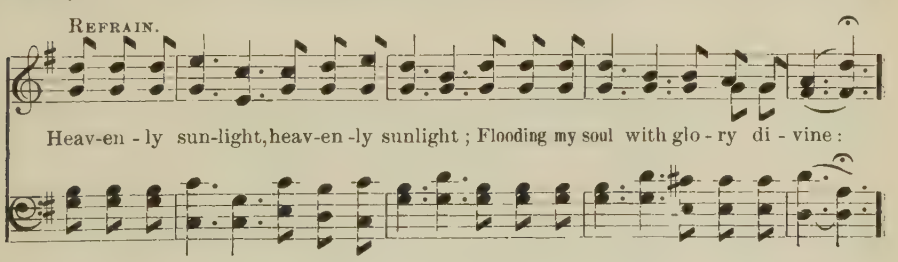
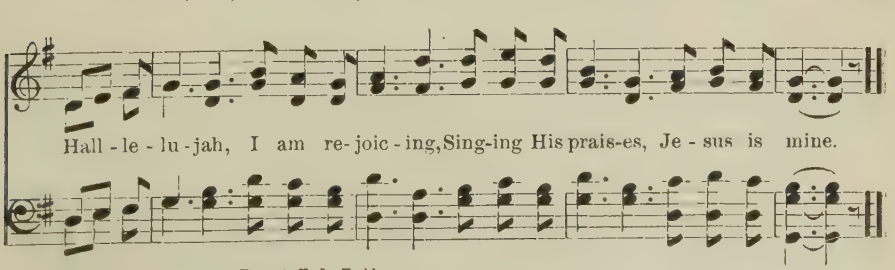


Heav-en - ly sun-light, heav-en -ly sunlight ; Flooding my soul with glo - ry di - vine :



Hall - le - lu - jah, I am re- joic - ing, Sing-ing His prais-es, Je - sus is mine.

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No. 190. MY DEAREST FRIEND.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. A. J. Showalter.

1. I have a Friend, a pre-cious Friend, Who keeps me day by day,
2. I need not feel one anx-ious thought, Or know one press-ing care,
3. O sin-ner, take Him for your Friend, His grace is free to all;
4. 'Tis sweet to feel His pres-ence near, And on His strength re-ly;
5. 'Tis sweet to work for such a Friend; Dear Lord, our ef-forts guide,

On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend, Who is my guide and stay.
But that I may—His word hath taught—Take un-to Him in pray'r.
He will the trust-ing soul de-fend, Nor suf-fer it to fall.
To know that He thro' life will cheer, Sup-port when death is nigh.
For if Thou wilt Thy bless-ing send, The work shall e'er a-bide.

Refrain.

My dear-est Friend, ... my tru-est Friend, ...

My dear-est Friend, my tru-est Friend, My Friend in

life . . . . . My Friend in death; . . . . Un-to His name . . . . . let

life, my Friend in life, My Friend in death, my Friend in death; Unto His name let praise ascend, Un-

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praise as - cend, ... breath.

to His name let praise as-cend, With glad, with glad, ex - ult-ant breath, ex-ult - ant breath.

No. 191. WE SHALL MEET AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

"My boy, I know we shall meet at the Beautiful Gate, and I'll hear you sing some sweet song again," were the dying words of Mr. J. A. Taylor's mother for whom these stanzas were written.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. W. A. Stewart.

1. Dear mother, safe on that bright shore, For me will watch and wait; I love to pic - ture
2. My mind goes back to oth - er days, When she was with me here; I sang for her sweet
3. And now when of-tentimes I try Some old and cherished strain, Their tender mem'ries
4. Then comes the tho't, we'll meet a-gain At heaven's gate so fair, And I shall sing some
5. Yes, there 'twill be the glad new song Which Christ Himself shall give, Thro' Him I'll reach the
6. There ransom'd ones se - cure-ly dwell, And sing redeeming love, Methinks I'll hear the

Refrain.

o'er and o'er My welcome at the gate. Beau - ti-ful Gate of pearl - y white,
hymns of praise And heard her words of cheer.
dim my eyes And fill my heart with pain.
sweet refrain With moth-er o - ver there.
hap - py throng, Thro' Him in glo - ry live.
cho-rus swell "O precious home a - bove."

Beau-ti-ful gate so fair, Beauti-ful Cit - y, God its light, I know we'll meet up there.

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No. 192. FAREWELL, MY FRIENDS, SINCE WE MUST PART.

G. N. F. G. N. Fenn.

1. Farewell, my friends, . . since we must part; . . The sep-a - ra - - tion
2. But peace, my soul! . . that painful word . . Shall cease to pierce . . as
3. Till then, let's hope, . . and trust and pray, . . And wait, and watch . . for

grieves my heart; (it grieves my heart;) The Master do - - eth all things well, (yes, all things well,)
with a sword, (as with a sword,) When angels come, . . the news to tell, (the news to tell,)
that sweet day, (for that sweet day,) When we'll go home, with Christ to dwell, (with Christ to dwell,)

Refrain.
This is my prayer. . . . to

And yet I grieve . . to say farewell. (farewell.) This is my prayer
That we may bid . . . all grief farewell. (farewell.)
Where friends no more . . . shall say farewell (farewell.)

God most high, ... That we may gath - - - er by and by. . . .

to God most high, That we may gather by and by, yes, by and by,

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FAREWELL, MY FRIENDS, SINCE WE MUST PART.

A-round the throne . . . . . where an - gels dwell, ... But for a

Around the throne where angels dwell, (where angels dwell,)

while . . . . . farewell, fare-well. . . .

p after last stanza. *pp*

But for a while farewell, farewell. (fare-well.) Fare - well, Fare - well.

No. 193. COME TO JESUS, COME TODAY.

H. A. D. H. A. Davis.

:S:

1. Come to Je-sus, come today, He will take your sins away; Come, O come, why do you wait?
2. He is knocking at your heart, Heed this call ere He depart; Ask of Him His pard'ning grace;
3. Bring your guilt to Him with grief, He will give you quick re-lief; Jesus wept to see your state,
4. Cast on Him your ev'ry care; All your sorrows He will share; He your burdens all will take,

D.S. *Then, O then you'll happy be,*

Fine. Refrain. *D.S.*

Come, while o-pen is the gate. Heed the gentle, lov-ing call, Taking Je-sus as your all;
Find in Him a hid-ing place.
Come, or you may be too late.
And will never thee forsake.

For His glo-ry you shall see.

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No. 194. THE SILVER STAR.

D. K. En. H. R. Palmer.

1. On the brow of night there shines a sil - ver star, On the brow of night there
2. 'Tis the lamp of God high hang-ing in the air, 'Tis the lamp of God high
3. Bring your gifts of gold, of frank-in-cense and myrrh, Bring your gifts of gold, of

shines a sil-ver star, And the wise men gaze on its heav'nly rays Till they find the
hang-ing in the air, And it guides our feet thro' the roy - al street; There is sweet soul -
frank-incense and myrrh, For the King we own is on Dav-id's throne; Let the ho - ly

Refrain.

Sil - ver star, *pp* *ff* Sil-ver star,

King, whose throne they sought a-far, In the Babe of Bethle-hem.
rest for those who seek it there From the Babe of Bethle-hem.
child your best af - fec-tions stir; 'Tis the Babe of Bethle-hem.

ff

ho - ly light, shine a - far, o'er the night,

ho - ly light, shine a - far, o'er the night, Till the

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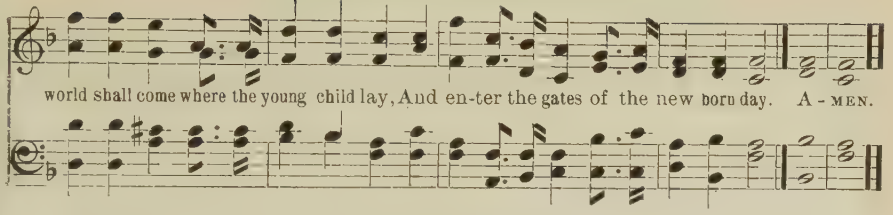
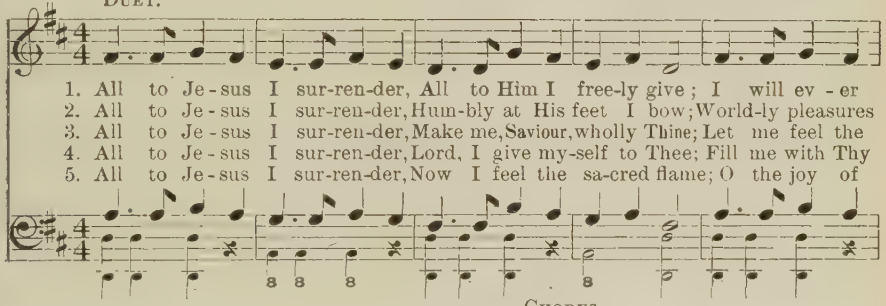


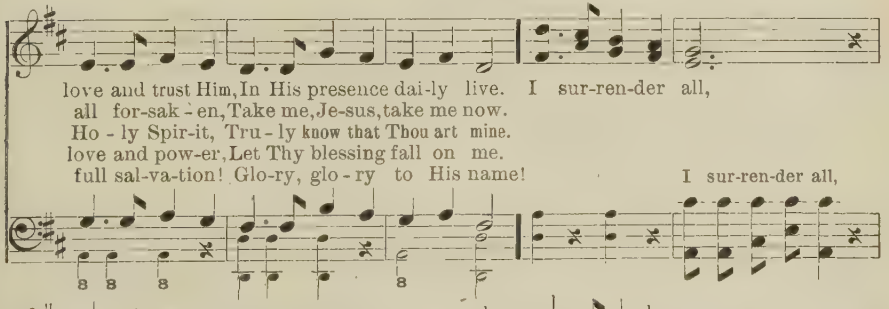
No. 195. I SURRENDER ALL.

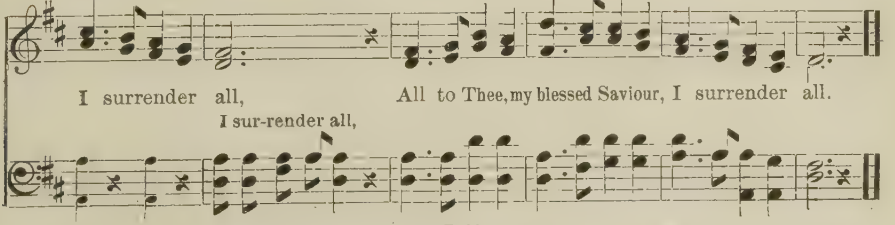
J. W. VAN DEVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

DUET.



CHORUS.





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No. 196. VOLUNTEERS, TO THE FRONT!

Mrs. E. E. Williams. Mrs. Pauline Gilmour Hatch.

Martial style.

1. Vol-unteers are want-ed! hear the stir-ring call, O be swift to an-swer,
2. Vol-unteers are want-ed! val-iant men and true, In the ranks, my brother,
3. Vol-unteers are want-ed! for on land and sea Sa-tan's starving bondmen
4. Vol-unteers are want-ed! on the bat-tle-plain Sol-diers brave are fall-ing,
5. Vol-unteers are want-ed! let the ranks be filled, Soon the din of bat-tle

comrades, one and all; Gird-ing on your ar-mor, haste to march a-way, For the Lord is
there is room for you; Christ is the Com-mand-er, let us all o-bey, When He gives the
clam-or to be free; Hast-en to their res-cue, if you still delay Blood-bought souls must
ne'er to fight a-gain; Who will take their pla-ces in the dead-ly fray? Who will march with
will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift-ing, soon they'll clear away, Glo-ry gilds the

Refrain.

call-ing, "to the front to-day!" A-way to the bat-tle-field, a-way, a-way! The
or-der, "to the front to-day!"
per-ish, to the front to-day!
Je-sus to the front to-day?
heights a-long the front to-day. A-way, a-way to the bat-tle-field, a-way,

King calls for sol-diers in His ranks to-day; Hear the bu-gle call-ing,
sol-diers in His ranks to-day;

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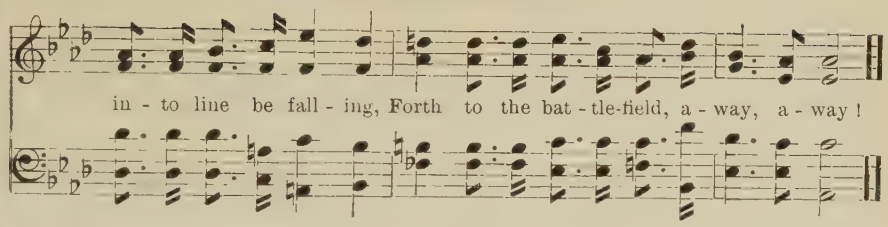
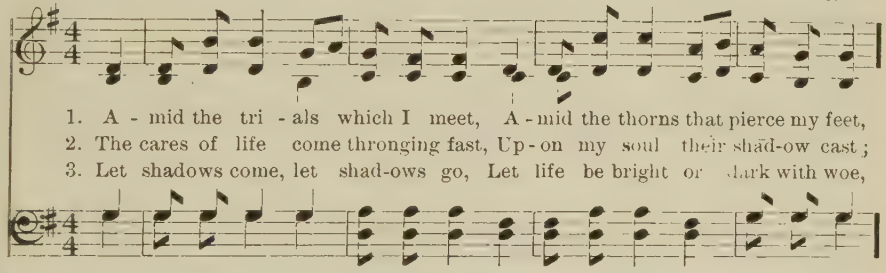
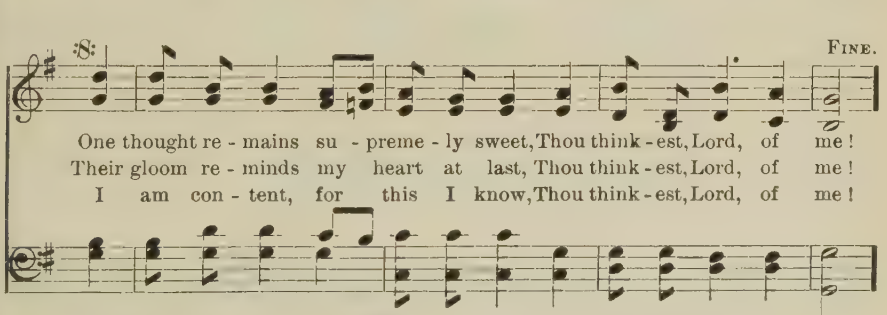
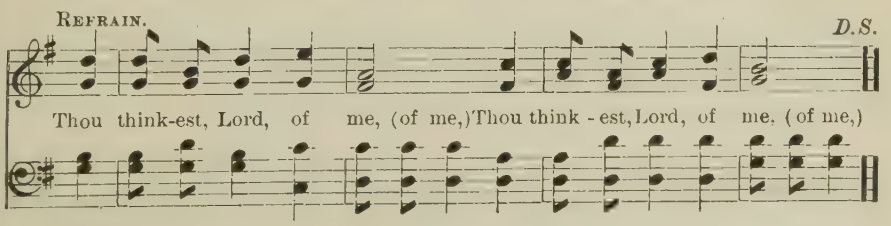


No. 197. THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.







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No. 198. SUNLIGHT.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me, And with the
2. Though clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil-lows round me roll, How ev - er
3. While walk - ing in the light of God, I sweet commun-ion find; I press with
4. I cross the wide ex-tend - ed fields, I jour-ney o'er the plains, And in the
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me; Be - hold the

Refrain.

sunlight of His love Bid all my darkness flee. Sunlight, sunlight, in my soul to -
dark the world may be I've sunlight in my soul.
ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world behind.
sunlight of His love I reap the gold-en grain.
brightness of His face, Throughout e-ter - ni - ty.

day, Sun - light, sun-light all a-long the way, Since the Sav-iour
nar-row way;
to-day, yes,

found me, took away my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love with - in.
load of sin,

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No. 199. DO SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

ADA POWELL. B. N. HULTSMAN.

1. Do something for Je - sus, be - liev-er, . . Some tal - ent was giv-en to you,
2. Why stand you so i - dle and list - less? Oh, rouse you, dear Christian, take heed,
3. The har - vest so swift - ly is pass-ing, There's work for the fee - ble and strong,

What-ev - er in life is your sta - tion, There's something or oth - er to do. . .
The weak and the err - ing are near you, The sick and the helpless in need.
And fol - low-ing af - ter the Sav - iour, There's work for the old and the young.

REFRAIN.

Do something for Jesus, Do something for Je- sus, Oh, work in His vineyard I pray;

Bring one to be-lieve Him, To love and re-ceive Him. Do something for Je-sus to - day.

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No. 200. GLORY OVER YONDER.

To my teacher, Prof. A. J. Showalter.

S. McN. SHARP McNIEL.

1. What bright visions come to me When I think of joys to be, 'Twill be glo - ry when we
2. Af - ter pilgrim's paths are trod, Sharing in the peace of God. 'Twill be glo - ry when we
3. O the bliss that we shall know With our souls made white as snow, 'Twill be glo - ry when we

meet each oth - er there; Je-sus has pre-pared a home for us where no harm can come, 'Twill be
meet each oth - er there; While the endless a - ges roll Christ's aton-ing love ex - tol, 'Twill be
meet each oth - er there; We shall praise the ho-ly Lamb, Chanting loud redemption's psalm, 'Twill be

REFRAIN.

glo - ry when we meet each oth- er there. 'Twill be glo - - - - ry o - ver
'Twill be glo - ry

yon - der, When we meet . . . each oth - er there; 'Twill be
meet, when we meet each oth - er there, each oth - er there;

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GLORY OVER YONDER.

glo - - ry o - ver yon - der, In that home so bright and fair.
'Twill be glo - ry

No. 201. BRING THEM IN.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring lambs to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high,

Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go, find My lambs, where'er they be."

REFRAIN.

1 2

{ Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
{ Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to (*Omit.* . . . .) Je - sus.

By per. of Mrs. W. A. Ogden.

No. 202. NEARER THE CROSS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Near-er the cross! my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er,
2. Near-er the Chris-tian's mer-cy seat, I am com-ing near-er,
3. Near-er in prayer my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er,

Near-er the cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
Feast-ing my soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Stronger in faith, more
Deep-er the love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of

Je-sus died, Near-er the foun-tain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-iour's
clear I see Je-sus Who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be: Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

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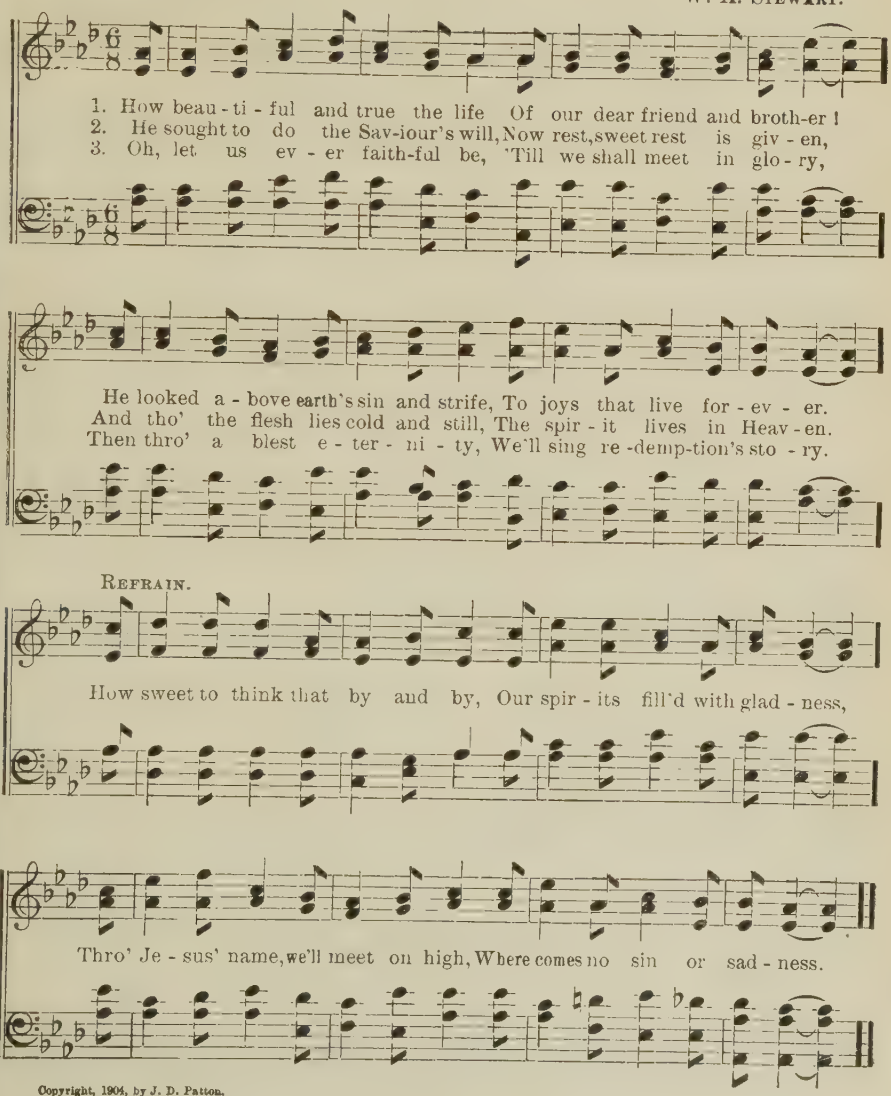
No. 203. WE'LL MEET IN HEAVEN.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. W. A. Stewart.



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No. 204. OUR DEARLY LOVED BANNER.

MARIAN W. HUBBARD. M. PAULINE GILMOUR.

1. Our country, so dear to the hearts of thy children, In - spire us with rapture when
2. Wide o - pen we fling our doors to the homeless, From the ends of the earth they are
3. Our country! thy warm heart is always re-sponsive To the cries of the suff'ring wher-
4. O God of our fathers who made us a na-tion, Still guard, and protect, leave us

sing - ing of thee; Thy mountains and valleys, thy lakes, and thy rivers, And o - ver them
turn - ing to thee; The rich - es and learning of nations are gather'd Within thy broad
e'er they may be; From Maine un-to Tex-as, from o - cean to ocean, And hearts touch'd with
not to our fate; Bless ar - my, and na-vy, let right be triumphant, With Thy guiding

REFRAIN.

UNISON.

all, floats the flag of the free. Our dear - ly lov'd ban - ner, Our star-spangled
bor-ders, oh, land of the free.
sor-row far o - ver the sea.
hand, steer the old ship of state.

INST.

HARMONY.

ban - ner, The proud flag that ev - er floats o - ver the free;

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OUR DEARLY LOVED BANNER.

UNISON.

Our dear-ly lov'd ban - ner, our star-span-gled ban - ner,

HARMONY.

The proud flag that ev - er floats o - ver the free.

No. 205. SAVIOUR, BROTHER, FRIEND.

"That I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having my own righteousness."

WM. BENNETT. ASA HULL.

Slow and connected.

:8:

1. High-er, high-er would I soar, Rise where sin dis-turbs no more; Near-er, near-er,
2. Up-ward, upward, be my flight, Till the world is lost to sight; Heav'nward all my
3. On-ward, onward, be my cry, From earth's cares I fain would fly; Pressing t'ward the
4. For-ward, forward, I will go, Glad-ly leav-ing all be-low, In the nar-row,

D.S. *Let me all Thy*

FINE. REFRAIN. *D.S.*

Lord, to Thee, Cleans'd from all im-pur-i-ty. Oh, my Sav-iour, Brother, Friend,
tho'ts as-cend, Till my pil-grim-age shall end. Let the cleansing show'rs descend;
heav'nly goal, To the ha-ven of my soul.
trust-ful way, Till I gain the realms of day.

ful-ness know, Let the heal-ing wa-ters flow.

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No. 206. MORE AND MORE I NEED THEE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. More and more I need Thee, Precious Friend di-vine, More and more I need Thee,
2. More and more I need Thee, Thou, my all in all; More and more I need Thee,
3. More and more I need Thee, In temp-ta-tion's hour; More and more I need Thee,
4. More and more I need Thee, While the days go by; More and more I need Thee,

In this heart of mine. Thou hast led me ev - er, Still my ref - uge be;
Lest I faint and fall. . . I am weak and help - less, Thou, my strength must be;
Need Thy keep-ing power; Let my soul up - lift - ed, Cling by faith to Thee,
While the moments fly; In Thy se - cret pres-ence, Let my dwell-ing be;

REFRAIN.

Sav - iour, lov - ing Sav - iour, A-bide with me. More . . and more . . I
More and more, yes, more and more,
need Thee, oh, I need Thee, Sav - iour, lov - ing Sav - iour, A-bide with me.

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No. 207. REJOICE, AND BE GLAD.

"Rejoice, O young man in thy youth." Eccl. 11: 9.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER. E. T. HILDEBRAND.

Joyfully.

1. Re-joice, O young man, in the glo-ry of youth, In Vir-tue and Wisdom, in Hon-or and Truth, Let these gird your loins as you journey a-long To mansions of
2. Re-joice, O young maid, in thy in-no-cent grace, Let Christ be your model, that oth-ers may trace His features in yours as you journey a-bove. Se-cure from all
3. Be strong, O young saint, there are foes in the way, Be strong in the faith lest they lead thee a-stray; Thy Captain a-lone can shield thee and save, And give thee a

REFRAIN.

bliss in the land of sweet song. Rejoice and be glad, Thro' the night and the day, Look
sin in pure in-nocent love. Be strong and be glad, Thro' the night and the day, Look
home af-ter death and the grave.

1 2

bright and not sad, On your pilgrim-age way; bright and not sad, On your pilgrimage way.

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No. 208. BESIDE THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

JENNIE WILSON. C. H. BOTTOMS.

1. In the heav'n-ly clime we shall meet some time, Be - side the beau-ti - ful riv - er;
2. With the pure and blest we shall sweet-ly rest, Be - side the beau-ti - ful riv - er;
3. We shall learn the song of the blood-wash'd throng, Beside the beau-ti - ful riv - er;

We shall find the joy that has no al - loy, Be - side the beau-ti - ful riv - er.
With all con - flicts o'er tri-als come no more, Be - side the beau-ti - ful riv - er.
While long a - ges roll, we shall Christ ex - tol Be - side the beau-ti - ful riv - er.

REFRAIN.

Be-side the beauti - ful riv-er we'll stray, In the glo - ri-ous light of e - ter - ni-ty's day;

And with sav'd ones we'll praise our Redeem-er for aye, Be-side the beauti-ful riv - er.

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No. 209. TALK IT OVER WITH JESUS.

J. D. B. J. D. Brunk.

Slowly.

Solo. Chorus.

1. Is your soul pressed down with care, Talk it o - ver with Je - sus;
2. Do the clouds be - dim your eyes, Talk it o - ver with Je - sus;
3. Je - sus loves to dwell with - in, Talk it o - ver with Je - sus;

Solo. Chorus.

All your du - ties He will share, Talk it o - ver with Je - sus.
He will lead to Par - a - dise, Talk it o - ver with Je - sus.
Come and tell Him ev - 'ry sin, Talk it o - ver with Je - sus.

Faster.

Full Chorus.

Talk it o - ver with Je - sus, Morn - ing, noon, and eve - ning,

Morn - ing, noon, and eve - ing, Talk it o - ver with Je - sus.

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No. 210. HAVE YOU SEEN THE STAR?

W. R. C. W. R. CHAMBERS.

1. Have you seen the Star that shines to guide the trav'ler on, As he journeys, homesick with his
2. O the wise men from a - far did come to see the sight, And the shepherds sang for joy that
3. Brother, don't fold up your hands and stand in darkness here, When you have a Guide that will not
4. Don't grow wea - ry then, my brother, with the ills of life, Nev - er get discouraged as this

bea - vy load of care? It will guide him safe - ly o - ver to that happy home, Where the
bright and hap - py morn; Yes, the wise men did rejoice that calm and peaceful night, When they
let you go a - stray; Je - sus is the Star to lead you to a home so dear, He will
earth - ly race you run; Just be pa - tient for a - while and then will end the strife, And the

REFRAIN.

O this bright Star . . . . . for -

saints of all a - ges are sweet - ly rest - ing there. O this bright S'ar,
knew that the promised Mes - si - ah had been born.
guide, safe - ly guide to the land of end - less day.
Lord then will glad - den you with the words, "well done."

ev - er shall shine, ... Tho' for a - while . . . . earth's storms may as-

for - ev - er shall shine, Tho' for a - while earth's storms may as-

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HAVE YOU SEEN THE STAR?

sail, ...

sail, earth's storms may assail, Heav'n's sweet home . . . . . at last shall be
Heav-en's sweet home at last shall be

thine, ... Judah's bright Star . . . o'er all shall pre-vail.
thine, at last shall be thine, Judah's bright Star o'er all shall prevail, o'er all shall prevail.

No. 211. THY PRAISE, DEAR LORD, WE'LL SING.

G. N. F. G. N. Fenn.

1. Thy praise, dear Lord, we'll sing While Time's dark o - cean rolls;
2. And when we're called to die, No less Thy praise shall be;
3. When we have reached that shore Where heav'n - ly an - thems ring,

Let glo - ry crown our Priest and King, While rap - ture fills our souls.
Our storm-tossed barks shall land on high, And we shall be with Thee.
For - ev - er and for ev - er - more Thy glo - rious praise we'll sing.

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No. 212. GATHERING HOME.

Miss Mariana B. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. Up to the boun-ti- ful Giv - er of life, Gath-er - ing home! gather-ing home!
2. Up to the cit - y where falleth no night, Gath-er - ing home! gather-ing home!
3. Up to the beau-ti- ful man-sions a- bove, Gath-er - ing home! gather-ing home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gath-er- ing home.
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gath-er- ing home.
Safe in the arms of his in - fi - nite love, The dear ones are gath-er- ing home.

Gath-er - ing home! . . . . . Gath - er - ing home! . . . . . .

Chorus.

Gath-er - ing home! Gath-er - ing home! Nev-er to

Gath - er - ing home! . . . . . .

sor - row more, nev - er to roam; Gath-er - ing home!

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Gath-er-ing home! . . . . . .

Gath-er-ing home! God's children are gath-er-ing home!

No. 213. FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. A. B. Everett.

1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call ing, Come, fol-low Me! And we
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold dark mountains, Seek-ing His sheep; Or a-
3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple ho-ly, Preaching the word; Or in
4. Tho', dear Lord, in Thy path-way keep-ing, We fol-low Thee Thro' the
5. If Thy way and its sor-rows bear-ing, We go a-gain, Up the

Refrain.

see where Thy footprints fall-ing, Lead us to Thee. Footprints of Je-sus, that
long by Si-lo-am's fountains Helping the weak.
homes of the poor and low-ly, Serv-ing the Lord.
gloom of that place of weeping, Geth-sem-a-ne!
slope of the hill-side, bearing Our cross of pain.

make the pathway glow; We will fol-low the steps of Je-sus where-e'er they go.

6 By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet,
We shall walk with the glad immortals,
Heaven's golden streets.

7 Then at last when on high He sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at His throne.

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No. 214. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. GUIL. FRANC.

1. Come, let our voi - ces join to raise A sa - cred song of sol - emn praise;
2. Come, let our souls ad - dress the Lord, Who framed our na - ture with His word;
3. Come, let us hear His voice to - day, The coun-sels of His love o - bey;
4. Seize the kind prom-ise while it waits, And march to Zi - on's heav'n-ly gates;

God is a sov-'reign King; re-hearse His hon - or in ex - alt - ed verse.
He is our Shepherd; we the sheep His mer - cy chose, His pas-tures keep.
Nor let our hardened hearts re - new The sins and plagues that Is - rael knew.
Be-lieve and take the prom-ised rest; O - bey and be for - ev - er blest.

No. 215. WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot;
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt;
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel - come, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
5. Just as I am, Thy love unknown Hath bro - ken ev - 'ry bar-rier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fightings with-in, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 216. HURSLEY. L. M.

JOHN KEBLE. ART. by WM. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

O, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav-iour's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A - bide with me till in Thy love I lose my - self in heav'n a - bove.

No. 217. GRATITUDE. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. AMI BOST.

1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry eve - ning new;
2. Thou spread'st the cur-tains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleep-ing hours;
3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy command, To Thee I con - se - crate my days;

And morn - ing mer - cies from a - bove, Gen-tly dis - til like ear - ly dew.
Thy sov-'reign word re - stores the light, And quickens all my drow-sy pow'rs.
Per - pet - ual bless-ings from Thy hand De - mand per - pet - ual songs of praise.

No. 218. HEBRON. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Dr. L. MASON.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid, it. Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God,
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
4. Were all the realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I'll count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown!
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 219. HAPPY DAY. L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice, On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God! Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all abroad. }
2. { O hap-py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done, the great trans-ac-tion's done, I am my Lord's and He is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine. }
4. { Now rest, my long di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter rest; Here have I found a no-bler part, Here heavenly pleas-ures fill my breast. }

REFRAIN. FINE. D.S.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day. }

No. 220. RETREAT. L. M.

HUGH STOWELL. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - lowship with friend;
4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more;

There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place of all on earth most sweet, It is the blood-bought mer-cy - seat.
Though sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one com-mon mer - cy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

No. 221. REST. L. M.

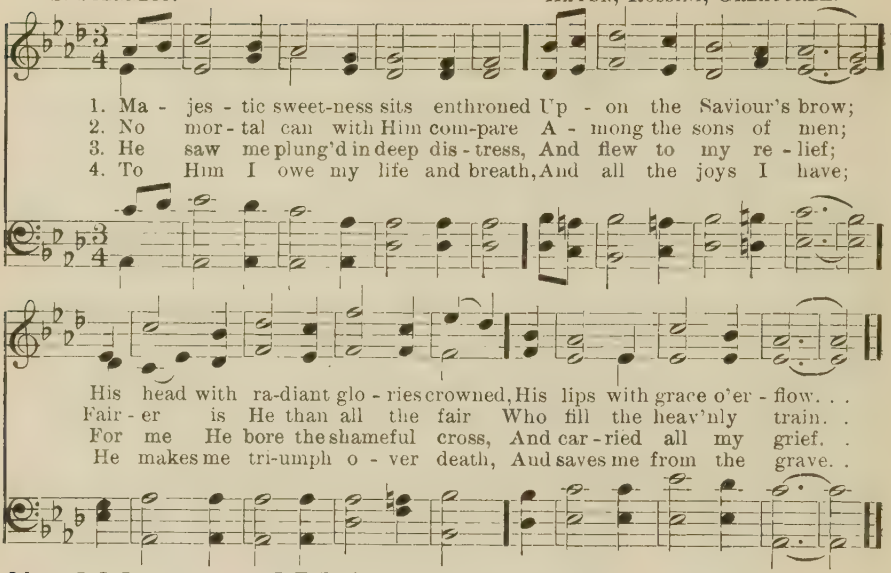
MRS. MARGARET MCKAY. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none ev - er wakes to weep!
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet, To be for such a slum-ber meet;
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su-preme - ly blest;
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O, for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be;

A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes!
With ho - ly con - fi-dence to sing That death hath lost its ven-omed sting!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour, That man - i - fests the Sav-iour's pow'r.
Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait - ing the summons from on high.

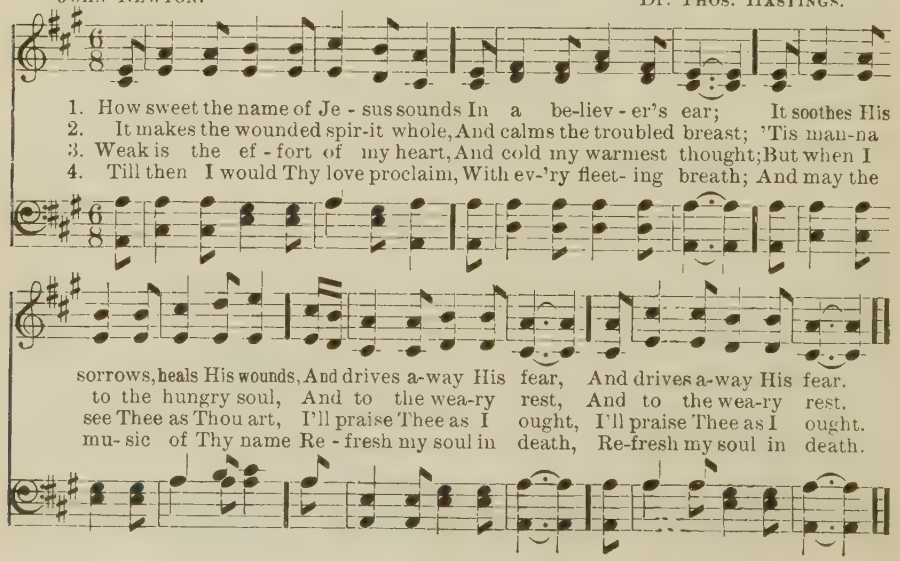
No. 222. MANOAH. C. M.

S. Stennett. Haydn, Rossini, Greatorex.



No. 223. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

John Newton. Dr. Thos. Hastings.



No. 224. ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. Dr. THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My dear Re - deem-er's praise!
2. My gra- cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free;

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a- broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a- vailed for me.

No. 225. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. G. F. HANDEL.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb? And
2. Must I be car- ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease, While
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my courage, Lord; I'll

shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? Or blush to speak His name?
others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? And sailed thro' bloody seas?
this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? To help me on to God?
bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

No. 226. DOWNS. C. M.

George Burder. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your tho'ts a - bove:
2. This pre-cious truth His word de-clares, And all His mer - cies prove;
3. Be-hold His pa-tience, bear-ing long With those who from Him rove;
4. Oh, may we all, while here be - low, This best of bless-ings prove;

Let ev - 'ry heart and voice ac-cord, To sing that "God is love."
Je - sus, the gift of gifts, ap - pears, To show that "God is love."
Till might - y grace their hearts sub-dues, To teach them "God is love."
Till warm - er hearts, in bright- er world, Pro-claim that "God is love."

No. 227. SILOAM. C. M.

Richard Burnham. I. B. Woodbury.

1. Je - sus, Thou art the sin - ner's friend; As such I look to Thee;
2. Re - mem - ber Thy pure word of grace, Re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry;
3. Lord, I am guilt - y, I am vile, But Thy sal - va - tion's free;
4. And when I close my eyes in death, When crea - ture - helps all flee,

Now, in . . the full - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Re - mem - ber all Thy dy - ing groans, And then, re - mem - ber me.
Then in Thine all a - bound - ing grace, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Then, O . . my dear Re - deem - er, God, I pray, re - mem - ber me.

No. 228. BALERMA. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by R. SIMPSON.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
2. A heart re - signed, sub - mis - sive, meek, My dear Re - deem-er's throne,
3. O for a low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought re - newed, And filled with love di - vine;

A heart that al - ways feels the blood So free - ly shed for me.
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
Which neith - er life nor death can part From Him who dwells with - in.
Per - fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.

No. 229. ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

WM. COWPER. GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame,
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peace - ful hours I then en - joyed, How sweet their mem-'ry still!
4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest!

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
I hate the sins which made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.

No. 230. CORONATION. C. M.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall;
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

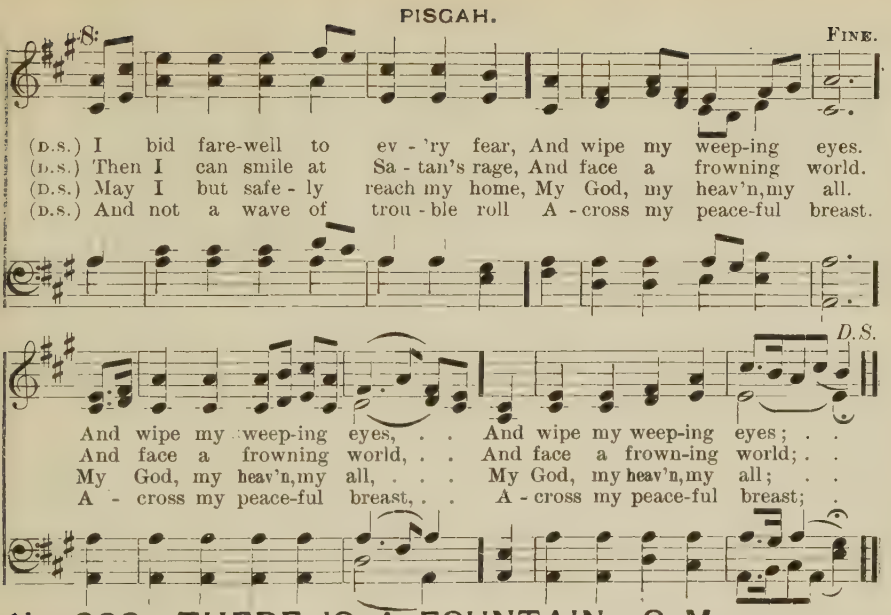
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 231. PISGAH. C. M.

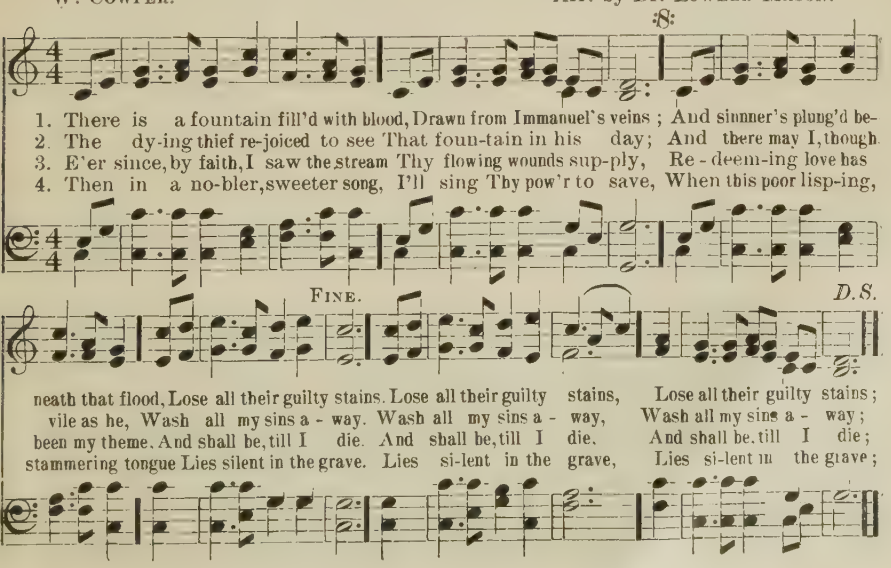
ISAAC WATTS. J. C. LOWRY. Arr. by A. J. S.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies, . . .
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled, . . .
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor-row fall; . . . .
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest, ...



No. 232. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.

W. COWPER. ARR. by DR. LOWELL MASON.



No. 233. LABAN. S. M.

George Heath. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. O, watch, and fight, and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God!

And hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
Thine ar - duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
He'll take thee at thy part - ing breath, Up to His blest a - bode.

No. 234. BOYLSTON. S. M.

Isaac Watts. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul; Let all with - in me join,
2. O bless the Lord, my soul; Nor let His mer - cies lie
3. 'Tis He for - gives thy sins; 'Tis He re - lieves thy pain;
4. He crowns thy life with love, When ran-somed from the grave;

And aid my tongue to bless His name, Whose fa - vors are di - vine.
For - got - ten in un - thank-ful - ness, And with-out prais - es die.
'Tis He who heals thy sick - ness - es, And makes thee young a - gain.
He who re-deemed my soul from hell, Hath sov-'reign pow'r to save.

No. 235. DENNIS. S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAEGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,— Our com - forts and our cares.
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

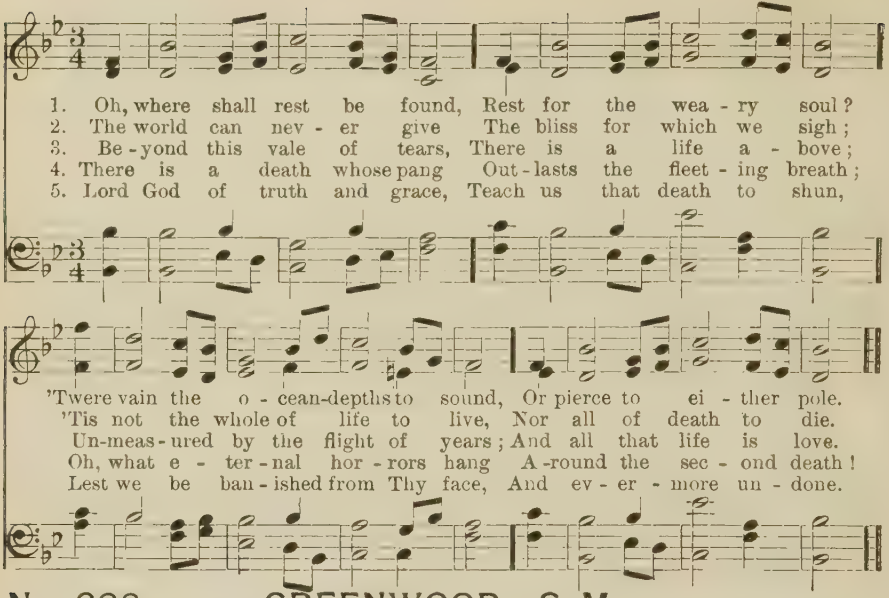
No. 236. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. WM. TANSUR.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
2. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as - cend; To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways, Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

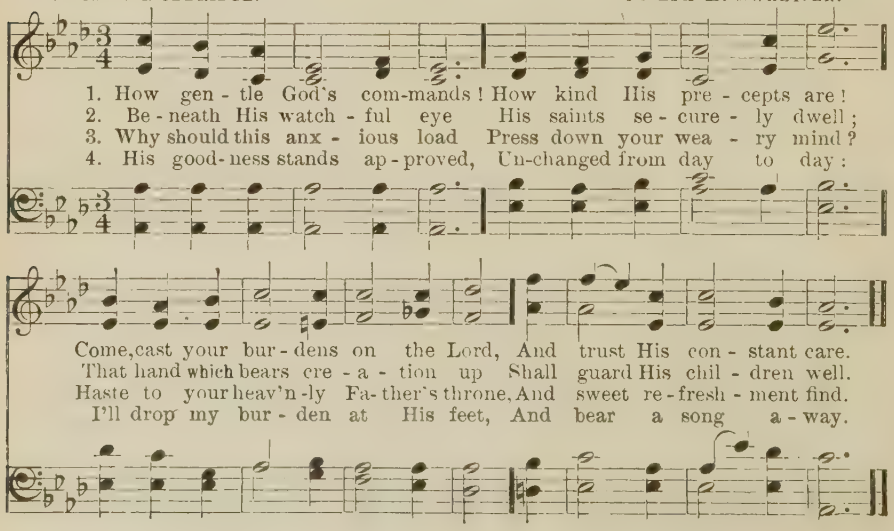
No. 237. KENTUCKY. S. M.

James Montgomery. Jeremiah Ingalls.



No. 238. GREENWOOD. S. M.

Phillip Doddridge. Joseph E. Sweetser.



No. 239. LOTTIE. S. M.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
2. The Son of God in tears The won-d'ring an - gels see;
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de-mands a tear;
4. Then ten - der be our hearts, Our eyes in sor - row dim,

Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.
Be Thou as - ton - ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.
Till ev - 'ry tear from ev - 'ry eye Is wiped a - way by Him.

No. 240. GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

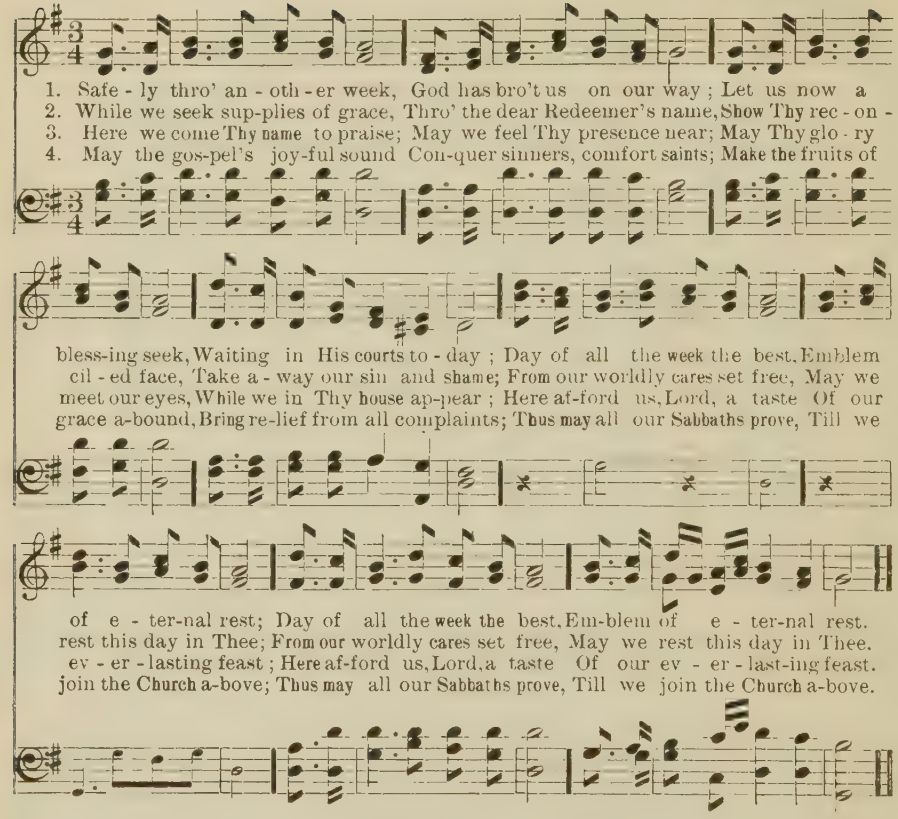
PHILIP DODDRIDGE. A. CHAPIN.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mo - nious to mine ear;
2. Grace first con - trived the way. To save re - bel - lious man;
3. Grace led my rov - ing feet To tread the heav'n - ly road;
4. Grace all the work shall crown, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days;

Heav'n with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
And all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the won-drous plan.
And new sup - plies each hour I meet, While press-ing on to God.
It lays in heav'n the top - most-stone, And well de - serves the praise.

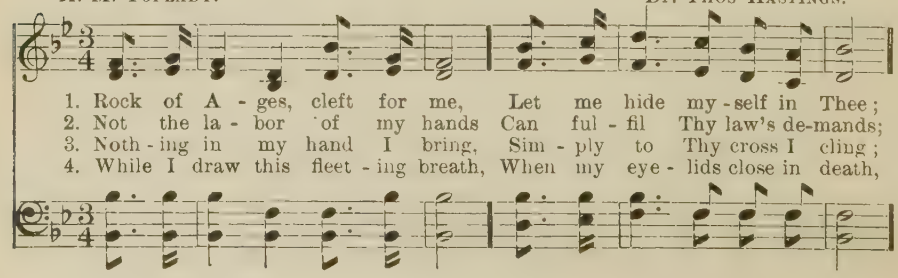
No. 241. SABBATH. 7. D.

JOHN NEWTON. DR. LOWELL MASON.

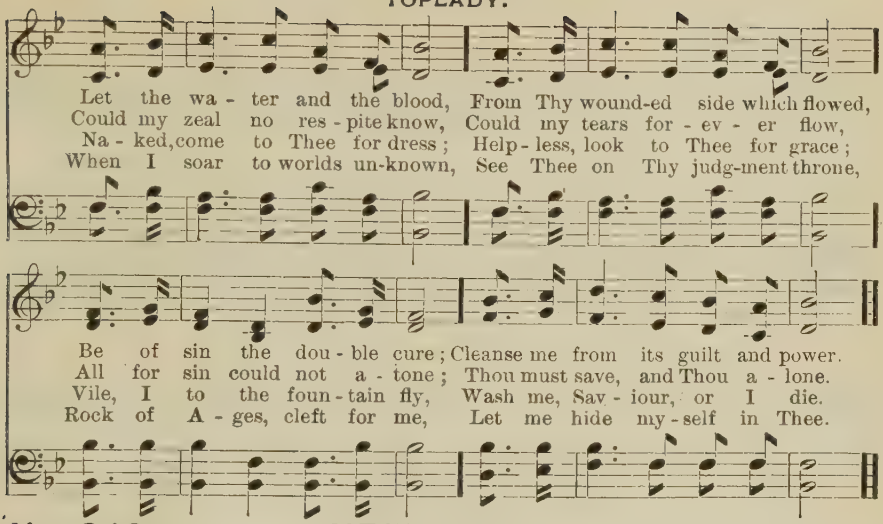


No. 242. TOPLADY. 7. 6l.

A. M. TOPLADY. DR. THOS HASTINGS.

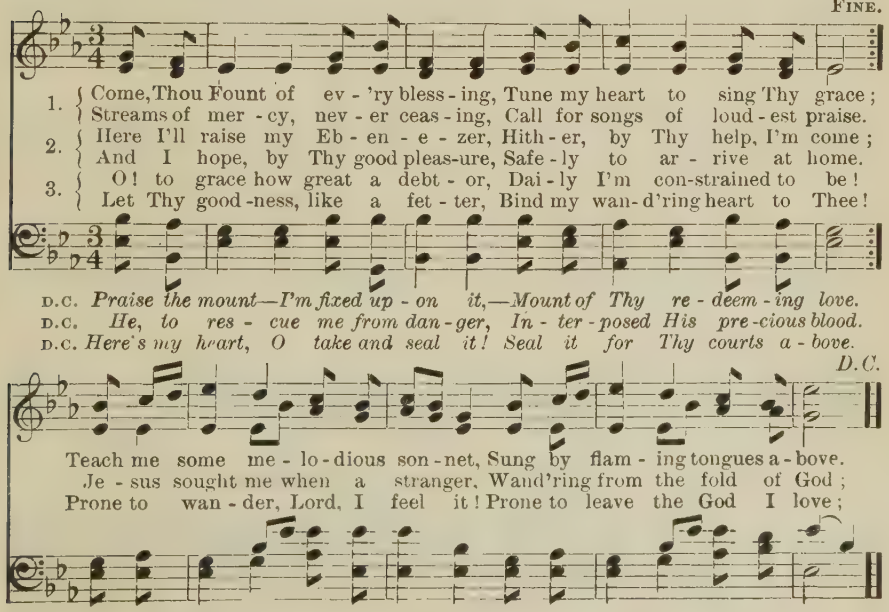


TOPLADY.



No. 243. NETTLETON.

Rev. Robert Robinson. Rev. Asahel Nettleton.



No. 244. THE PEACE OF GOD.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. John M. Dye.

1. There is a peace, a last-ing peace, Which God alone can give; It brings from guilt a
2. It glows with-in the trusting heart, Tho' earthly days be drear; It makes us brave to
3. Oh, let us speak to those in sin, Of this dear peace so sweet; That we their precious

Refrain:

blest re-lease, And makes it sweet to live. O bless-ed peace, . . from
do our part, It fills the soul with cheer.
souls may win, And lead to Je-sus' feet.

O bless-ed peace,

God a-bove, How pre-cious to my soul; . . . I'll praise Him
from God above, to my soul;

for . . . . His peace and love, . . . While end-less a-ges roll.
for His peace and love, I'll praise Him for His peace and love, ages roll.

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No. 245. SAILING HOME.

S. McN. SHARP McNIEL.

1. We are sail - ing o'er the surging tide To a home where joys ne'er die; Trusting
2. We are sail - ing to that hap-py shore Where is felt no grief nor pain; Meet-ing
3. Sail-ing home, we swiftly, onward sweep, Cheered by heaven's beacon light; Je - sus

REFRAIN.

Je - sus on - ly as our guide, We shall reach it by and by. Sailing home! we're
there our loved ones gone before, We shall nev - er part a-gain.
guides us safe- ly o'er the deep, To that ha-ven calm and bright.

Sailing home!

sail - ing home; By and by . . . . we'll an-chor there;

sail- ing home; By and by, by and by we'll an- chor there, safe- ly there;

Sail-ing home! we're sailing home! Life's un- fad - ing crown to wear.

Sail-ing home! we're sailing home, sailing home!

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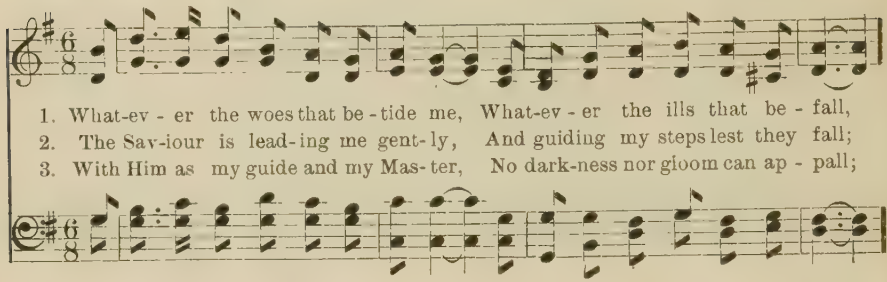
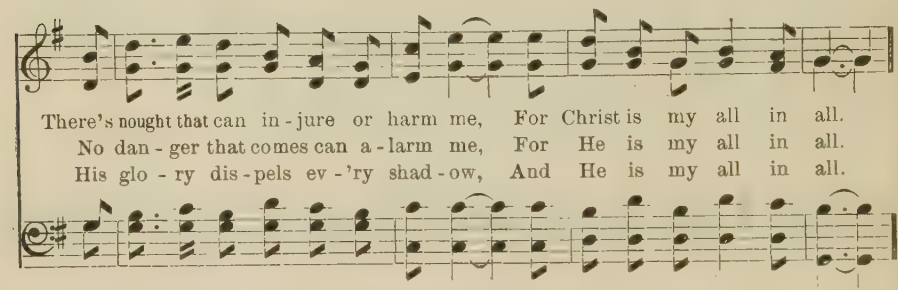
No. 246. CHRIST IS MY ALL IN ALL.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. W. R. CHAMBERS.

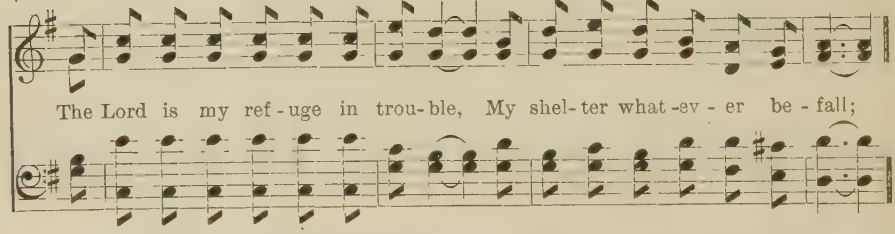


1. What-ev - er the woes that be - tide me, What-ev - er the ills that be - fall,
2. The Sav-iour is lead-ing me gent-ly, And guiding my steps lest they fall;
3. With Him as my guide and my Mas-ter, No dark-ness nor gloom can ap - pall;

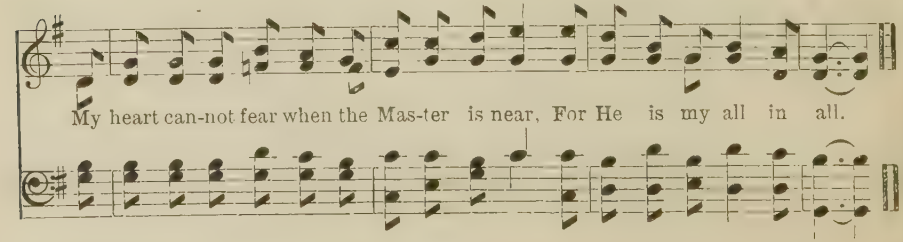


There's nought that can in - jure or harm me, For Christ is my all in all.
No dan - ger that comes can a - larm me, For He is my all in all.
His glo - ry dis - pels ev - 'ry shad - ow, And He is my all in all.

REFRAIN.



The Lord is my ref - uge in trou - ble, My shel - ter what - ev - er be - fall;



My heart can-not fear when the Mas-ter is near, For He is my all in all.

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No. 247. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

Dr. H. Bonar. J. D. Brunk.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast!"
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live!"
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!"

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour-ney's done.

Used by per. of J. D. Brunk, owner.

No. 248. WON'T YOU LOVE THE PRECIOUS SAVIOUR?

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. M. Vines.

1. 'Tis so sweet to know the Sav - iour, That dear Friend so kind and true;
2. Je - sus is the Friend of sin - ners, He hath died to save your soul;
3. Do not lon - ger heed the tempt-er, Who your ev - 'ry hope would mar;
4. Life at best hath ma - ny tri - als, Oh, you need a friend and guide,

Fine.

Sin - ner, won't you serve and trust Him? Ten - der - ly He lov - eth you.
Now He of - fers free sal - va - tion, On His love your bur - den roll.
You can - not your-self make bet - ter, Come to Je - sus as you are.
Come to - day and sim - ply trust Him, Come, your all to Him con - fide.

D.S. *He will cleanse you, He will save you, He will keep you to the end.*

Refrain. D.S.

Won't you love the pre-cious Sav-iour? Won't you on His grace de-pend?

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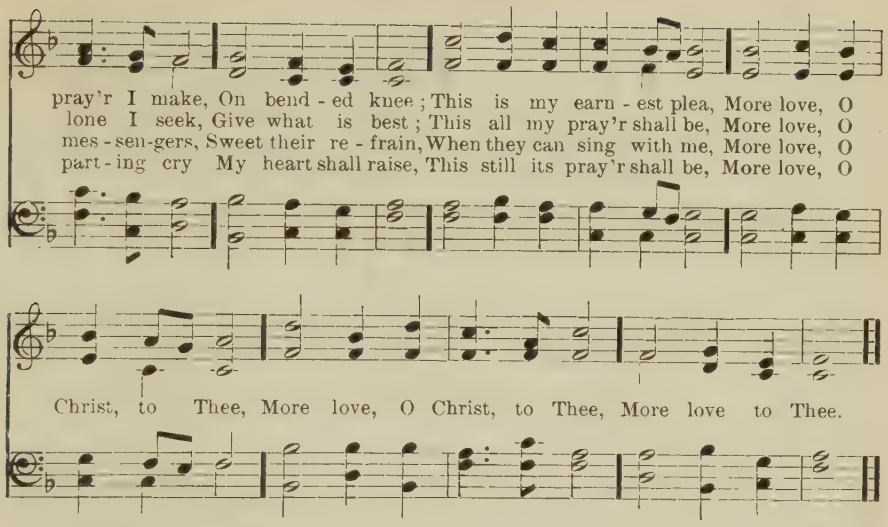
No. 249. OAK. 6, 4.

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss. Dr. Lowell Mason.

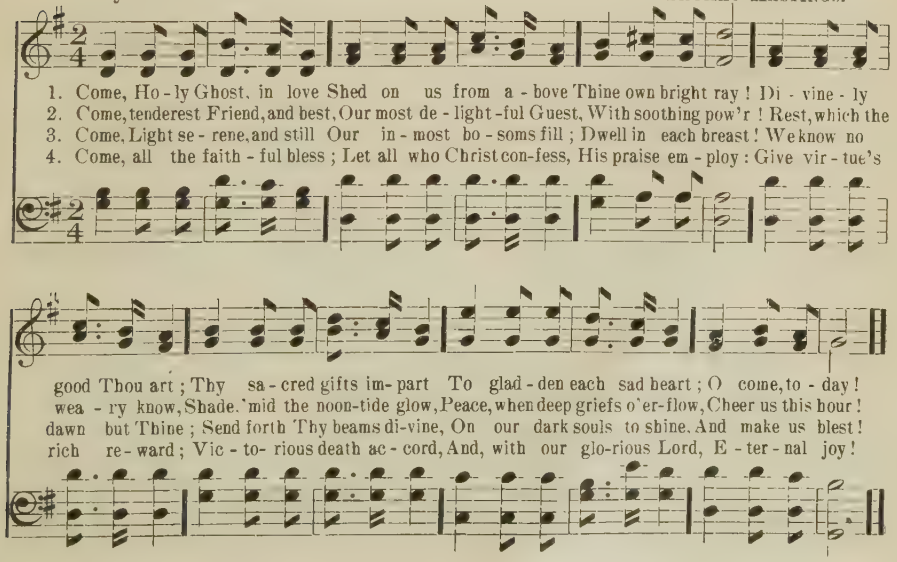
1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the

OAK. 6, 4.



No. 250. NEW HAVEN. 6, 4.

Tr. by Ray Palmer. Dr. Thomas Hastings.



No. 251. OLIVET. 6, 4.

RAY PALMER. Dr. L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Sav-iour di-vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt away; Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine.
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee, Pure, warm and changeless be, A-liv-ing fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide, Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour, then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; Oh, bear me safe above, A ransomed soul.

No. 252. ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4.

CHAS. WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou almight-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther all-glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and Thy people bless, And give Thy word success: Spirit of ho-li-ness, On us descend.
3. Como, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sacred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour; Thou who al-might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of pow'r!
4. To the great One in Three, E-ter-nal prais-es be, Hence evermore! His sov'reign maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore!

No. 253. PORTUGUESE HYMN.

JOHN READING.

1. How firm a founda-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-mayed, For I am Thy God, and will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call Thee to go, The riv - ers of woe shall not

ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un-to
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by My
thee o - ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless, And sanc-ti-fy

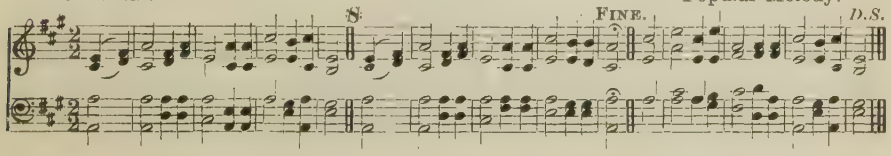
Je - sus for ref-uge have fled? You who un - to Je - sus for ref-uge have fled?
righteous, om - nip - o - tent hand, Up-held by My righteous, om-nip - o-tent hand.
to thee thy deep-est dis - tress, And sanc-ti - fy to thee thy deepest dis-tress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not — I will not desert to his foes;
That soul — tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never — no, never — no, never forsake!"

No. 254. PROTECTION.

R. KEENE. Popular Melody.



No. 255. LET THE GOOD SEED TAKE ROOT IN YOUR HEART.

JENNIE WILSON. G. N. FENN.

1. The Mas-ter is sow-ing the good seed of truth, With hands that are pa-tient and kind;
2. Are sin-ful de-sires growing rank in your heart, As baneful weeds cum-ber the ground?
3. O let the good seed in the sunshine of love And watered by hea-ven-ly dew,

A-like on the fer-tile and bleak place it falls, What soil in your heart will it find?
Does love of the world with its fol-ly and pride, With-in your heart's gar-den a-bound?
Bring forth in your life the rich fruitage of grace, That Je-sus with gladness can view.

REFRAIN.

Let the good seed take root in your heart, my broth-er, And bring forth a glo-ri-ous yield;

If nourished in faith will a fruit-age di-vine In the har-vest of life be re-vealed.

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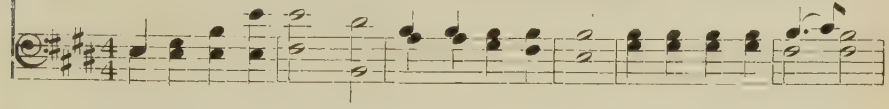
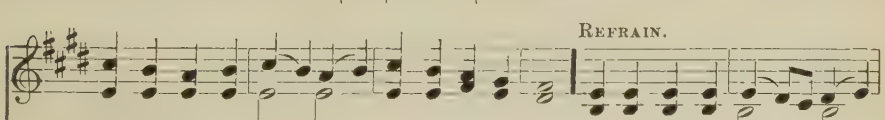
No. 256. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. B. Gould. A. S. Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thorns may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. Onward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces

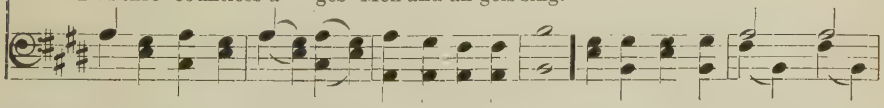


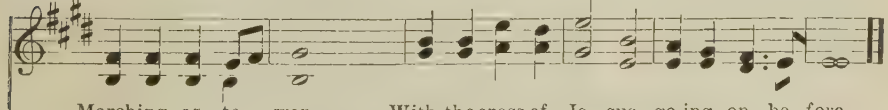
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Constant will re - main. Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that church pre-vail;
In the triumph-song. Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King;



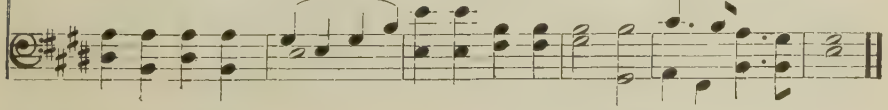
Refrain.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go! Onward, Christian sol - diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty!
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.





Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go-ing on be - fore.



No. 257. GOD BE WITH YOU.

W. G. TOT

J. E. RANKIN.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man- na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put His arms un - fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet,

Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a- gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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